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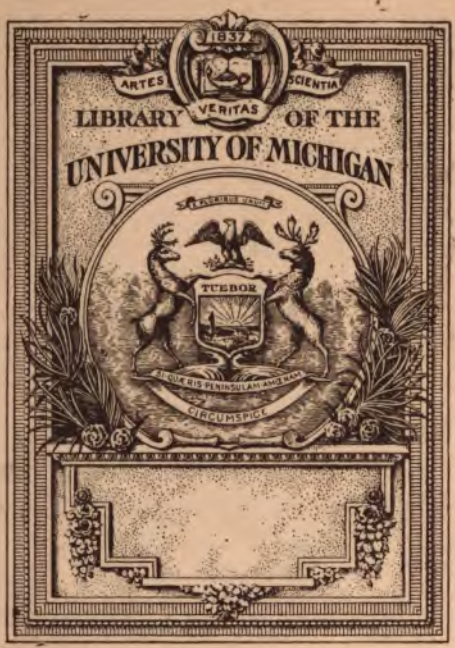
Two Days of War

A Gettysburg Narrative and Other Excursions

by

Henry Edwin Tremain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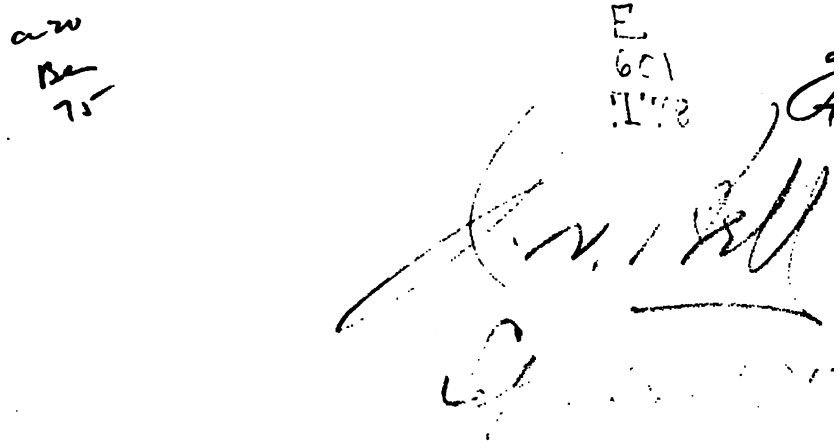

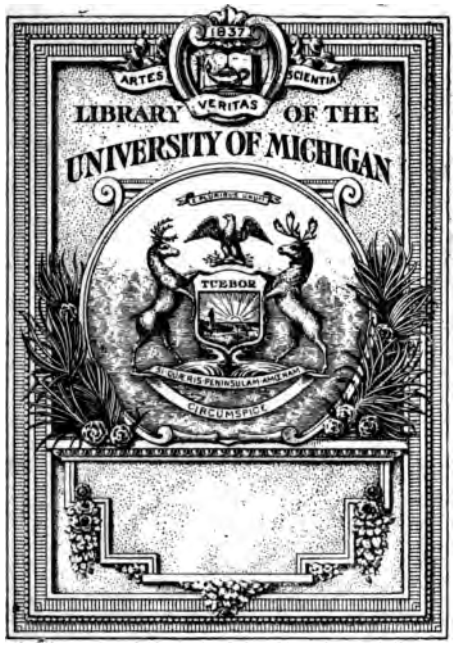
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Yours truly

Henry Edwin Tremain

TWO DAYS OF WAR

A GETTYSBURG NARRATIVE

AND

OTHER EXCURSIONS

BY

HENRY EDWIN TREMAIN

Author of

"Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry"; "Ethics of the Tariff"; "A Talk About Money" "Franchises or Monopolies, etc."; "Sketch of Lafayette"; etc.

1905

BONNELL, SILVER AND BOWERS

FORTY-EIGHT WEST TWENTY SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The design appearing on the cover of this volume is an exact reproduction of the membership badge of the Third Army Corps Union, organized September, 1863.

The white diamond that forms the background on which the insignia is reproduced represents the badge of the Second Division of the Third Army Corps.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THIS VOLUME

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

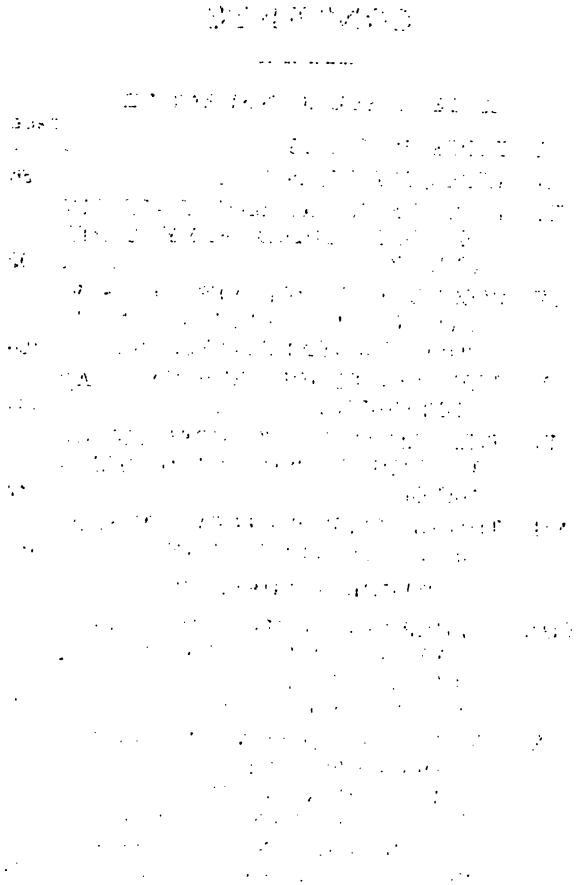
THE THIRD ARMY CORPS UNION

PREFACE

The first three chapters of this volume were written for, and at the request of, members of the "Third Army Corps Union." The remaining chapters comprise allied compilations from the various sources they respectively state. This volume is therefore dedicated to that Association, which has thrice honored me with its chief office.

THE AUTHOR.

New York, May the fifth, 1905.



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A GETTYSBURG NARRATIVE.

A GETTYSBURG NARRATIVE.

I.

On the evening of the thirtieth of June, 1863, the Third Army Corps, after an afternoon's pleasant march, went into bivouac a few miles east of Emmitsburg. Expecting to resume the march as usual* the next morning, very few tents near Bridgeport repre-

* The Third Corps had encamped for the night near Frederick on the twenty-eighth of June. It had marched from Middletown "through Frederick, crossed the Monocacy three miles above, and bivouacked for the night seven miles from the town, on the Woodsborough road." On the twenty-ninth it "marched to Taneytown, through Woodsborough and Bruceville." On the thirtieth it "made a short march after midday on the road to Emmitsburg," one division bivouacking about midway between the two places. On July first part of the corps "marched through Emmitsburg and halted a mile out of town on the Waynesboro Pike." Report of General Humphreys (Second Division), Official Records of War of Rebellion, Vol. 47, Part I, page 530. Birney's (the First) Division went into bivouac on the night of June thirtieth about "one and a half miles from the town" (Emmitsburg). See Birney's report, same volume, page 482. As the corps passed through these villages the troops enjoyed with great relish the welcoming conduct of the inhabitants, in marked contrast, as it was, with our experiences in Virginia settlements.

sented the corps headquarters, where I was then serving as senior aide-de-camp to the corps commander, Major-General D. E. Sickles. The latter had been absent for a few weeks, in consequence of an injury received at Chancellorsville, where he was struck in the chest by a piece of shell, and had just reported for duty at Frederick, Md., on the twenty-eighth of June.

Perhaps just here it should be explained that during his absence, and while I was with General Sickles in New York, the army commander, General Hooker, in response to my telegraphic offer, had appointed me as one of his own aides-de-camp. Hence the coincidence on the twenty-eighth of his relinquishment of command and, with the return of General Sickles on that day, my resuming my former duties at Third Army Corps headquarters.* To the pleasant associations en-

* Contemporaneous with this event a letter from the writer to his home said: "Frederick, Md., Headquarters Army of the Potomac, June 28th, 1863, A. M. * * * I would have written oftener, but we have been moving almost constantly, and using spare moments for rest. Some of the troops have been making long and rapid marches, and staff officers have had some fearfully long rides to make. Sometimes I have made fifty or sixty miles during a twenty-four hours. General Sickles arrived here last night and is going to-day to take command of the Third Corps. I shall be there after to-day. * * *

joyed in the meantime, while serving at headquarters, Army of the Potomac, may in part be due the constant recurrence of my official missions to and from those headquarters that occurred in my subsequent experience.

Summoned from my tent before daybreak of the first of July I hastily prepared for the saddle and received instructions to "find General Reynolds," commanding the First Army Corps, and to say to him that the Third Corps, pursuant to orders from General Meade, commanding the army, was marching to Emmitsburg, and was going "into position" there (to use the customary phrase that signified the end and purpose of the day's march), and to inquire whether he, General

You have probably read in the papers by this time Hooker is relieved at his own request. The Washington people would not let him have his own way. But more of that some other time. I feel badly now, I expected to fight the next great battle under Hooker, for certainly there will be one soon. About General Meade who succeeds him * * * . He is said to be an able man.

Just at this moment I took a run into General Hooker's tent to say good morning, as I saw him alone. I made the interview as short as possible, for he was very much affected. I did not appreciate that I was so much attached to him, until it was determined that I should serve under him at present no longer. It will not seem natural for me to be in a fight and not see General Hooker. * * * I would rather the battle would be in Maryland, or Pennsylvania, than Virginia. * * *"

Reynolds, had any communication for the Third Corps commander. In a general way I then knew that the corps of General Reynolds was on our right; but I did not know whether that corps was also "going into position," or was about to march to another point.

Anyhow, I was informed that the corps was a short distance "out from Emmitsburg"; and I hastened with all speed to get among its troops before they should leave their bivouac.

The nomenclature of subordinate places, of streams, roads, farms and settlements was not then known to our officers, as they all subsequently came to be commonly known; so that the actual designation of a locality was only signified as the "Headquarters of ———," such or such a corps, division or brigade; and a search for it implied the discovery of its designating flag always prominently located. So I clattered into and "out" of Emmitsburg seeking the expected bivouac, feeling confident that I was going in the right way; but with no idea that the corps commander I was in search of would not be immediately found on reaching his troops.

When I espied some of the latter they were evidently preparing to march. I went through the usual dilatory experience of a

series of successive questions to this or that regimental commander, where his brigade headquarters were, and in turn then to that brigade commander where his division general was, with a side question always that perhaps he knew where the corps headquarters were, and so on. Experience had taught me that this was the most expeditious method of reaching my destination in such cases, although the intervals between interviews were covered by troublesome and obstructed rides, over all sorts of farms and hills, that sorely taxed one's patience when time was a factor. It was rare that regimental officers knew the location of division or corps headquarters, and if they did know, it was by accident.

So it happened that much ground was traversed and retraversed, and no little time and horseflesh exhausted, in exchanging communications between commanders when the army was on the march. This morning offered no exception.

Discovering at last the location for the night of the First Corps headquarters, I "turned up" after a while at a point which, as I afterwards learned, I might quickly have reached by a direct route from my starting point, had there been any scheme, as there was not, by which I could have been

informed and guided. Here, then, was a wagon or two ready for starting. Yes, the guard said, this *had* been General Reynolds' headquarters during the night. I afterwards learned that the fated general enjoyed little sleep that night. He remained in the brick house hard by, studying over his maps spread out on the farmer's dinner table, scarcely reclining on the old-fashioned sofa offered to him, and — as its proprietor in later years stated to me — receiving and dispatching messengers all night. One messenger reported, so this farmer narrated, that the enemy were coming, and the general quietly replied: "Well, we will try and make room for them."

The troops were by this time filing away from their bivouacs; and obviously were moving on the highway towards the north. There had been a light rain during the night and the ground was still wet and slippery. Riding along with the troops in due time I found a brigade commander, who told me what part of the column he was occupying, and that he had seen General Reynolds and his staff pass him. Who this commander was, or where he was in the column, I cannot say; but I knew then, as I have realized ever since, that his reply foretold a ride either in the fields or at

the side of the road — which means often in the ditch — and among soldiers who did not recognize me or my duties. Impatient at the successive and unavoidable delays, I hastened to overtake the head of the First Corps column.

The head of the column had a long start of me, and the men were swinging along happily at a lively pace. I was conscious that there might be misfortune from the delay, especially if on my return there should be any particular message for the Third Corps commander, or anything important going on at Emmitsburg. Chagrined and impatient, I picked my way as fast as possible towards the head of the column, passing the soldiers and batteries with all speed whenever opportunity permitted, pausing occasionally at a brigade flag to offer a word of explanation by courtesy to a brigade commander, and aided fortunately by a stout and alert beast accustomed to this vexatious riding.

Fortunately one officer was definite enough to say that General Reynolds was riding with General Wadsworth at the head of the column. On reaching General Wadsworth, after some miles of travel, there was no General Reynolds, and I thought it best to explain

my mission, as in part I did, inquiring for some aid in finding him.

By this time I knew that my ride had been far enough to string the whole First Corps on the road between myself and my starting point; and this fact did not diminish my impatience at the delay in accomplishing my mission.

Graciously the noble Wadsworth explained to me that there were no troops of the First Corps ahead of him, and that General Reynolds had gone forward to see General Buford.

Then I knew it became my duty to find the headquarters of this sturdy cavalry general. With thanks to General Wadsworth I spurred out on a free road towards Gettysburg. How far I was from that village I did not know, and do not yet know. It was not in sight. But I was soon out of sight of any troops, encouraged that the road was good, the country charming; and that, delay or no delay, I was now in a fair way of interviewing General Reynolds and perhaps General Buford; and so could return doubtless with some interesting report of what was going on; and probably also with some intelligence about the enemy, no traces of whom had I seen since crossing the Potomac.

This part of my ride was in such contrast to my unsuccessful and arduous pursuit of the early morning that I was elated, and as occupied as possible with my eye in charting the country upon it. This was my necessary custom. At last I came to a slight elevation that told me where the village nestled. I would have to take the ride many times over again to locate this point now. In passing one road, apparently little used, leading off to the west — I was anxious only about the west — I could not determine whether it was a farm lane or a highway. I thought it pointed towards Cashtown, or Fairfield, or Millerstown, or to roads connecting with those places; and I did not like the idea of its not being occupied, if the enemy were around, as I supposed they were. But that was not then my immediate business. So when I passed a little group of natives I questioned them hastily but closely, and learned that though little used it was quite a direct and fair highway leading away from the Emmitsburg road, on which I was riding, to the west; and thus did connect with the other main roads of that section of Adams county.*

* This road is sometimes spoken of in the reports as the "Millerstown" road, and the "Fairfield" road. It is sketched in the map accompanying Birney's bat-

Approaching what was then the edge of the village I heard a gun — then another. It was artillery. I could not hear the small arms, but I knew they must be there. Hastening, I saw a group of horsemen emerge from the village. They proved to be General Reynolds and staff. I wheeled and joined them, introducing myself and stating to the general my errand.

The firing continued. The general reined up and engaged his eye in a survey of the surrounding land. Buford was opening the three days' battle. I had mentioned to General Reynolds in answer to his inquiry that General Wadsworth was not very far down the road; and happily during this halt in our saddles Wadsworth's column appeared in sight on an elevation of the highway. Eager to possess myself of the situation and expecting momentarily to be dismissed with a message, I exclaimed, "There is General Wadsworth now," meaning the head of his column, for the distance was yet too great to recognize individuals.

I imagined that a gleam of satisfaction lightened up his countenance as General Rey-

tle report at Vol. 27, Part I, page 486, of Official Records War of Rebellion. This map is reproduced at page 86 of this volume.

nolds looked down the road and continued his survey. We were sitting just outside of the village where the highway skirts a field at the base of the old cemetery. The spot as it then looked is heavily framed among my mental pictures. I have revisited it with intense interest; and have often recalled the soliloquy to which I there listened.

"That would be a good place," softly said the speaker, addressing nobody in particular unless it was himself, and indicating the crest of the hill where the old cemetery could be seen; "but I would like to save the town." Was he speaking to me? Surely not; and yet the others might not have heard him. I had no personal acquaintance with General Reynolds — had never before spoken to him. Of course, he did not know me; and I was ignorant of his habits and characteristics, else I might have trespassed to respond. I remained silent. The soliloquy continued: "If I form there it might destroy the town"; the speaker paused as his eyes swept the horizon to the south and west and northwest. Again a gun sounded, and again a quiet voice at my side continued: "But I doubt if I shall have time to form the other side of the town." Should he put the village between the two armies? was apparently his solicitude.

Meanwhile General Wadsworth approached and saluted as if to say, "What are your wishes, General Reynolds"? The latter pointed with his right arm to the west and said, "You had better turn off here," indicating the field on the western side of the road, "and form your division as soon as you can."

There was no need for explanations. All were men of experience. The firing increased in vigor, and it was obvious that Buford, with his slender cavalry force, weary with their heavy work of previous nights and days, would be obliged to withdraw, even faster it seems than had been obviously counted on at the conference just had between himself and General Reynolds.

Thus it happened that I saw the First Corps infantry file away from that highway, and move across that beautiful field towards the famous Seminary Hill and the sturdy grove, where a short time afterwards the worthy Reynolds met his fate.*

* It is a notable coincidence that on this first, as well as on the second, day of the battle, the corps commander on the ground (Reynolds on the first and Sickles on the second day) charged with the preliminary responsibility, should have moved his troops to a buffeting combat, each engaging in battle at once for the sake of gaining the time necessary for the concentration of the main body of the army, and thus securing it in the final posi-

At such a juncture in military operations there is something to be done by everybody. Individual idleness is exceptional. Footmen and horsemen are under spur, or awaiting it. I had naturally withdrawn from the general's side, and fell in with his small staff, observing only that I saw no acquaintance.

Restless at my own prolonged inactivity, or to be more candid, impatient lest being an outsider I might be forgotten and left to shift for myself, so to speak, which under the circumstances would be no little embarrassing, I watched my opportunity when the general was entirely alone.

Riding then quietly to his side and saluting, I observed: "I beg your pardon, General Reynolds, but I suppose I ought to report to General Sickles unless you direct otherwise. My instructions were to communicate with you and ascertain if you had any communication for him." If this be not my exact language it is of no consequence, for it is the precise import. I had sat silently so long reflecting what I should say when my

tions carefully selected to resist the final assaults that were made on the third and last day. Without those challenging battles, into which the enemy had thus been prematurely forced to his disadvantage on the first and second days at Gettysburg, who shall say that Lee's desperate attempts on the third day might not have brought defeat to the Union forces.

chance came that the tenor of the speech is indelibly fixed in my memory.

I have often wished I had known General Reynolds better, as indeed I knew nearly all the corps commanders of that day. But I was accustomed to taking generals at their word; and I had noticed that the best generals were usually men of the fewest words. So I was not surprised at the simple, though perhaps under all the circumstances a trifle vague, reply: "Tell General Sickles *I think* he had better come up." Saluting, I said: "I shall report to him immediately"; and I rode away filled with chagrin and disappointment. My errand had seemed such a formal one; and it had taken so long, and was so resultless. Might not Reynolds have told me something of the situation beyond what my eyes had seen and ears have heard? The generals who knew me usually did this. But Reynolds did not know me from any other major; so why should he? Besides, he had his attention more than occupied by the immediate essentials. Perhaps, too, there were more of the enemy to be encountered than our chiefs had arranged for. Moreover, what was I more than a messenger? Why could not my simple message have been sent in writing by a couple of couriers, or by some

junior officer not needed for posting troops? But may be I was sent for the sake of etiquette, which was very right, supposing it to be a brief duty preliminary to the day's work as laid out for the corps.

Anyhow, here I was, more than ten miles away from my command, which for aught I knew, now that it was approaching midday, might have discovered and engaged the enemy. That was what we expected when we marched out in the morning. Besides, a battle had already begun around Gettysburg; the infantry would shortly be engaged, and I was hurrying with all my speed away from it, and to the rear, and against a splendid column of veterans, crowding the road, and marching with blithesome steps towards the firing growing more and more distant as I rode away from it.

In this strain my reflections trotted much faster than my horse. He, however, made good time, notwithstanding my impatience, especially after I had passed the rear guard of the First Corps, and enjoyed a free road.

Approaching Emmitsburg, I saw new camps being established, and then had to repeat my morning's experience of inquiries for the location of corps headquarters. But the officers I met knew and aided me, and I was

soon on the porch of an old farm house, where the corps flag was flying, and awaited the general, whom I was told was momentarily expected there. It would have been idle to have sought him, so scattered were the positions taken up by the various sections of the troops. The corps was under orders to take "position" at Emmitsburg. It was the extreme left of the army, and this duty implied much exploration and discretion.

General Sickles shortly appeared as expected, gave me a cordial welcome, said nothing about my apparent delay, and naturally was deeply interested in my report. After I had briefly detailed the significant events of my morning's experience, and how it happened that my absence had been so prolonged, he bid me get some refreshment.

My staff colleagues, understanding that they were located for the night, had "gone into" camp comforts apparently for the balance of the day; but I felt they had mistaken the date. So, as soon as possible, I reported again to the general. He showed me the written orders to the Third Corps from General Meade. These orders located the various corps of the army, and expressed "the intention to hold" the "positions" described until "the plans of the enemy" should be more

fully developed. The Third Corps troops were accordingly at that moment posted with a view "to hold" Emmitsburg.*

I rehearsed my interview with General Reynolds, and asked if he had understood me to report it in the same way. He said he did. The general was not given to discussing his thoughts.†

On this occasion he was reticent, having asked few questions. I had been his confidential staff officer in all his campaigns, and have ever enjoyed his esteem. Still at that time there was only in reality the relation of a trustful chief and loyal subordinate where rank and duty dominated. If I then had any opinion, and I do not know that I had, it found no expression, and the silent moments were swiftly passing. He asked significantly how my horse was. I replied that it was fortunate I had ridden my Old Reliable; but he was too much knocked out for further duty to-day. If I had not another one good for a hard ride, said the general, he would order the quartermaster to furnish one, for he

* See War Records, Vol. 27, Part III, pp. 416–419–422.

† He had already sent another aide, Captain Moore, to Gettysburg to see General Reynolds. See Moore's report printed at a subsequent page.

wished to send me at once back to Gettysburg.

While I awaited the horse thus ordered the general was pacing the little piazza, and I was momentarily expecting his oral orders. A cavalry soldier suddenly rode up, himself almost breathless with excitement or effort, and his horse bordering on collapse. There had been a local shower, and both horse and rider were splashed with mud and foam, and wet as if drenched.

An oral message by such a courier could only be taken with caution; but the man seemed honest and earnest, saying that he was sent by General Howard from Gettysburg to find General Sickles, and to ask him to come up, and that General Reynolds was killed!

At this shocking intelligence, and my strange horse appearing ready for me, I was about to depart, and asked for my orders. I was told to find General Howard and report to him where General Sickles was, and that the latter would come up at once. At that moment another cavalryman arrived, appearing in very much the same plight. Whether they had started together, or been dispatched separately for better assurance, I never inquired. The second courier bore a scrap of paper on which was written, obviously in

great haste, the dispatch since become historical: "General Reynolds is killed. For God's sake, come up. Howard."*

I was charged to ride at my utmost speed, and to say to General Howard that General Sickles would reach him as quickly as possible, and with all his corps except a detachment to hold the post of Emmitsburg as previously ordered by General Meade. Others of the staff were dispatched to get the troops on the march at once. Knowing the distances and the scattered positions of our men, I started with the discouraging thought that they might reach Howard too late! But that was not my business. I believed they would march at their best; and they did.

I had a free road, but I soon found I had not as fresh or able an animal as one might wish under such circumstances; and I gauged him for his quickest assured trip for that particular journey. The actual *arrival* at my destination was the only thing to be considered. The faithful beast, I must pause to say, *did* arrive in fair condition, except for the loss of some shoes. That night he was

* This dispatch appears to have been inclosed (probably) by its recipient in one to army headquarters and then lost from the official files. See Vol. 27, Part III, page 464 of War Records.

shifted for another, being wounded and too feeble for further saddle use. But enough of the poor quadruped. I never saw him before or since. Give him credit for an accomplished task. "He did his best."

That ride! Retracing my steps of the morning under conditions how different! A general engagement had begun. The battle might yet be raging. The First Corps and Buford's cavalry I knew were there. The presence of General Howard signified that the Eleventh Corps were there, or were approaching. The Third Corps I knew was not there. Where were the other corps of the army? I did not know. Were our men holding their own or not? I knew only that *we* did not make the attack; and that help beyond the First and Eleventh Corps was requisite signified an extensive battle. My thoughts flew from one hypothesis to another with every hoof beat. Anxiety was upon me as if I had had the responsibility of the army. I knew I had really no responsibility, except to bear a message of cheer and confidence. But what of that? The fate of the army depended on something more real than that. Was the new commander surprised? Had the enemy been invited to attack so that we could assail him somewhere in turn to better advantage?

Was there any battle going on anywhere else? If so, who was managing it? Where were Hancock, and Slocum, and Sykes, and Sedgwick? I wished I knew!

The commander I had left in the morning had fallen. Did his troops falter? It was all very well for me to find Howard and tell him the Third Corps were *starting;* but how soon could they begin to arrive; and how many could actually reach the field before dark! The afternoon was hot and sultry. The atmosphere was motionless, moist and muggy; a day severe for man and beast.

But the physical incidents of the journey cut no figure. Zeal, health and youth gave buoyancy and hope; and the distant booming of cannon indicated to my willing ear that the area of the battle had not yet been seriously shifted.

Three natives of an agricultural type were squatting on a fence. "What's going on"? I shouted. "Our men's a-getting it, I guess," * * * was all that I could hear in reply, as I hastily passed them. I looked towards the west down the road that in the morning had arrested my attention. No troops of either army were visible there. Obviously enough was going on at the front to keep both sides busy.

Pretty soon I saw Gettysburg again. The firing had seemed to abate. But as I progressed stragglers appeared. This gave me no anxiety. It was not an unusual sight at the rear of a general engagement. It did not become me to linger to stop them. I had no soldiers to detail for that task; only a single trooper, faithfully following me. Shortly an artillery team with half a caisson, and wheelless artillery teams, passed me leisurely as they continued to the rear. Their manner was not as if under orders. I became much concerned. The straggling soldiers grew more numerous. There were no officers. I could only shout "Halt," and take the chance of obedience as I ordered men to form and go back to the front. I knew General Sickles and his officers would soon encounter them, and would send them back, as he did, while my own province was simply as ordered to hasten to the front "with all speed."

It was in one of these groups that a singular scene, as I rode by it, shifted before, then beside, and finally behind me. A lady, gracefully attired in a riding habit, sat serenely in her saddle as her horse moved slowly to and fro at the roadside. Wielding a riding whip as a sceptre, she was saying gravely but in tones of command, and without apparent

excitement, "Rally here, men; rally here." The spectacle and the spirit were exhilarating. Men were obeying; and being veterans were naturally falling into the semblance of a company alignment. Who this lady was, or where she came from, I never knew. I passed swiftly on, simply shouting back, "Yes, rally there." I had no time, no occasion to stop. There was an apparent lull in the firing. I knew I was on the right road, must soon strike the battle lines, and so would quickly find the general to whom my mission was directed. I remember a passing impression I had, that the lady might have been a villager driven from home by the stress of battle, and being a zealous novice, had occupied herself with the first task that presented itself.*

Another incident especially arrested my attention. A small battalion of infantry, lined up along the west side of the road but facing east, were engaged in examining their

* Had this been the case some trace of the fact, it would seem, would have been disclosed in later years. But after enquiry I never could learn it to be the fact. Nor have repeated enquiries of participants from many sections of the army yielded me any light upon the dramatic occurrence. So the incident passes into the mysteries of battle. Certain only is it that the "living picture" was not the creation of my imagination.

muskets, and were snapping their caps as if to test their rifles. It comprised the first organization I had encountered since starting; so I reined up and called for their commander, thinking he might perhaps know something about the location of some of the field headquarters. I could not imagine for what purpose these men could have been sent to such a spot, unless they had in some maneuver become separated from their brigade and lost their way. Such things have often occurred. Still that was not then my affair. The men did not wear the Third Corps badge, so I could not, if I would, have ventured to give them orders. The men did not look as though they had been engaged in the battle. Their commanding officer politely named his brigade commander, but confessed ignorance as to where he was, or where Howard, or any other general was to be found. The explanation, as I afterwards learned, was that the detachment had been detailed for some special service, and was *en route* to rejoin its command. But for my purpose my short halt was futile.; so I spurred away, confident, however, that when any of the Third Corps troops should come up a general would pick up and bring along this battalion. This is exactly what happened; for later, as General Sickles

passed, he ordered these valiant Vermonters, which they were, to follow him forward, which they promptly did, and soon rejoined their brigade. These incidents take longer in the telling than they consumed in occurring.

I needed no guide, no troops. I had already been over this broad highway twice that morning, knew I was shortly to enter the streets of Gettysburg, and I believed that there, or beyond, on the outskirts of the village, I would be sure to find our soldiers and their generals who would be glad to welcome my message.

The silence of the hour began to oppress me. What was happening? Had we driven back the enemy? Were new lines being formed? If so, had the lines been shifted forward or backward? The highway was clear. Not a man was upon it. I could see into the village street; not far, it is true, but far enough to encourage my proposed final spurt. That was the way I was thinking, as my weary animal was laboriously doing his best. Just then my good orderly quietly rode forward to my side and politely inquired, "Major, do you see those men at the left"? Really, I had not seen them. Looking towards the west I saw in the field at the left

of our road a thin line of idle skirmishers in gray. The sight was at the same time a revelation and a shock! That was the very field I had seen Wadsworth and his veteran division file into that morning before they had fired a shot! Yet now this field held the enemy's skirmish line! Besides, that line, as my eye swiftly followed it, curved nearer and nearer to the road on which we were traveling. So for me to continue upon it would be fatal. This line swiftly signified to me that even the field of the morning's battle was not in our possession. Where then had our army gone?

In a moment I realized also that I was between the two armies, and that I must stop or skirt the town afield. The inactivity, too, of this converging skirmish line astonished me. Two men riding along its front and within easy range! Why did they not fire on us? *Cui bono?* They were veterans. I once heard General Hooker characterize the enemy's infantry of that period as the "best infantry in the world." Wasting ammunition without being ordered to do so was not a trait of such soldiers. I was not sure of that just at that moment. We two lone men got out of that road and into the fields towards the "Ceme-

tery Hill," as quickly as circumstances permitted.

Thus it happened that I did not ride into the village streets. That "*Hill*" was the place for me to go. Once there I could *see* things; and there I shortly found myself inquiring among some soldiers if they had seen General Howard. He was "right over there" a few minutes ago, said some one; and "there," a moment afterwards, I found him, riding among the troops and giving his orders.

There was no disorder. There was no firing. Indeed, so far as the "Cemetery Hill" then presented itself to me, it bore no evidence of having been a battle ground, as really up to that time it had not been.

General Howard was, of course, gratified at the message I bore to him, and directed me to restate it to General Hancock. It was the first intimation I had had that the latter was in Pennsylvania. So I inquired if General Hancock was here, and General Howard indicated a horseman in another part of the field, saying, "There he is." So off I rode and repeated my message to General Hancock, who had arrived only a short time before. He also was engaged in arranging the lines, inspecting locations, receiving reports

and giving orders. The two generals also rode together, and surveyed the situation. As this was just what I wished to do, so as to report its details to my own general on his arrival, I followed them around, after sending my orderly back to conduct General Sickles to Cemetery Hill, lest unawares he should encounter misfortune at the hands of that same skirmish line from which I had escaped.

It was obvious that, from the battlefield of the morning on the other side of the village, our forces had withdrawn to this Cemetery Hill. West of one highway was the old burying ground. Troops were posted in it, even among the graves and tombstones. From a fine vantage point east of the highway an extensive view could be had; and while I was studying its features, a column of men in the distance could be discerned moving apparently around our extreme right flank. How the ground lay or how the troops, if any, were disposed on our extreme right and rear I was utterly ignorant about; and, of course, could not ask. So I ventured to go to General Hancock and report what I had seen. He rode towards the spot and saw the same thing; but apparently without surprise. Hancock was one of the most alert of our generals. Subsequent history has revealed how the enemy's

intentions indicated by that movement failed to materialize on that afternoon in any trouble to our right. Later in the battle, on subsequent days, desperate attacks and combats occurred there, with great losses and results vital to both armies. But that is no part of my story. Nor is it to narrate the movements and locations of this organization or of that one. All those things are set down in "history," official and unofficial, and I am not a historian.* It is enough for my particular story to recall my reflections,— how that plenty of work remained for me when the Third Corps troops should begin to arrive. Moreover, the sun was yet high enough to leave much daylight to do it in, without considering the night work that was sure to follow.

As to the firing, it seemed to be confined

* The work entitled "New York at Gettysburg," published by the State of New York, embodies the most reliable and comprehensive military and popular short account of the battles, covering the entire operations about Gettysburg, that has been published. It was prepared by Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Fox (107 N. Y. Vols.), the well known writer and author of the standard authority, "Fox's Regimental Losses," and cannot be excelled for its statements of salient facts. The chapters on Gettysburg in the "History of the Civil War," etc., by Comte de Paris are also most painstaking and invaluable, as presenting from official reports the detailed operations of both opposing armies.

to the enemy's sharpshooters, who were being closely watched by our own skirmishers. Nevertheless an occasional bullet landed itself in ugly proximity. But rest for my weary horse seemed essential; so dismounting I threw myself on a grave mound, where I could watch for my general, while keeping an eye on the field headquarters.

How long a time all this consumed I cannot say. I took no note of the hour, except to watch the sun with anxiety. I was sure that a night of peace for our army would heavily reinforce its lines upon the field.

In due time a group of horsemen appeared with whom I soon recognized the standard indicating Third Corps headquarters. I rode out to General Sickles, and while guiding him to Generals Howard and Hancock, I briefly reported what facts I had learned; and fell in with such of my staff comrades as were accompanying him. We were soon dismounted and lounging away what was left of the day. Somebody was sent back to help guide General Birney's troops to the battle-field, and the rest of us awaited more or less of a " confab " that seemed to be in progress.

What was then said between Generals Howard, and Hancock, and Slocum, and Sickles I only know about through themselves

and the "historical" (?) testimony, for I was not present; nor were any staff officers, except as the latter came and went with reports or orders. Nor did I notice what generals remained in the group, as that no longer concerned me individually. I was quite content to await the appearance of my particular chief; especially as, night coming on, I detected the hint of cooking in the keeper's lodge, or whatever the little dwelling may be termed that still stands at the gateway of the old cemetery.* We suspected the presence of generals was in some vague way related to this fragrance; and in good time some of us realized in pancakes the virtues of compensated hospitality. I have often wondered how it was done, and who cooked them. But I never had time to satisfy my curiosity.

The arrival near the field was announced of General Birney, the commander of the First (formerly Kearny's) Division of the Third Corps, and our chief rode out to meet and locate that command for the night. It was light enough to select a bivouac, for that was all that could advantageously be done at that moment with arriving troops. A location was selected for Third Corps headquar-

* The present building at the entrance gate of the National Cemetery did not then exist.

ters, and the ground designated to General Birney for his troops, with pickets to be thrown out well to the west.

Then it fell to me again to ride about the adjoining fields to select a suitable place for the rest of the incoming troops, and on their arrival to guide them to it. This duty proved to be difficult and arduous. The night grew very dark, the expected troops (Humphreys') of the Second Division did not follow immediately upon the rear of the First (Birney's) Division,* and I suddenly found myself groping about unfamiliar farms, whose high fences ran in all sorts of unknown, and, as it seemed to me, tangled and irregular, directions; so that whichever way I rode, or whatever fence I pulled open, I was each moment less and less sure of my bearings. I became confused enough to be uncertain whether I had or not actually crossed to the west of the Emmitsburg highway; for if I had, then I knew I was more likely to ride into the enemy's than our own troops. My orderly was appealed to; but he confessed he was "lost," for he had simply followed my lead. No picket lines had been established. As far as I knew each

* A portion of Birney's Division was left at Emmitsburg.

command of our army was looking after itself. We struck a farm lane, or trail, that seemed to lead *somewhere,* and tried it only to encounter still another fence, to destroy which would make a tell-tale noise.

So we sat in silence, watching and listening, vainly trying to take our bearings, and hoping at least for a moon to show us the way. Presently, in the gloom, a column of men were discerned silently passing. I could not see the color of their uniforms. I never had heard troops march in such dreadful silence; not a canteen rattling, not a spoken word. Were they blues or grays? If the latter, we must learn and report it instantly. Skirting their line of march I found an opening to get closer and with light heart became satisfied they were blues. It transpired that they were part of Humphreys' (formerly Hooker's) Division, that having gone astray in the darkness of their night march, had strayed under the very guns of the enemy; only retracing their steps and saving themselves by their splendid discipline, and the enforced silence that had astonished me.*

* Extract from the report of Brigadier-General Andrew A. Humphreys, U. S. Army, commanding Second Division.) "Camp Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, August 16, 1863. * * * As we approached the crossing of Marsh Run, I was directed by General

By the time I had found and dismounted at the corps headquarters bivouac, where the sky was the only tent, there were none awake there, apparently, but the sentinel; and I gladly threw myself upon a blanket to snatch a few hours of needed rest, confident that be-

Sickles, through a staff officer, to take position on the left of Gettysburg as soon as I came up. For reasons that will be apparent from this statement I concluded that my division should from this point follow the road leading into the main road to Gettysburg, reaching the latter road in about a mile and a half, and at a distance from Gettysburg of about two miles; but Lieutenant-Colonel Hayden was positive that General Sickles had instructed him to guide the division by way of the Black Horse Tavern, on the road from Fairfield to Gettysburg. Accordingly, I moved the division in that direction; but, on approaching the Black Horse Tavern, I found myself in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, who occupied that road in strong force. He was not aware of my presence, and I might have attacked him at daylight with the certainty of at least temporary success; but I was three miles distant from the remainder of the army, and I believed such a course would have been inconsistent with the general plan of operations of the commanding general. I accordingly retraced my steps, and marched by the route I have heretofore indicated, bivouacking at 1 a. m. on July 2 about one mile from Gettysburg and eastward of the Emmitsburg road.

At an early hour of the morning my division was massed in the vicinity of its bivouac, facing the Emmettsburg road, near the crest of the ridge running from the cemetery of Gettysburg, in a southerly direction, to a rugged, conical-shaped hill, which I find goes by the name of Round Top, about two miles from Gettysburg." * * * (Official War Records, Vol. 27, Part I, page 531.)

fore daylight the noise of battle would rouse any man who was unprepared for that assured ordeal.

II.

By the earliest dawn I was up and saddled. My fresh horses had arrived during the night, and my last mount was found to have been perforated by a bullet. He had carried it from Cemetery Hill. No wonder the poor animal had been so weary and unsatisfactory during my evening's prowling.

We momentarily expected that daylight would bring the sounds of firing; at least of skirmishing, if not of battalions assailing us, at some point; for the army was so compactly located that we believed such sounds could be certainly heard. The anticipated daybreak attack did not come upon us. Had the truth been known it would have discovered the enemy to be as little ready to assail us as we were to assail them.

Really, the generals of 1863 did not, in the estimation of an unprofessional observer, appear to have appreciated the war value of time as it was appreciated in later campaigns. And this, if true at all — and I think it is — was as true of the generals of one side as of

the other. It is the swift and skillful handling of the troops, without confusion or fric-

Errata

On seventh line "Friday" should read Thursday

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all, the pickets! Where should they be posted? What lines should be covered? My first duty concerned this feature.

General Humphreys' division had arrived last upon the ground, and its commander being a most careful and experienced general, had doubtless picketed his own front. So he was given the right front, and Birney the left front and flank. Each division commander at once set about arranging a confirmed line of pickets. Humphreys began his right post "on the left of the Second Corps," and extended it so as to cover the Emmitsburg high-

way as far as appeared necessary for the protection of his troops; Birney taking up the posts from that point, and extending them away from that road, so as to cover all the left flank and left rear of the corps. Birney's task at this juncture was quite simple. His division, then depleted by the detachment left at Emmitsburg, was rather in reserve. Besides there was no enemy on the Union side of the Emmitsburg highway, which ran along our front, and which, at that place and to the southward, was yet under control of the Union troops.

This early picket work, however, gave both divisions the needed opportunity of familiarizing themselves with all the ground in their immediate neighborhood — a circumstance that became of inestimable service later in the day. My duty chanced to concern especially the Second Division picket line, which my message to General Humphreys directed him to establish "from the left of the Second Corps" on the right, along the Emmitsburg highway, and to connect on the left with Birney's pickets.

Right here I may as well observe, without apology for intruding personality — for this entire narrative is nothing else than a personal one — that among the troops of this

division were my warmest friends. By long service and familiarity everybody in the division was able to recognize me at sight, as they did their own generals; often paying me deference beyond my rank. This happened because, for nearly two years, I had been of and with them; serving in the regimental line, and on the staffs of brigade and division, and going in and out of their ranks and camps as one representing this or that commander; accustomed to be questioned, if not consulted, by many comrade friends among their officers, as one revisiting, even for a moment, his military home. I had not been among the picket posts of these men since the Chancellorsville season, and it was with a genuine satisfaction that on returning from General Humphreys I revisited him, as directed, to inspect his picket line.

Meanwhile, Third Corps staff officers had been dispatched in various directions to look after the supply trains of ammunition and baggage, and to report the location and organization of adjoining troops supposed to be at or near the left rear of the Third Corps. A general officer (C. K. Graham) of the First Division had also been ordered to bring to the field the detachment left the day before at Emmitsburg.

My survey of Humphreys' picket line proved most interesting and instructive. It was in part commanded by General Joseph B. Carr, of First Brigade, Second Division; and was located beyond or along the highway I had the day before become quite familiar with; and I exchanged cordial greetings with many old faces and friends. The mists of the morning had risen, and in the clear light of day it was easy to discern the advantages of defence afforded or denied by the surrounding country. The enemy's pickets, too, were discovered to be stronger and nearer to us than had been supposed; and at times they evinced no little activity, so that at some points our little party were kindly cautioned against undue exposure.

When I reported my inspection to General Sickles, recalling what the natives had told me the day before, I ventured to express solicitude about that crossroad* running west to-

* This is the road by which General Longstreet, during the afternoon battle, rode towards the Union lines when the latter were forced back. Lieutenant Frank E. Moran (of 73d N. Y.), who fell wounded and a prisoner, saw him riding there. The road had offered advantages for the enemy's flank movement; but the slight occupation of it early in the day by Birney's reconnoitering party and sharpshooters had delayed and deflected that movement of the enemy to a more southerly direction. See Birney's map (*infra*).

wards Fairfield, that intersected the Emmitsburg highway near Humphreys' left picket; and I was ordered to tell General Birney to picket that road (already covered by his pickets) as far towards the enemy as practicable, and to keep the corps commander fully informed. Subsequent developments confirmed the usefulness of this precaution. This road, or byway, was destined to figure as a potent feature in the day's operations.

Lest it be inferred that some military improprieties on my part had been, or somewhere in this narrative may be related, I think it should be explained that from my earliest service in the Peninsula campaign on the immediate staff of General Sickles, he habitually welcomed suggestions, when coupled with useful information, from his staff officers, whether those suggestions were acted upon or not. Beside, if in grave emergencies one of us should take the risk of giving an order in his name, always a dangerous presumption in a military subordinate, he would be generous, if the occasion justified it, in confirming the order. That is how it happened that on this day of all others, as at Chancellorsville, I felt free to affix a suggestion, if need be, when reporting facts. So much by way of apology to some military

reader who might infer that in reporting my survey I trespassed into suggestions. For such things a martinet of a general might give the staff officer a "frost." I never was "frosted,"— by General Sickles.

It was about this time that one of the aides who had been sent to explore the ground on the left and rear reported that he could discover no troops there, or evidence of their having been there. General Birney confirmed the fact. I was directed to go to General Meade's headquarters and report the location of the Third Corps picket lines, the fact that General Graham was to bring from Emmitsburg the balance of the corps, and the absence of any adjoining troops at our left and rear. On learning my mission the staff officer in charge at headquarters directed me to make my report to General Meade in person. This I did with military brevity, and was told that cavalry would be sent to the left. If there, it was removed.

Although these various errands were made as rapidly as possible the morning was advancing; and the Third Corps troops, except as to their picket lines, were yet unposted. They were in large part reclining where they had spent the night; and their location proved to be on low ground, easily commanded by the

land in front, and running off to the left into hill and dell, whose occupants would be at the mercy of occupants of the "high ground" at the rear of the extreme left, as well as of the possessors of the elevated land at the immediate front of the extreme left, *i. e.*, the Peach Orchard. Indeed, this could easily be perceived when the morning mists had arisen. So General Sickles, mounting his horse, rode and, leaving his orders to be carried out and reports to be received by his assistant adjutant general, directed me to ride with him, to General Meade's headquarters. The interview there between the two generals was brief, and we quickly rode away. General Hunt, the chief of artillery, joined us; and being familiar with the land, I was directed to conduct the party around the picket lines.

At that moment there was not, properly speaking, any "front" in the immediate presence of the enemy, as far as any Third Corps line was concerned, except as to the picket line of its Second (Humphreys') Division. There was no enemy east of the Emmitsburg road. The left of the Third Corps pickets towards the enemy rested on the Peach Orchard. So skirting the Second Corps lines, we proceeded slowly from right

to left along Humphreys' lines. Some of the conversation between Generals Hunt and Sickles, which was not extensive, I necessarily overheard, being occasionally called forward. In one such instance, surmising naturally that the ride was primarily to locate batteries, I ventured to point to the "high ground on the left,"* meaning one of the "Round Tops," with the remark "that would be a good place" for some guns. This ride formed one of the pleasantest and easiest of my experiences on that day; but I did not then realize its significance.

When we returned to Third Corps headquarters the subject of posting the main line became a practical and imminent one. Moreover, a lively skirmish fire opened on Humphreys' pickets, and betokened some activity on the part of the enemy, although indeed, it might well be without import. However, I was sent in that direction for a report. Some of the men at one picket post took me under the shelter of an old farm building,

* This hill was variously spoken of at and after the battle. It was not known to us by name. Some commanding officers mention it by the designation of "Sugar Loaf." In making up his report, long after the battle, General Humphreys alludes to it as "a rugged, conical-shaped hill, which I find goes by the name of Round Top, about two miles from Gettysburg."

through the apertures of which I could, in concealment, glean an excellent outlook upon the opposing picket line. It was too thick a line to be without significance to my mind. I did not like it, and reported on my return that the enemy were doing something behind their skirmish line; but what I did not know.

Meanwhile word had come that General Graham's column was well along on its march. A message had been sent to him to watch out with great care for his left flank. There was a natural apprehension, under the circumstances, that the skirmish fire mentioned might indicate a movement of the enemy towards us by the cross-road or Cashtown road at our left front. So General Birney was ordered to reconnoiter that road with great caution. This he at once proceeded to do, using his companies of sharpshooters under Colonel Berdan with proper supports for his purpose.*

* (Extract from the report of Colonel Hiram Berdan, First U. S. Sharpshooters, commanding First and Second U. S. Sharpshooters.) "Headquarters First U. S. Sharpshooters, July 29, 1863. * * * About 7.30 a. m. I received orders to send forward a detachment of 100 sharpshooters to discover, if possible, what the enemy was doing. I went out with the detail, and posted them on the crest of the hill beyond the Emmitsburg road, and where they kept up a constant fire nearly all day upon the enemy in the woods beyond until they were driven in, about 5 p. m.,

In due time Graham's column arrived after a most expeditious march, and there was no little satisfaction among our headquarters party that the entire corps was assembled and quite ready for any task to which it might be assigned. It comprised at that moment in all about eleven thousand men, including the two divisions of three brigades

by a heavy force of the enemy, after having expended all their ammunition.

As it was impossible with this force to proceed far enough to discover what was being done by the enemy in the rear of this woods, I reported the fact to Major-General Birney, and about 11 a. m. I received an order from him to send out another detachment of 100 sharpshooters farther to the left of our lines, and to take the Third Maine Volunteers as support, with directions to feel the enemy, and to discover their movements, if possible.

I moved down the Emmitsburg road some distance beyond our extreme left and deployed the sharpshooters in a line running nearly east and west, and moved forward in a northerly direction parallel with the Emmettsburg road. We soon came upon the enemy, and drove them sufficiently to discover three columns in motion in rear of the woods, changing directions as it were, by the right flank. We attacked them vigorously on the flank, and from our having come upon them very unexpectedly and getting close upon them, we were enabled to do great execution, and threw them for a time into confusion. They soon rallied, however, and attacked us; when, having accomplished the object of the reconnoissance, I withdrew under cover of the woods, bringing off most of our wounded, and reported about 2 o'clock to Major-General Birney the result of our operations and discoveries. * * * " (Official War Records, Vol. 27, Part I, page 515.)

each and its own five batteries of artillery.* Each brigade nominally included several regiments, as the roster will show; but many of the regiments numbered only from three to four hundred men, and some constituted even a smaller battalion, in one case comprising only one hundred men, so depleted had the regiments become by the casualties of the service. Most of them had enlisted early in 1861, and had passed through all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, except McClellan's Antietam campaign.

So reduced had they become at the conclusion of the Peninsula and Pope campaigns that the Third Corps was left to recuperate and refit, in the defences of Washington, when their commander, General Heintzelman, was assigned to that post during McClellan's Maryland campaign — one of their division commanders (Hooker), however, having been detached and assigned to the command of a corps (First), at the head of which he remained until wounded at the battle of Antietam. General Sickles succeeded Hooker in the command of his Division, and continued to command it until promoted to

* Other batteries from the reserve artillery reported to its chief of artillery (Randolph) during the battle.

the command of the entire Third Army Corps.

The arrival of Graham left the highway to Emmitsburg unoccupied. Thus the corps trains would be at the enemy's mercy, unless the wagons had already been turned away to the east. They were in charge of most experienced and competent officers of our staff. Lieutenant-Colonel James F. Rusling was our chief quartermaster, and his general efficiency in the service had so commended itself as to cause him subsequently to be assigned to army headquarters to assist General Ingalls, the renowned quartermaster of the army.* Our ammunition train was in charge of our excellent ordnance officer, Captain H. D. F. Young, of the Second New Hampshire, a distinguished regiment serving in the First Brigade of Humphreys' division — an officer who in times of stress had never failed us for the ammunition supply. Still the situation awakened solicitude.

I was directed to go to General Meade's headquarters, report the reconnoissance in progress, the arrival of General Graham, and the unoccupied road to the south; and to ask

* To General Ingalls, when General Grant came east as Lieutenant General, the latter offered the command of the Army of the Potomac in a private letter which for a long time Ingalls kept absolutely secret.

if there were any special orders about that road or the trains. On stating my errand to the staff officer in charge, as before, I was directed to make my report in person to General Meade. I was ushered into a little room with a low ceiling in a small, old-fashioned farm house, where the only things that impressed themselves on my mind's eye were a table, nearly as large as the room, around which five or six people might comfortably take porridge, a geography map of Adams county (in which Gettysburg is situated) spread upon the table, over which General Meade, spectacled as usual, was studiously bending from his seat, at what in courtesy might be styled in fiction the "head of the table." I was sent into the room alone, and expecting one of the staff to follow, I stood at attention at the other side of the table, awaiting, to use a parliamentary term, "recognition by the chair." I did not get it, and my situation was becoming embarrassing, not to mention my own mental speculations as to what was going on in the general's heavily burdened mind. Finally, a "Well, sir," started my tongue. So with all the brevity I could command I stated my message, gravely impressed as I was with its importance, and added, as I had been directed to do, all the

information I possessed immediately pertinent to my errand. In silence again General Meade resumed his study of the map before him. I imagined he was taking the bearings of the two roads I had mentioned, and reflecting upon possible orders about them; as probably he was. I awaited the conclusion. Again the pause became embarrassing, and it occurred to me that perhaps the reason was that the Cashtown road or lane I had mentioned was not shown on the map. So I ventured to observe that the results of the reconnoissance would soon be reported, and added that General Sickles requested General Meade's orders about the Emmitsburg road. General Meade replied that he would send cavalry to patrol it, and that orders had been sent to the trains. Interpreting this as my dismissal, I saluted and withdrew.

Riding with all speed to General Sickles I detailed the entire occurrence and the language used as accurately as my fresh memory could then reproduce it. I was in a state of anxiety probably far beyond what I had any right to be, and thought I detected solicitude in the general's expression as he asked if General Meade said anything else. I had stated it all.

It was now obvious that, in the absence of

orders to assume the aggressive, the Third Corps was charged with protecting the extreme left flank of the army. As to holding or abandoning either or both of those two useful roads I have mentioned, General Sickles apparently must determine for himself.

By the Emmitsburg highway running north and south he had approached the field, and had reported his lines as extending up and down that highway. Should disaster come from abandoning it in his front without being ordered to do so (he had no orders to abandon it), he would be seriously at fault, if not, indeed, be chargeable with a military offence. He must decide at once. He must either withdraw his outer lines, or post his troops in the best position possible to maintain them. There was no alternative.

General Birney was ordered to post his division with the right resting on the Emmitsburg road near the intersection of it by the crossroad mentioned, and to occupy the most favorable points to cover the entire left flank and rear of the corps.

Apparently anticipating the approaching conditions, for Birney was of keen and alert intellect, this general had already explored the region; and without delay had selected the positions for occupation by his infantry and ar-

tillery. Serious firing in the direction of the reconnoitering party also renewed attention to the extreme front, and the position at the corner was promptly strengthened.

It was better to level the fences before the troops moved than to be annoyed with fence wrecking while maneuvering. Fences had bothered me so much the night before that I had a lively prejudice against them as obstacles to regimental expedition; so I sought and obtained permission to order them to be leveled, a duty which the troops thoroughly relished, while the brigades were being formed to assume their assigned positions.

The reconnoitering meanwhile had been accomplished and the firing was explained. I did not accompany this detachment, probably because I was continuously employed, or about to be employed, upon trips to and from the army headquarters. This reconnoissance proceeded under the exclusive direction of General Birney, and the officers he dispatched for the purpose. It developed a concealed column of the enemy moving to our left; that is to say, moving parallel to our front and going around to the south of us. Its skirmishers covering the movement had been attacked by Birney's detachment, and had been driven back at the

point of contact where our men encountered them, happily resulting — as it afterwards proved, although the fact was unknown to us at the time — in delaying the enemy's flank movement for a very valuable period. Enough was ascertained, however, to be of incalculable service. The intelligence gleaned was deemed highly important, and I was dispatched with all speed to report the enemy's observed operations to General Meade.

Meanwhile the brigades and batteries of the corps were moving to their assigned positions. Birney's division practically changed its front so as to face chiefly towards the south. Some of Humphreys' troops moved forward in regimental line. Many battalions thus moving with colors flying presented for a few moments a picturesque field.

The "spectacle" that has been described by participants and others — often in exaggerated language — as attendant upon this "grand advance" of the "Third Corps going into battle" was in reality no "advance" at all. It was simply the movement forward of the infantry battalions to the locations essential to be held for the support of the skirmishers at their front, and for the defence of the night's camping ground. Had it been in

contemplation to assume the aggressive, all the formations and dispositions would have been made quite differently. What was done, as it afterwards developed, emphasized the enemy's delay occasioned by the reconnoissance, and caused an extended march to be made around our flank before the enemy's attack could be delivered.* Failure to have accepted battle at the place it was fought would have established the fighting ground substantially in the rear of our army. That would surely have been fatal.

On reaching headquarters I went directly to General Meade. There was order and politeness, but an entire absence of ceremony at the headquarters. Officers reporting there were sent at once to the commanding general, who was as accessible to all as though a regimental colonel. I made my report to him,

* In Life of General Lee, by General Fitzhugh Lee, the latter says, referring to Sickles' line: "Lee was deceived by it, and gave general orders to attack up the Emmitsburg road, partially enveloping the enemy's left, which Longstreet 'was to drive in.'"

According to another (General McLaws) authority (Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. VII, p. 75, 1879), "Longstreet was very much disconcerted and annoyed, principally because it was evident at a glance that the plan of battle could not be carried out. Instead of attacking down the Emmitsburg Road * * * the whole of our front was against the front of the enemy, *in position, prepared to receive us.*"

adding, as I had been told to do, that in the opinion of General Sickles more artillery than he had could be usefully posted to meet the attack that was expected. General Meade replied that: "Generals were always expecting attacks on their own fronts." Then I felt "frosted." But after a moment he added: "If General Sickles needed more artillery in case of attack the reserve artillery could furnish it." This was afterwards done.

At my utmost speed I galloped back to my corps and reported my interview. I was then sent to the extreme corner of our line, that rested at the Peach Orchard where General Graham's brigade and some guns had been posted. In consequence of a report from that officer I was dispatched to learn further particulars. The attack upon us had not yet been delivered, and the firing at this point was yet limited to sharpshooting, so that horses were kept away from the crest. Even Graham and his battery officers were dismounted. I was led by Graham to a vantage point, where, with intense and justifiable excitement, he pointed south along the highway, and showed me an unquestionable column of infantry crossing that highway from the west to the east. He said such a column had been moving across there for some time, and the

head of it must now be a good ways to the east of us.

Although for several hours I had myself expected something of this sort, actually to see it in progress and to realize it filled me with the gravest emotions. We all remembered Chancellorsville — how the flank of the army was rolled up there. A lodgment now in our left rear, and an attack simultaneously along the entire front, would throw the army into a confusion well nigh hopeless. Its consequences would be deplorable. It did not need a general to tell that to any of those soldiers. It might need a general to avert such a catastrophe.

As fast as horse could carry me I sped away. If they only had had battlefield wires in those muzzle-loading days the death of horse or man might not involve the whole army. It seemed to me I held its fate. But of course I did not.

General Sickles was conveniently near. He had planted his headquarters flag near a barn, known by us later as the Trostle barn. He bid me hasten to General Meade and report what I saw, as well as what General Birney had already reported to the same effect. This I did. General Meade expressed a wish to

see General Sickles. I did not understand it to be an imperative order. I returned.

Before this time General Birney's dispositions had been quite completed. He had succeeded in getting four guns of Smith's New York battery in position upon an eminence at the left that commanded valuable approaches, defended also by Ward's and DeTrobriand's brigades. From some of these positions the enemy had also been discerned and reports were made of his tendency. In fact all the Third Corps preparations possible had been made, except that communication had not been satisfactorily established with any troops at the left of the Third Corps. My colleague, Captain Alexander Moore, A. D. C., formerly of Kearny's and later of Hooker's staff, was employed in that relation, and in inspecting the positions on our extreme left.

I am quite sure there will not be found in his official report,* although I believe he included the expression in his oral report made at the moment in the field, what he then privately told me, that when he first found the Fifth Corps commander, and delivered his errand looking toward co-operation, the

* See copy of this report at a subsequent page.

latter coolly responded: "My men are making coffee and will be up in time." That is why a little later they had to be rushed with such apparent rashness and mournful losses, to get into the positions that were contended for in the sanguinary struggles at and about the "Little Round Top."

Our other aide-de-camp was Captain Thomas W. G. Fry, who, although holding a commission as commissary of subsistence, was wounded at Chancellorsville, and volunteered service as an aide-de-camp instead of securing a re-assignment to his department work. A corps commander, under the President's designation, was entitled under the statute to one major and two captains as aides, to be appointed by the President; and General Sickles had asked thus far for one captain only; so the assignment of Captain Fry to the vacant post had been promptly made by the War Department. He, too, was a genial and faithful officer whom we all sincerely loved. The remaining staff officers, representing their respective departments, also rendered more or less service as aides when not engaged in the duties of their own department, as they necessarily were on that day. But the aides were relied upon for the field messages, and for

the orders to troops in motion, or in battle. There was plenty of work for all. Indeed, it so happened at times, as it did on this day when General Sickles was actually hit, that the corps general was left entirely alone with his color bearer.

A small troop of cavalry was also on duty at corps headquarters, and its commander was frequently called upon for staff work, while his men were often riding furiously in doing orderly duty — a most essential service, lest an officer or horse bearing an important message should meet with misfortune and the errand fail without its sender being notified. This detachment, styled an "escort," remained dismounted as much as possible to conserve the energy of its horses and men; and when in the saddle was placed, as conveniently as might be, out of the enemy's sight, but within immediate call. It was in times of battle a thankless type of service that, generally speaking, was not coveted by the cavalry, yet on occasions brought no little comfort and satisfaction to officers and men engaged on such "details."

At the moment I was last mentioning everybody was busy, and the troops of the corps had practically assumed their assigned

positions. Except for an occasional shot there was in the air the silence of expectancy. An aide of General Meade rode up and told General Sickles — and this was the second message of the same purport — that General Meade wished to see him at his headquarters. The corps commanders had been summoned there. Nothing was to be done but to comply at once. As the best trail thither — I had essayed several ways — was by that time especially familiar to me, the general directed me to lead the way and ride fast.

The farms over which the battle was fought presented a very different aspect from the Gettysburg of to-day. There were clumps of trees and bushes here and there that obstructed the range of vision or of movement. These, with time and more or less cultivation, have in many instances disappeared; while in other places growths have appeared which were not there in 1863. There were no roads except the ancient highways and here and there a farm lane or wagon trail, which for all military purposes began nowhere and terminated anywhere. Old orchards have disappeared, and new orchards have grown up, usually in different places. The famous "Peach Orchard" of '63, for instance, was, as described in one general's official report,

"a series of peach orchards," and is now entirely obliterated; and new peach orchards in other spots flourish to deceive the visitor. Buildings are gone and others have been erected. Fields of grain and grass, and under-cleared woodlands, disturb the veteran's recollections, and help to confuse the unwary. About the only dominant landmarks uneffaced are the depressions and the elevations that nature has commanded shall stand with the eternal hills. Except in this respect the battle topography of the Gettysburg of 1863 has (by 1904) disappeared forever.

By the time we had reached headquarters the sound of musketry from Birney's front was quite marked, although it had not yet attained the volume signifying battalion collisions. It was, however, to the experienced ear sufficiently significant of their approach. The interview, therefore, between Generals Sickles and Meade was very brief. The artillery also had announced the commencement of the action. The Council of War had dispersed. General Meade met General Sickles in front of his quarters, and informed him he need not dismount; that it was too late; that his presence was needed at his own front. General Meade said he would meet him there in a few minutes. We were off

again in short order, because of the significance of the firing; and by the time we reached our starting point it was clear that the battle was thoroughly opened.

I was wondering why a battery, that I had seen at an earlier hour go into position immediately south of us, and where our infantry lines were very slender and the intervening fields untimbered, had not opened upon us. It enfiladed the plain where before that we had been maneuvering. But I know now that the scheme was first to force our extreme left. Besides, there was nothing special just then on that plain affording a useful mark, or specially attractive. I do not know what General Sickles thought about it, for he had made no remark when I had pointed it out to him. But he acted; for, I noticed afterwards, that our skilled corps chief of artillery, Captain George E. Randolph, had posted guns that potently bore upon those glistening barrels.

Suddenly, a little to the north of where we were standing, a small body of horsemen appeared to my surprise on our open field just described, and at the place of all others most tempting to the enemy's guns thus posted. Rapidly approaching us the group proved to be General Meade and a portion of his staff.

General Sickles rode towards them, and I followed closely, necessarily hearing the brief, because interrupted, colloquy that ensued.

General Sickles saluted with a polite observation. General Meade said: "General Sickles, I am afraid you are too far out." General Sickles responded: "I will withdraw if you wish, sir." General Meade replied: "I think it is too late. The enemy will not allow you. If you need more artillery call on the reserve artillery. (Bang! a single gun sounded.) The Fifth Corps — and a division of Hancock's — will support you." His last sentence was caught with difficulty. It was interrupted. It came out in jerks — in sections; between the acts, to speak literally. The conference was not concluded.* No more at the moment was possible to be heard.

* The following is an extract from testimony of Gen'l D. E. Sickles, February 26, 1864, before Congressional Committee, relating to this interview:

"General Meade soon afterwards arrived on the field and made a rapid examination of the dispositions which I had made, and of the situation. He remarked to me that my line was too extended, and expressed his doubts as to my being able to hold so extended a line, in which I coincided in the main — that is to say, I replied that I could not, with one corps, hold so extended a line against the rebel army; but that, if supported, the line could be held; and, in my judgment, it was a strong line, and the best one. I stated, however, that if he disapproved

The conversation could not be continued. Neither the noise nor any destruction had arrested it. Attracted by the group, it was a shot at them from the battery I have mentioned. The great ball went high and harmlessly struck the ground beyond. But the whizzing missile had frightened the charger of General Meade into an uncontrollable frenzy. He reared, he plunged. He could not be quieted. Nothing was possible to be done with such a beast except to let him run; and run he would, and run he did. The staff straggled after him; and so General Meade, against his own will, as I then believed and afterwards ascertained to be the fact, was apparently ingloriously and involuntarily carried temporarily from the front at

of it it was not yet too late to take any position he might indicate. He said, 'No'; that it would be better to hold that line, and he would send up the 5th Corps to support me. I expressed my belief in my ability to hold that line until supports could arrive. He said he would send up the 5th Corps on my left, and that on my right I could look to General Hancock for support of my right flank. I added that I should want considerable artillery; that the enemy were developing a strong force of artillery. He authorized me to send to General Hunt, who commanded the reserve of the artillery, for as much artillery as I wanted."

[From Report of Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, 2d Session, 38th Cong., 1865, Vol. I, p. 299.]

the formal opening of the furious engagement of July 2, 1863. There can be no question that for a time that frenzied horse was running away. But he bore his rider safely, and a sad misfortune under all the circumstances was happily averted.

In relating this incident to General Pleasonton, the cavalry corps commander then tarrying at the army headquarters, he told me that there was a simple explanation of the horse feature of this affair. General Meade had sent for his own horse and was impatient at the delay in bringing it to him. He had ordered it instantly. Pleasonton, who was standing near, said: "Take my horse, general. He is right here." With minds preoccupied in battle neither general stopped to "talk horse." General Pleasonton never thought to caution General Meade not to use his curb rein. The men of the old regular army habitually used the curb. This was General Meade's habit. This animal was bridled with a peculiar curb, which, as Pleasonton narrates, he seldom, if ever, used on this horse, reining him only by the snaffle. So it was probable that at his initial fright from the passing missile this horse suddenly felt an involuntary twitch of the curb (he was not accustomed to feel a curb bit) as the

rider may have carelessly seized his rein, and so the spirited animal made off with him. There was no particular harm done by or to anybody in the whole affair, as far as I ever learned. But it has always remained with me as a regretful thought that fifteen minutes longer of the presence that afternoon of the army commander near the lines, and upon the topography, which concerned the operations of his Third Corps, might have made a great difference in the performances of that day.

In good earnest the battle began now to rage in all its fury. I have never attempted to describe it, and shall not now. This is only my own story,— the tale of an individual experience. If the reader is seeking anything else he had better drop the book. The exact order, too, in which this or that incident may have occurred is not necessarily followed, being here, of course, of trifling consequence, as long as nothing is set down except what did occur. Again there were rides to and from the headquarters, and here and there to different commanders, so that it may be conservatively remarked that there was enough "going on" to keep a boy "out of mischief."

What happened to me soon afterwards was the active culmination of my day's anxiety

about our "left." Should it be "turned," we had no disengaged troops to turn it back. The general was anxious — very anxious. He had sent Captain Moore in all haste to urge Fifth Corps troops into position; but nobody had yet reported their presence in the battle. At an unoccupied moment I asked the general if I had not better go "off to the left," and see how things were.

It seems, in the light of history, that the enemy's intentions of beginning the battle with their attack on our extreme left had been fortunately frustrated. The battle really begun before this attack was ready to be delivered. How or why is no part of my story, although I have always supposed I knew. May be somebody else knows it better than I do? So let others say it. If you spell it out of this narration it is no part of my affair. At the time Graham and Birney, I am perfectly sure, knew why.*

* The following recent letter states a fact pertinent on this score:

Department of the Interior, Office of the Commissioner of Railroads, Washington, September 19, 1902.

General D. E. Sickles, Gettysburg, Pa. My Dear General Sickles:—My plan and desire was to meet you at Gettysburg on the interesting ceremony attending the unveiling of the Slocum monument; but to-day I find myself in no condition to keep the prom-

Anyhow, General Sickles said, "Yes, go and report as quickly as possible." There was a sort of lane or roadway that helped me part of the way (they have some "park" name for it now, I believe), and partly along it I sped until it turned away from the "high ground on our left" that had been beckoning to me all the day. Then I stumbled off southwardly until I began to ascend its slope. This ride had thus far been unexposed to any fire, and I knew that the lines of Birney's

ise made you when last we were together. I am quite disabled from a severe hurt in one of my feet, so that I am unable to stand more than a minute or two at a time. Please express my sincere regrets to the noble Army of the Potomac, and to accept them, especially, for yourself.

On that field you made your mark that will place you prominently before the world as one of the leading figures of the most important battle of the Civil War. As a Northern veteran once remarked to me: "General Sickles can well afford to leave a leg on that field."

I BELIEVE THAT IT IS NOW CONCEDED THAT THE ADVANCED POSITION AT THE PEACH ORCHARD, TAKEN BY YOUR CORPS AND UNDER YOUR ORDERS, SAVED THAT BATTLEFIELD TO THE UNION CAUSE. It was the sorest and saddest reflection of my life for many years; but, to-day, I can say, with sincerest emotion, that it was and is the best that could have come to us all, North and South; and I hope that the nation, reunited, may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by that grand work.

Please offer my kindest salutations to your Governor and your fellow-comrades of the Army of the Potomac. Always yours sincerely, (Signed) James Longstreet, Lieutenant-General Confederate Army.

troops formed a sort of arc of a circle within which I was describing its chord. As I ascended the stone-dotted slope my eyes sought in vain for the blue lines I came to survey.

The firing at the place I had started from had partially subsided, and, although disappointed at not finding the expected Fifth Corps troops, I was reassured by learning that the enemy had not yet actually attained the desirable point. Still I did not observe anything to prevent them from getting there; and I was alarmed lest the troops "to support the left" might have strayed from their true destination. As I labored up the hill — it proved to be the slope of what is called "Little* Round Top" — a bullet whistled over my head. Its sound denoted a long distance shot. Still it disturbed me to know that "the high ground on the left," being yet unoccupied by our own troops, was already within range of the enemy's fire. The shot was answered by Ward's skirmishers, and I continued zigzagging my path up the hill. Shortly another shot followed, then another,

* This is the hill where now stands the statue of General Warren. General Ward refers to it as "Round Top or Sugar Loaf Hill — that being the extreme left of the army." Out of 1,500 Ward lost 800; and out of 14 field officers he lost 8. Official War Records, Vol. 27, Part I, page 494.

and another plunged into the earth or glanced from the abounding little bowlders. These shots were likewise answered by our men; but the firings obviously were between skirmish lines, for one of which I had become a mark. The soldiers were concealed as much as possible behind natural obstacles; but the situation clearly indicated an approaching collision of moment at that precise point, which the enemy were too experienced and clever to omit. It would have been for me a comparatively short ride to report thence to General Meade's headquarters. But that was not my province. My duty was to report the facts promptly to my own general.

Satisfied that wherever our supporting forces were they were not at this point, as I was sure some of them ought to be; and that I was wasting valuable time by further exploration, I stumbled down the mountain — a task which, if anybody will try it in the saddle he will realize, was only accomplished with impatience. The idea of a single horseman "occupying," much less firmly encircling "Little Round Top" is, in the light of history, an amusing lunacy. Anyhow, reaching the base of the hill, I ran away as fast as four legs could carry me. I can imagine, better than portray, the sensations of

General Sickles when I reported to him the actual situation.

Again I was sent, with special injunctions to hasten, to report the alarming intelligence to General Meade. There were no more Third Corps troops that could be sent to occupy this pivotal spot. The lines could not possibly be so refused or extended. Birney's left flank had been eligibly posted on the selected series of hills that abound there for defence; but the enemy was every moment outnumbering and overlapping him, and deferring direct assaults.*

This particular spot of "high ground" was really in our rear, and all day we had been gaining time and holding it by the useful method of buffeting the enemy away from it. Little by little the enemy was at last getting around to it. Perhaps, after all, it did not make so much difference respecting what particular piece of ground should be, or should not be, fought over. There had to come the dreadful collisions of organized forces shooting and combating the one to destroy the other. They had to meet and to

* By riding around the roads now laid out about and upon these hills the observer can perceive the obvious plan of the defenders to delay and to repel, and the plan of the assailants to encircle and to overlap their adversaries.

become thus engaged. The soldiers' purposes and hopes were to meet at least upon equal terms. One of the elements of the buoyancy among the men and officers of the Union army in this eventful engagement was that on Pennsylvania soil they would not, as in the unknown paths of Virginia, meet the Southern army on unequal terms.

Hurriedly reaching army headquarters, I found their aspect animated. I rushed into the little cottage without ceremony. But General Meade was not there. Somebody told me he was walking up and down outside, and another pointed to him standing at the side of the highway hard by. He was watching a column of troops that were marching towards Cemetery Hill. As I begun to make my report to him we were well-nigh run over and became separated by the recklessness of artillery drivers, or the accidental swerving of an artillery caisson, and a slight loss of time occurred.

On resuming I was gratified to receive his earnest and fixed attention.* Never in my

* The final words of his predecessor, General Hooker, when I was taking leave of him three days before, were unconsciously animating me in the campaign. I had gone into his tent on the morning he was relieved, June 28th, to explain that the errand upon which he had sent me from his side while he was going to Harper's Ferry the day before had

life did I go away from him with larger sensations of satisfaction than I did on that occasion. It was in contrast to the chill I felt, or imagined I did, when I had reached his side — very unjustly, no doubt, for all men have mannerisms. From that moment ever afterward I had a warm spot in my heart for the good general, and it was emphasized in later months by his considerate treatment of me when, as an unassigned volunteer, he tendered me an assignment to any section of the army I might select.

On this my last interview with him at this battle I narrated as concisely and comprehensively as possible all that I was directed to say, and as much more as was warranted by my information. General Meade did not

unfortunately separated me from him by so many miles that he had arrived at Frederick and retired before I again reached his headquarters. I had expressed regret that he had ridden alone without any staff officer the balance of the day; but that I was unable to express my sorrow at hearing he was to leave us. I had been, from the old McClellan days, much under the immediate eye of the veteran general, and had deep affection for him. We were alone in the privacy of his tent; so I added that he was to me a military father. I had expected we would fight the coming battle under him. With moistened eyes he held my hand as he said in his most impressive manner — and the absorbed impression ever remained with me afterwards: "General Meade is a good officer and a brave man, and will command this army well."

discourage my speech. I was sure he was being impressed, and was gratified when he encouragingly responded that he had already ordered the entire Fifth Corps to our support, and also Caldwell's division of Hancock's corps. Then we walked toward the cottage where my horse was standing, and he summoned one of his staff,* and I was dismissed.

* It was my conviction then, and it has ever since remained with me, that the general at once sent staff officers to the place described, and to the Fifth Corps, to hasten the movements which the Third Corps staff had been vainly engaged, for some time in aiding to bring about. That General Warren, of General Meade's staff, was at some time, perhaps had already been, so dispatched, and arrived on the ground none too soon to exert his commanding influence and rank and splendid soldierly qualities, has become famous in history. In a note to page 198 of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (published by Century Co.), there is printed an extract from a letter dated July 13th, 1872, in which General Warren is quoted as having written:

"Just before the action began in earnest, on July 2d, I was with General Meade, near General Sickles, whose troops seemed very badly disposed on that part of the field. At my suggestion, General Meade sent me to the left to examine the condition of affairs, and I continued on till I reached Little Round Top. There were no troops on it, and it was used as a signal station. I saw that this was the key to the whole position, and that our troops in the woods in front of it could not see the ground in front of them, so that the enemy would come upon them before they would be aware of it. The long line of woods on the west side of the Emmitsburg road (which road was along a ridge) furnished an excellent place for the enemy to form out of sight,

so I requested the captain of a rifle-battery just in front of Little Round Top to fire a shot into these woods. He did so, and as the shot went whistling through the air the sound of it reached the enemy's troops and caused every one to look in the direction of it. This motion revealed to me the glistening of gun-barrels and bayonets of the enemy's line of battle, already formed and far outflanking the position of any of our troops; so that the line of his advance from his right to Little Round Top was unopposed. I have been particular in telling this, as the discovery was intensely thrilling to my feelings, and almost appalling. I immediately sent a hastily written dispatch to General Meade to send a division at least to me, and General Meade directed the Fifth Army Corps to take position there. The battle was already beginning to rage at the Peach Orchard, and before a single man reached Round Top the whole line of the enemy moved on us in splendid array, shouting in the most confident tones. While I was still all alone with the signal officer, the musket-balls began to fly around us, and he was about to fold up his flags and withdraw, but remained at my request, and kept waving them in defiance. Seeing troops going out on the Peach Orchard road, I rode down the hill, and fortunately met my old brigade. General Weed, commanding it, had already passed the point, and I took the responsibility to detach Colonel O'Rorke, the head of whose regiment I struck, who, on hearing my few words of explanation about the position, moved at once to the hill-top. About this time First Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett of the Fifth Artillery, with his battery of rifled cannon, arrived. He comprehended the situation instantly, and planted a gun on the summit of the hill. He spoke to the effect that though he could do little execution on the enemy with his guns, he could aid in giving confidence to the infantry, and that his battery was of no consequence whatever compared with holding the position. He stayed there till he was killed. I was wounded with a musket-ball while talking with Lieutenant Hazlett on the hill, but not seriously; and, seeing the position saved while the whole line to the right and front of us was yielding and melting away under the enemy's

As I rode away of one thing I felt assured, and that was that our army commander was then fully alive to the crisis of the situation, and that he was earnestly minded to do everything in his power to uphold our battle lines. My disappointments of the morning were supplanted by exalted hopes.

While I was making this and other trips my associate aide, Moore, had been actively engaged communicating between Fifth Corps troops and General Sickles; finally bringing to the latter in turn the faithful Weed and Vincent of that corps for directions as to what was needed before each should go to his position — and each to his death.*

fire and advance, I left the hill to rejoin General Meade near the center of the field, where a new crisis was at hand."

* The following report is extracted from the "Official Records of the War," Vol. 51, Part I, pp. 200-201:

Report of Captain Alexander Moore, aide-de-camp, U. S. Army, of operations July 1-2:

"Washington, September 8, 1863. General:—I have the honor to submit the following statement of facts connected with the battle of Gettysburg, July 1 and 2, as they transpired under my immediate observation, and of the orders intrusted to me for execution. About 2 p. m. July 1 you directed me to proceed from your headquarters at Emmitsburg and communicate with General Reynolds at or near Gettysburg. Upon reaching Gettysburg I found that General Reynolds had been killed, and the troops under

command of General Howard, who was anxious to learn when your corps would be up. Returning to report, I met at short distance from Gettysburg the head of your column advancing, under command of General Birney, and learned from him that you had already gone forward to communicate with General Howard. Early on the morning of July 2, after accompanying you to General Meade's headquarters, I rode with you around our lines. After the formation of your new line of battle, in accordance with instructions from General Meade empowering you to call upon the Fifth Corps on your left, and upon the Second Corps on your right, for any needed re-enforcements, you directed me, at *about* 2.10 p. m., to proceed to General Sykes and request him to send a brigade to support General Birney on the road connecting the Taneytown and Emmitsburg roads. General Sykes informed me, upon delivery of my communication, that he would rather not send a brigade at once, but would do so if any necessity arose, General Birney, or General Ward, who commanded Birney's left, to notify him of such an event. On my return the artillery fire [probably referring to the firing by Smith's Battery on Ward's line. H. E. T.] had just opened, and I was directed by you to return to General Sykes and bring up a brigade immediately. Upon reaching General Sykes' headquarters I found him absent, but his adjutant had authority to detach a brigade from General Ayres' command, and *I conducted General Weed's brigade to General Birney's line, General Weed accompanying me in person to your headquarters near the wooden barn.* Immediately thereafter the signal officer on Round Top Mountain reported to you in person that the enemy was advancing in great force, with the evident design of carrying that position, thus flanking General Birney's lines, and you again directed me to go for further re-enforcements from the Fifth Corps. On my way to where I had last found General Sykes I met General Crawford, commanding the Pennsylvania Reserves, and was informed by him that he had not received any orders at all that day, and although very anxious to take

Arriving, and reporting myself again to General Sickles, I was sent to General Humphreys for help to Birney, who had called urgently for reinforcements. They were sent from the brigade commanded by Colonel Burling,* the so-called "Jersey Brigade"—Third Brigade, Humphreys' division.

By this time the engagement of infantry

part in the battle, he did not feel authorized to move without orders from General Sykes. I proceeded at once to find General Sykes, but failing in that, I found General Slocum, to whom I explained the position of affairs. General Slocum immediately authorized me to use any troops I might meet. Thus, triply armed, with your own, General Meade's, and General Slocum's authority, I had no hesitation in calling again on General Crawford, who gladly acquiesced; and his column was instantly put in motion, reaching the extreme left of the line in time to defeat the enemy's attack upon Round Top Mountain. Leaving General Crawford to report to you, I met Captain Poland, who informed me of your disablement, which misfortune I at once proceeded to report to General Meade, and upon my return at dark met you as you were being borne from the field. I have the honor to be, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Alexander Moore, Captain and Aide-de-Camp, Major-General Sickles, Third Corps."

* In the official report of Brigade Commander Burling, the latter describes the fact that his regiments were sent one after another to reinforce various parts of the line, until "no two regiments being together, and being under the command of the different brigade commanders to whom they had reported, I with my staff reported to General Humphreys for instructions, remaining with him for some time." * * * (Official War Records, Vol. 2, Part I, page 571.)

and artillery was continuous from the Cashtown road (as I style it for need of a better name), at the point where it intersects the Emmitsburg Pike, thence around our entire south front to the Round Tops. The enemy's lines were coming forward. From the crest known as the "Peach Orchard" the general movement was promptly discerned. Graham at that point was among the first to appreciate it, and he urgently called for reinforcements. So it seems did other commanders on our left; while I had been sent, as before, to Humphreys with directions to "take a regiment to Graham's support." Nothing else could be done.

Humphreys pointed to the nearest disengaged battalion still held in nominal "reserve," and said, "Take Burns," and directed a staff officer to order Burns to go with me. Now, Major Burns, its commander, was my friend, and the regiment the one in which I had long served. Its officers and men were my friends; some had enlisted directly under me, and all had seen arduous service. It was then a small battalion, only about three hundred effectives being present. It was resting not many rods from where Humphreys was sitting in his saddle, and on the direct route to the point needed.

With alacrity the men sprung up and moved off to the left until I got them to where it seemed to me was the place they were needed. They were there partially protected by a slight slope of the ground in their immediate front, to which they were to advance at the proper signal. Thence I rode a few rods to Graham, reported to him for Burns, and pointed to where they were, saying that was all that Humphreys could spare, and asked, "Where do you want Burns"? He replied to leave them where they were, and he would give them orders.*

A regiment! Only a regiment! It was like dropping a peanut in a stone-crusher. Graham's men were falling all around us. His guns were playing, and his infantry loading and firing with all their vigor. I observed again that nobody was mounted, and my errand was finished. I was a supernumerary. "We're giving them hell," said Graham as I rode away. Poor Graham. The "boot was on the other leg." They gave it to him, after he had once or twice repulsed their advance. He had long been my friend and was to his death. It grieved me that night to

* At this spot is a monument erected under an act of the New York Legislature, and appended to this volume is a description of it and a report of some of the dedicatory proceedings when it was erected.

learn he should have fallen, seriously wounded, and then become a prisoner, while he was doing all that human soldier could do in the performance of a terrible duty, and perhaps an impossible task.

On reporting to General Sickles he said that Birney had again called loudly for reinforcements. I was directed to hasten, therefore, to General Hancock, and to say to him that if Caldwell's division had not started (I was to tell him what General Meade had said) request it be sent at once, and that I should guide it directly to General Birney.

Speeding on my way I encountered a column of infantry moving in a direction which would take them away from the particular point where immediate aid was essential. Some troops of DeTrobriand's brigade were being pressed so hard that their lines were melting away, and would soon be completely pierced unless assistance should come. Under such conditions the appearance of fresh troops advancing to attack the winners usually created not only a rally, but confusion to the temporary victors.

There existed a crisis where just such an appearance was vital. The marching soldiers told me that they belonged to Caldwell's division. That being the case, I thought, why

need I waste time to see Hancock? He had apparently already received and acted upon his orders. The man, therefore, most needed at that moment was General Caldwell, the division commander.

Assuming him to be riding near the head of his column, he was already a long way off; and by the time I could overtake him he would be still farther distant. Then he would have to turn his troops back and to lose time in sending orders to brigade commanders, and thence to regimental commanders; so by the time a regiment was ready to be lined up for work at the firing lines our battle lines might be irretrievably severed.

I was aching to seize from the column the nearest regiment. But I knew no colonel fit to command it would obey my orders while his brigade commander was present. What should I do? Overtaking the commander of the regiment marching nearest to me I asked him who his brigade commander was. He said, "General Zook." "Where is he"? said I. "At the head of the brigade," was the response. I inquired, "How many regiments ahead of you"? He told me. "Thank you," said I. Only a regiment or two to ride against, thought I, and I might find a brigade general who would act.

Reaching the head of this marching brigade, I saluted and asked, as serenely as with forced suppression of my emotion I could fairly simulate: "Is this General Zook"? "Yes, sir." The man was a perfect stranger to me and I realized that I might be mistaken for a demoralized straggler. So I adhered to all the formalities and inquired where his division general could be found, at the same time explaining the urgency, which indeed might have been clear to every soldier in the column. It being apparent that before I could ride to Zook's superior officer and have orders regularly conveyed back again to Zook the latter's regiments would have passed beyond the point where fresh troops were instantly required, Zook was asked, if, under the circumstances, he would not immediately detach his troops from the column and move into action right where we were riding. He replied, politely but with soldierly mien, that his orders were to follow the column. Repeating the request I asked him to assume the responsibility of compliance, promising to protect him and to return to him as soon as possible with a formal order from the proper officer.

It was a critical interview. There was no time to parley. The exhausted lines of Birney's division, although already reinforced by

some troops from Barnes' division of the Fifth Corps, were stubbornly fighting a corps of the enemy largely their numerical superiors. It was obvious, too, that Zook, as well as myself, fully appreciated that neither the request nor instant compliance with it could be deemed within the strict limits of military regularity. "Sir," said General Zook, with a calm, firm look, inspiring me with its significance, "if you will give me the order of General Sickles I will obey it." My response then was: "General Sickles' order, general, is that you file your brigade to the right and move into action here."

To my delight this sturdy general promptly wheeled his horse out of the column, gave the command, "File right," and gallantly detached his brigade from the column. He marched it straight for the firing line, and himself to his death. Few men would have acted as Zook did. Yet had he acted otherwise it might have changed the fate of the day. Who knows? It was such acts of sagacity and nobleness that won Gettysburg.

Indeed, history will record that it was the spirit of just such acts in every rank that began, continued, conducted and concluded the battle of Gettysburg, regardless if not in spite of orders. Zook gave little heed to the prom-

ise to send him ratified orders; but silently acknowledging the thanks tendered him, busied himself with his work in hand.

Oh! what a relief. What a splendid genuine soldier was this same Zook leading as he did his superb command straight into the jaws of mortal combat, and in a short time, as it transpired, to his own mortal wound. But his noble act saved many other lives, and averted an unspeakable misfortune.

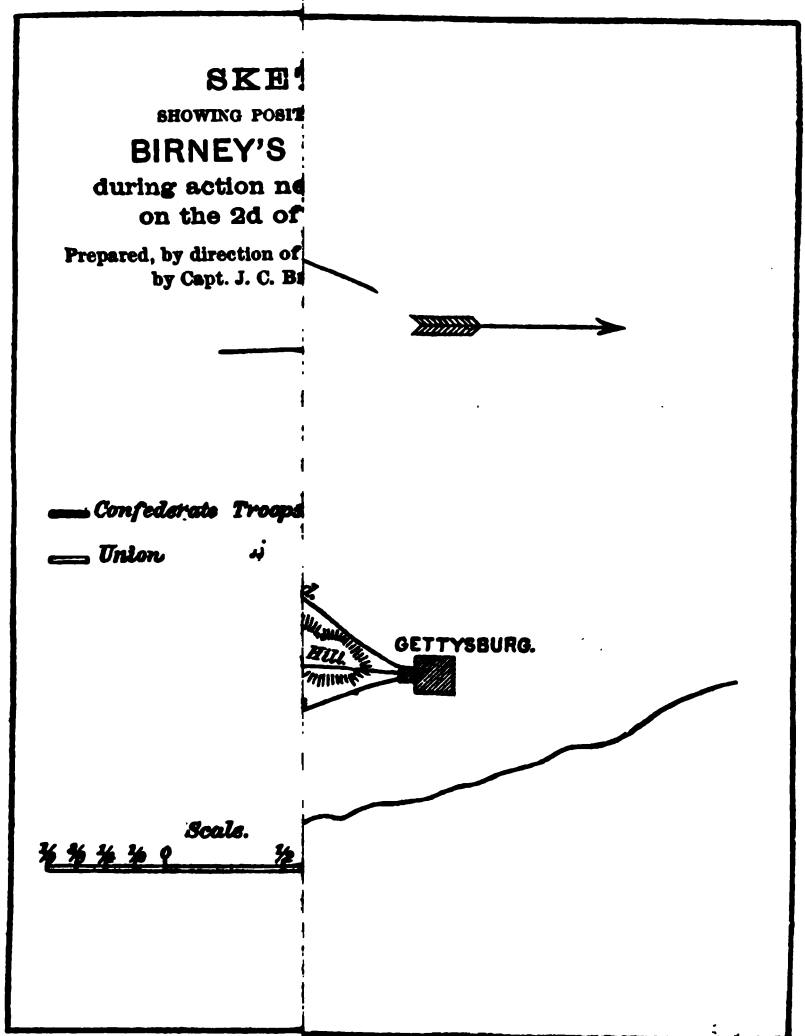
To fulfill my promise to him that I would bring him confirmatory orders from General Sickles, I left him moving straight to his goal, while I galloped off to General Sickles, who fortunately was quickly found. With instant approval he bid me hasten back to Zook with thanks for his conduct, directing me to lead his brigade to General Birney. The latter, engaged in rallying his broken lines, was easily found, because Zook kept his column steadily guided to the supreme spot where any soldier could discern that it was needed.

No happier moment ever came to an officer in battle than when I had the satisfaction of introducing General Zook to General Birney with the single remark that he had brought a brigade which had been ordered to report to General Birney.

There was no need — no time — for either general to explain to the other. My short acquaintance with Zook ceased as he occupied himself with his regiments. With soldierly ability he led them in person wherever Birney wished them to fight. The battle lines*

* Relating to the arrival of this brigade (Zook's) at the firing lines and the situation there at that hour the official report of General Birney states: "At 4 o'clock the enemy returned the artillery fire on my entire front, and advanced their infantry *en masse*, covered by a cloud of skirmishers. Major-General Sykes reached my left opportunely, and protected that flank. A portion of his command, under General Barnes, had been placed in rear of the right of De Trobriand's brigade, but during the fight he withdrew his force, and formed some 300 yards farther in the rear.

"As the fight was now furious, and my thin line reached from *Sugar Loaf Hill* (*i. e.*, "Round Top") to the Emmitsburg road, fully a mile in length, I was obliged to send for more re-enforcements to Major-General Sickles and Major Tremain, aide-de-camp to the commanding general, soon appeared with a brigade of the Second Corps, which behaved most handsomely, and, leading them forward, it soon restored the center of my line, and we drove the enemy from that point, to fall with redoubled force on Ward's brigade. My thin lines swayed to and fro during the fight, and my regiments were moved constantly on the double-quick from one part of the line to the other, to re-enforce assailed points. * * *" (Extract from official report of Major-General David B. Birney, commanding First Division of Third Army Corps, dated August 7th, 1863. Vol. 27, Part I, War Records, page 483.) * * * "I annex a map showing the position of my troops and the batteries supported by us." See same Vol., pp. 485 and 486. This map is here reproduced.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at that point and for that moment were handsomely restored. But Zook did not live to see the full fruition of his gallantry. Thus it was that a soldier of disinterested devotion, patriotic instinct, thoughtful courage and sublime comradeship met his death at Gettysburg.

It is no part of my particular story to denote what occurred there, or how other combats waved to and fro, to the right and left of that spot. It is only for me to relate that Zook had promptly sent officers to advise his division commander of the orders he had received and of the action he was taking. Beyond hearing him do this, I had nothing to do or say about it. Other officers had meanwhile been sent to General Caldwell.

My errand was accomplished; and again I returned as leisurely only as one is apt to do when under the missiles of battle. It was my duty to report to General Sickles, whom I sought at the rendezvous* where I had left him.

* This place is now denoted by a handsome "marker" placed there by the Gettysburg National Park Commissioners. The location was defined by General Sickles and myself, at a visit some years before the title to the ground had been acquired. Afterwards the granite marker was erected within a few feet of the spot where his horse was restively standing when the deadly missile accomplished its mission.

Approaching the spot, I observed him reclining with apparent suffering against the wall of the barn, while a soldier was engaged under the general's directions in buckling a saddle strap, which had been tightly wound around his leg above the knee — thus forming an improvised tourniquet to prevent the flow of blood.

Throwing myself from the saddle with the exclamation, "General, are you hurt"? I found myself at his side, instantly realizing, as perhaps he might have realized, the possibly fatal nature of the injury. His voice was clear, and he then responded thus to my inquiry: "Tell General Birney he must take command."

Birney was the ranking general officer, and had indeed commanded the corps on its march from Falmouth to Frederick in the absence on sick leave of Sickles. At the same moment of giving this direction the wounded general fortunately produced the tiniest flask ever carried by soldier, and wet his lips with its brandy. Not an officer was near him; nor was there, as far as I ever could ascertain, when the ball hit him. His horse, though apparently unhurt, had already been shot in the breast by a bullet that afterwards came out near the hip, and was standing close by,—

a soldier holding him. The shot — it must have been from a cannon — had evidently passed parallel to the horse, and striking its victim just below the knee had almost severed the leg.

Saying I would send for an ambulance, I started to find Birney. As I was mounting, General Birney rode up. I exclaimed, "Here is General Birney now, sir." Stepping to the latter's side I said that "General Sickles was seriously wounded, and directs me to notify you, sir, to assume command of the corps." General Sickles, if he did not hear, inferred what I was saying, and himself sung out in his ringing tones: "General Birney, you will take command, sir."

With an affirmative response, and an inquiry softly of myself if I had sent for an ambulance, General Birney at once rode off to his work, for it needed him, and he knew it.

Thus terminated my field service at Third Corps headquarters.

The man I had sent after an ambulance surely could not so quickly have found one, except by accident; but an ambulance immediately appeared, doubtless sent by some one else. I thought it would be shattered to pieces by shot and shell before the patient could be placed in it. But strange to relate,

not a man or beast concerned with it was injured during the process.

Obviously the general was growing weaker, and I dared not ride away from the jolting ambulance to find a surgeon lest the sufferer expire in utter loneliness. So at a signal from the attendant I dismounted and climbed to the side of the general. Brandy was given as often as possible. I thought the end had come. Solemn words, not to be written in my story, were softly spoken to me amid the din of cannon. Father O'Hagan, chaplain Fifth Excelsior (Seventy-fourth New York) Regiment, rode up, and dismounting came into the wagon to the patient's side. The memory of those prayerful moments cannot be effaced.

It seemed to me a long while before a halt was made, and Surgeon Thomas Sim, the corps medical director, took charge of the case. The other aides by this time had come up. It was fast growing dark, and the scene and actors need not be recalled. An improvised operating table, candles in bayonets, lanterns, sponges, the odor of medicines, of chloroform, a few idlers who belonged elsewhere — all are vaguely assembled in uncertain memory certain only of the distant sounds of the continuing battle. The artillery could

not continue firing effectively after dark; but the musketry lingered long beyond the shades of evening.

And here ended the "Two Days of War."

* See notes at end of chapter III.

III.

Lest omission to mention the third day of the battle be given unintentional significance, a few words by way of concluding this narration may be added.

The night was passed in successive watches. The patient, before regaining consciousness, had been removed from the improvised operating table to a stretcher. The watchfulness of the operating surgeon, of his assistant and of the hospital stewards, was supplemented by that of the aides-de-camp. These were Captains Alexander Moore and Thomas W. G. Fry, besides myself. It was the discipline of the army at that time that personal aides accompanied their general; while department staff officers continued their respective duties on the staff of the general succeeding to the command, who in turn was accompanied by his own aides. Nothing, therefore, remained for us three but to go as ordered, and thus to follow the fate of our general; and then, should he expire, to report to the War Department for further orders. Whether our

general would or would not survive had been the question of the night. We had ceased to have any official concern about the troops.

In the morning the doctors declared that the patient should be taken away from the field. That course, if pursued at once, afforded more hopefulness than to await the approach of the usual fever, and possible collapse, of which there was grave apprehension. The medical director prohibited the removal of the patient from the stretcher, and would not even permit his transfer to an ambulance. The fate of the battle also was yet open, and continuous attention on the battlefield to the wounded general was impossible. Moreover, all the wounded must, of course, in some way be sent away from the immediate field of military operations, as well as out of possible range of firing.

The battles of the two previous days had extended over many miles. So, nowhere near the field could a permanent hospital camp yet be set up. Thus it happened that during the forenoon the medical director arranged through the proper authorities for our little party to be ordered to start for the nearest railroad point, whence, by the time we could reach there it was expected that railroad communication with Baltimore would be

opened. Forty infantry soldiers were therefore detailed from the Third Corps to act as escort and stretcher bearers. These with a small squad of cavalrymen for courier duty, together with a couple of wagons for hospital supplies, rations and baggage, made up a cumbersome party that started on its experimental march.

The soldiers not being accustomed to stretcher work, necessarily moved slowly and awkwardly. Each successive four required instruction, and until the whole ten fours had served their turn, very little progress was made. Besides, the effect on the patient was purely an experiment. Dr. Sim was watchful and courageous, and the patient remained serene. After we had reached the "Baltimore Pike" and swung along it until, as we supposed, we were quite away from the area of probable combats, a message came from the chief of cavalry (General Alfred Pleasonton) at Army Headquarters that the cavalry lines (under General D. Macgregor Gregg) were along our left, and that there were no other troops between us and the enemy. Later another message arrived that the cavalry on our left were heavily engaged,*

* This was the furious and famous cavalry fight at Gettysburg, of which little was said at the time,

H. E. Tremain.
Major & A.D.C.

and that it would be well for us to keep off the main roads, lest some detachment of the enemy should be met. Indeed such an encounter could have had but one result. We determined to take no risk. What if our patient and ourselves should fall into the hands of the enemy! The thought itself was horrible to us beyond expression. The soldiers with us happily did not know the situation, but the officers silently regretted their own absence from the battle lines. It is always more comfortable there than to be roaming about at the rear of them.

The exceptional artillery battle of that afternoon that waged between the two armies reverberated in our ears. We knew it signified renewal of the battle in all its fury. We could hear it, and fill our hearts with surmises. The sounds of the cavalry combats so near to us were scarcely audible.

That I was distant from the scene of action and had absolutely no part to play in relation to it, was altogether a most unsatisfactory reflection. Yet, whatever happened, I would

so overshadowing were other features of the battle. Had the Union cavalry under Gregg been defeated the fate of the battle would doubtless have been different. An account by a gallant participant is printed for the first time on subsequent pages of this volume, *i. e.*, the full report of a paper as read by its lamented author at a public meeting of his "companions."

be held directly responsible for our little detached party. I was for the moment sorry that I had not sought some assignment to another staff. Yet I knew that such a request would have been irregular, if not heartless, and would have been shirking an immediate duty. Besides, new assignments from the War Department could not be arranged in the heat of a great engagement. Altogether, mental perturbances were not without place, while the emergency was upon me of finding a pathway by which I could lead our party southward.

We walked on, or rather, as it seemed to me, only crept on with our precious burden, along the highway, while our few mounted men were actively occupied in scouting the land for another roadway. Presently a fair lane or roadway was discovered that led to the southward directly away from the highway; but where it led to we knew not; nor was it prudent to halt until we could ascertain. Anywhere over the hills and into the country of quiet and repose was the true destination. It was the disagreeable consciousness of running away from the battlefield to find a safe place! Such a sensation can better be imagined than described. The patient was informed of nothing, and only knew that

his stretcher was kept in motion, and that his own officers were in charge of the march. The doctor quietly conveyed to us his great satisfaction over the patient's condition, and the fair progress, slow as it was, of the stretcher bearers.

Our detour was a success; and after several rests in secluded spots, assisted by no little scouting, the experiment terminated at a restful farm yard, where was the usual commodious Pennsylvania barn, and a neat dwelling house hard by, that had apparently escaped the visits of any soldiery. Night was coming on. The stretcher-bearers could not progress after dark. A stumble might kill the patient. Meanwhile communications had been exchanged with General Pleasonton, whose kind thoughtfulness was more than appreciated. Either the battle had ceased, or we were beyond the reach of its reverberations.

We went into bivouac, and appropriated the first floor of the little farm house, where we placed the stretcher. Our wagons were well supplied. Man and beast were afforded every comfort that a soldier should desire, with plenty to spare for the family of the Pennsylvanian. Guards were posted, and the usual discipline established for the night.

At daylight the next morning communication with army headquarters was reopened, and in due time the march was resumed. As we were departing, the thrifty farmer, who had already been liberally compensated for our intrusion, ran out of the house and down the lane after us with a most unexpected if not piteous appeal: "I say, mister, ain't y' going ter pay me for that sheet?" Somebody silenced him with more money; and, when he was put out of possible hearing of the patient, somebody "talked" to that agriculturist in a way that he probably remembered. Our doctor happily was a believer in the curative properties of fresh air; and the clean covering obtained at the house was a grateful exchange on that sultry morning for the army blanket over the patient.

Returning to the highway by the way we came we continued along it towards the east until at last we reached a place styled "Littleton," whence there was a railway to York Junction. Our efficient aide, Captain Fry, who had had experience in the complex duties of the quartermaster's and commissary departments, had arranged to have a car ready. The place was necessarily then the railroad terminal. The car was an ordinary passenger coach of that

period. Into it the stretcher was carefully lifted, and made to rest securely upon the tops of the seat backs. The soldiers were sent back to Gettysburg to rejoin their command; and parting from them and our horses, the little party accompanying the wounded general,— that is, the medical director who had performed the operation (Dr. Thomas Sim) and the three aides,— sped away behind a special engine to Baltimore, and thence to Washington. Arriving there soldiers had been provided to bear the stretcher in the same order as before from the railroad station through the streets of Washington, to the house 248 F street, opposite the Ebbitt House, where the general had maintained his lodgings. This was on the fifth of July.

It was no slight relief to realize that such a journey had been safely accomplished, and that the patient, apparently in no worse condition, was deposited where all the care and appliances of science and skill might contribute to his recovery. Nevertheless the surgeons had expressed no little solicitude lest within a few days after such an operation the usual fever that they described should fatally prostrate the patient. So it was ordered that he continue upon the same stretch-

er; and there he remained for several days before being removed to his bed.

It was while lying upon this stretcher that President Lincoln was unexpectedly announced at the front door, and immediately conducted to the second floor that constituted the general's apartments. The President's tender and cordial greeting as he seated himself at the side of the stretcher, was most impressive.

These visits were frequently repeated. At one of them the face of the President was marked with sadness. It was just after Lee's army had crossed the Potomac into Virginia, and the news of it was fresh in all minds. Of course it was spoken of; and one remark has always remained with me, as I recall the President's expressed lament: "The greatest disaster of the war!" was his language, so intense was his disappointment that the Army of the Potomac had not brought an end to the war by the destruction of the army of Northern Virginia. But Providence had decreed otherwise. It was too soon. The great combat had not yet been concluded.

Another early incident of my experiences in this sick chamber came out of the appreciated presents of fruits and delicacies that were received there. The suffering patient

touchingly observed: "I wish my wounded soldiers could have some of these good things." Shortly a generous money contribution was placed by him at the disposal of the Third Corps medical director for this special purpose. On learning of this fact, the late James T. Brady, of world-wide fame at the bar, went one day into one of the two New York Stock Exchanges then existing, in the midst of busy clamor and financial excitements, intensified as they then were by the current events of the times. He secured permission to speak a few moments. His electric appeal swiftly resulted in a substantial subscription for delicacies for the wounded of the Third Army Corps. This fund was promptly placed at the disposal of General Sickles, who in turn sent half of it to the commander of his First Division, General Birney, and the other half to the then commander of his Second Division, General Joseph B. Carr; — General Humphreys, its assigned commander, having meanwhile been appointed chief of staff of the army.

The circumstance of these donations, and the use of them, emphasized later by the frequent occasions for assistance towards embalming for home transportation the remains

of deceased comrades, resulted in the officers of the Third Army Corps organizing at Brandy Station in September, 1863, an association known as the "Third Army Corps Union"; the first organization of the kind among the Civil War veterans, and existing to-day among the survivors as an active association, extending to all soldiers of that corps without regard to rank, instead of being limited, as originally, to officers only.

That organization immediately after the war selected May the fifth, the anniversary of its first great engagement — the Battle of Williamsburg (1862) — as the day for the annual meeting; and continues (in 1904) to hold reunions on that day. It was at such a reunion in 1895, at Hadley, Massachusetts, the birthplace of General Joseph Hooker, that the initial steps were taken to erect his statue now standing at the State House in Boston.*

General Sickles reported for duty at Army headquarters near Centreville in October, 1863; but General Meade did not think his physical condition was equal (as probably it

* For part of the literature relating to this occasion, see subsequent pages of this volume reprinting the author's remarks on Hooker's Life and Services.

might not have been) to the exigencies of field service.

The President subsequently sent him upon a special duty, in the course of which various sorts of experiences were had; some of which relate to affairs described in letters reprinted elsewhere in this volume.

NOTES TO CHAPTERS II AND III.

* *A boy's letters home after the battle say in part:* "WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7th, 1863. * * * I have not had a chance to write you a line before. I have had a terrible time of it for me. I know nothing about wounded men or sick people, nor how to treat them, and I have had nothing harder to do for a very long time. Poor Sickles! He is not the man he was. Utterly prostrate, weak and feeble as a child, he still lies on his back on the same stretcher on which he was placed after the amputation of his leg. He has lost his right leg, from above the knee. It was shot away by a cannon-ball Thursday afternoon about 6 or 7 P. M. It was a terrible hard fight, although I have seen the general more exposed in other battles. Poor Graham, too. We do not know what has become of him. His wife is here in suspense. We had very hard work getting the general here; he was unable to ride in an ambulance, and we had to carry him on a stretcher for many miles. Then we struck a railroad near Hanover and rode all night in a special train, via Baltimore, reaching here early Sunday morning. I wrote home three or four days before the fight, but I think I did not send it until I arrived in Washington. I sent you a telegram, however, soon after my arrival here. I will write you a longer letter some other time. I had a horse wounded the day before the

3d Corps became engaged. * * * So I have had more narrow escapes, but am all right so far. My turn has yet to come. * * *"

WASHINGTON, July 10th, 1863. * * * General S. is getting along as well as can be expected; he sometimes suffers much from the result of his previous debility, and he is very weak and feeble, although the doctor says he is getting on all right. * * * He is the recipient of a great deal of attention. I am kept more than busy replying to letters of sympathy and receiving the visitors who call to enquire. The general by order of the surgeon sees hardly any one.

In the recent battles at Gettysburg the 3d Corps, as usual, bore the brunt of the fight. When I tell you that out of less than 12,000 it lost 4,400, you can imagine in how hot a place it must have been from 4 P. M. until dark. * * * Our corps opened the fight. We knew where the battle would begin. *I felt certain, for I told General Sickles on Wednesday night* (as I had been over the ground more and had therefore better opportunities for knowing) *that if the enemy attacked the army at all in its present position, it would be in certain localities on the left, which I designated;* and Thursday morning he examined the topography and agreed with me. It was then he pressed on General Meade the necessity for changing his lines to meet such an anticipated attack. *It was in that very locality, and by the roads I designated that the enemy did come and hurl upon us their tremendous force.* Just previously, however, General Sickles made proper dispositions of his own troops to meet it, and just after the ball opened General Meade agreed with him and promised him support. The supports (5th Corps), however, were not placed under his command and were not handled, therefore, as intelligently as they would have been by one who knew the surroundings more perfectly. About half past six while the

battle was fiercely raging in this part of the field and without as yet any decisive results, although our men were being very severely pressed, simply by overwhelming numbers, General S. was wounded. After we had succeeded with much difficulty in getting an ambulance and him into it, I thought he was dying. I was riding with him alone, holding his mangled leg, which was tightly bound by a strap. This the general had presence of mind enough to have one of the orderlies do himself, as there happened to be no officers at his side just at that instant. I had been away with orders and returned during this operation. While still in the ambulance we met Father O'Hagan, who also got in and assisted. He also thought the general dying and we administered stimulants by the wholesale. Doubtless this was all that kept him alive. After we put him under the treatment of the surgeons, and after the amputation, which was immediately performed (just at dusk) he seemed much easier, although the chloroform administered had a very exciting and nervous effect. General S. thinks he feels the effects of that even now. Our journey from the field to some railroad terminus was excessively tedious and painful. We were constantly alarmed by well-founded rumors of roving cavalry bands of the enemy across the road we were travelling, and had continually to halt, and on one occasion we actually left the main road and went to a secluded farm house a mile or so from it where we remained for twenty-four hours; meantime making arrangements for a train of cars to be run from Hanover Junction and over a branch railroad to Littlestown — the first train through after the rebel occupation. Captain Fry, however, attended to all that kind of out-of-door work and finally succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and we are here. * * * We have heard to-day that General Graham is a prisoner and slightly wounded. This news quite relieves Mrs. Graham.

There must be another great battle on the Potomac, I think. If there is not, there *ought* to be. I could tell you many interesting things about Meade's and Hooker's campaigns until I left, but must postpone it for the present. * * * If Lee's army can retreat as well as the Army of the Potomac, they can whip that army yet. You recollect that Porter was thoroughly thrashed on the right while we were before Richmond; yet before the A. of P. reached the James River, the rebels were pretty thoroughly chastised in several battles fought while *we* were retreating. Lee is attempting apparently the same thing now; only if he wins a victory, very serious consequences will ensue to us. Everybody here wonders what Couch is still doing in Pennsylvania, and hopes he is elsewhere. I have written a pretty long, rambling letter, considering the circumstances. * * * As for me personally I should much prefer being in the field at present, for this is awful work for me. * * * Still my duty is here. * * * So I rest in the hope that the general will soon be able to go somewhere or do something. * * * I will try and write again in a day or so; still I have to take my chances. * * *

248 F. STREET, WASHINGTON, Sunday, July 12th, 1863. * * * About the battle I cannot *write* you. It was much like other battles, only a good deal of fair, open fighting. Providence must have determined that the rebels should not succeed, for I saw no evidences of towering military genius displayed by our commanding general up to the time I left the field. I do not believe the rebel army is half as badly whipped as the press would have us believe. *Our* army has been defeated in battle, too, and no such terrible results have happened to *our* cause as we predicted for the rebels, simply because one of their armies was compelled to retire after a great battle. Lee is probably "all right" again now and I should not wonder if he were fighting

to-day; at any rate he will probably fight soon. It is possible I may be assigned somewhere to duty in a few days, as I am included among the officers ordered by General Order No. 200 to report to the War Department, which I have done. * * * To come from active field service, and remain about a sick room is awful to me. * * * I must seek some change somewhere before many weeks. Do not think there will be no more battles; there will be plenty, and I think I shall see at least one — perhaps more. However, I shall try and take things just as they come. * * *"

IV.

THE SECOND FIRE ZOUAVES AT GETTYSBURG.

DEDICATION, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1897, OF ITS MONUMENT.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS FROM THE OFFICIAL VOLUME "NEW YORK AT GETTYSBURG," AND FROM THE N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS.

[*The following is from the New York Mail and Express," Sept. 6, 1897.*]

"The historic field of Gettysburg already bristles with monuments, but none of them commemorates braver deeds or more desperate courage than that which was unveiled to-day by the survivors of the Seventy-third Volunteer Regiment, better known as the Second Fire Zouaves. No regiment that was in the sanguinary engagements of those three deadly days came out of them with greater credit or with ranks more decimated. It is fitting that the principal address of the day should be delivered by that gallant officer, Gen. Henry E. Tremain, whose services on that as on other desperate fields have been testified to by the Congressional medal. His address, published in another column, is a graphic picture of the fighting on the bloody second day and an eloquent tribute to the valor of both the dead and the living."—(*Editorial Column.*) [The same issue prints as follows]

73RD N.Y. INFANTRY

FIRE ZOUAVES' WORK.

HANDSOMEST MONUMENT UNVEILED AT GETTYSBURG TO-DAY.—MANY VETERANS PRESENT.

LAST OF THE REGIMENTAL MONUMENTS TO BE ERECTED BY COMMANDS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE EXERCISES.

Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 6 (Special).—On the field of Gettysburg there was dedicated to-day the last of the regimental monuments to be erected by the veterans of the Army of the Potomac. Fittingly enough, this monument commemorates the valor of a New York regiment, the Seventy-third Volunteer Regiment, or, as it is better known, the Second Fire Zouaves. In that desperate three-days battle, wherein the flower of the armies of the North and South swept back and forth between Seminary and Cemetery ridges in the death-grapple that decided that the Union should endure, the soldiers of nineteen States were engaged upon the Federal side, but of all the States New York led in the number of its regiments, and of all its regiments none more gallantly met a great opportunity than that which assembled its survivors here to-day.

The story of that sanguinary engagement at Peach Orchard, on the second day of Gettysburg, has gone down into history. It was told again this morning with the graphic eloquence of the veteran who saw a single regiment hold an entire brigade at bay, and who helped it do it. It will be told to all generations in the enduring eloquence of bronze. The courage of the soldiers who faced the leaden death on the Emmitsburg road, at the call of Tremain and Burns, was not different in kind from the courage of the fire-

men who faced death in the flame, when the old City Hall bell summoned the volunteer companies of New York to the scene of a conflagration. The volunteer firemen and the volunteer soldier are pictured upon the monument standing with clasped hands in the union of purpose that gave to the early enlistment days of the metropolis much of their enthusiastic patriotism, and that gave its significance to the ceremonies of to-day.

THE MONUMENT.

The monument represents desperate deeds heroically performed. When the Seventy-third Regiment was detached from the Sickles Brigade and hurried to the support of Gen. Graham's division of the Third Corps, which was being attacked all along the line, it numbered 324 men. When the confederate advance had been repulsed and the night fell, with the Union position secure, the roll call of the Zouaves showed every other man missing. Just one-half of their command had been killed or disabled in that brief engagement. The death list told of courage that did not know how to quail. It is the fortune of war that that courage was not shown in vain.

The position occupied by this regiment has become the site of the monument, and the monument itself typifies the unyielding bravery displayed by its soldiers. But, following out the noble custom that has been adhered to by all the more than 200 regiments that fought on this field, it stands also for the deeds and adventures and sufferings of the Second Fire Zouaves in every engagement of the rebellion, from its early bivouacs on Staten Island to its first important service at Yorktown, and its dashes at the finish in the neighborhood of Appomattox.

It is a notable record that must be set down

to this regiment. It was organized on the first call to arms, although not until President Lincoln had made his second appeal for troops was it allowed to take the field. When it joined the Army of the Potomac it became, as is supposed, the first regiment to capture a confederate flag. It took an honorable part in the Peninsular campaign, fought under McClellan at Malvern Hill, under Pope at Manassas, under Burnside at Fredericksburg, under Hooker at Chancellorsville, under Meade at Gettysburg and under Grant in the battles of the Wilderness and the siege of Petersburg.

AN HONORABLE RECORD.

In all its period of service — it served continually from the beginning until the end of the war — it had enrolled 1,350 men. Of these it lost in killed, wounded and missing 711. Such are the large outlines of the history for which the monument stands. The details are filled in below in the addresses of the men who followed the fortunes of the regiment and shared in its fame.

The Seventy-third Regiment, like the Ellsworth Zouaves, was recruited from the ranks of the volunteer firemen of New York City, and it was the associations representing the volunteer firemen that originated the movement to erect a monument to its members. The monument is a representation of a zouave, with his musket in hand, standing beside the volunteer fireman, in whose hand is a trumpet. It exemplifies the idea of the valiant fireman ready to reach the hand of the soldier to do service in the common cause.

ERECTING THE MEMORIAL.

The history of the erection of the monument and its inscriptions may be narrated here:

In 1895, about the month of June, the Associa-

tion of the Veteran Fire Zouaves selected a Monument Committee for the erection of a monument at Gettysburg, Pa. As erected, the foundation, built of Gettysburg granite, rises six inches out of the ground and has a base nine feet by seven feet. The pedestal proper of the monument is made of the finest Barre granite of Vermont. The bottom base is seven feet by nine feet, and two feet high, and has finely cut margins and fine washes. The balance of finish is rock-faced. The second has a finely cut top, and is rock-faced.

The die of pedestal has four bronze tablets, giving the record of the regiment, the battles it fought, and giving a record of Gettysburg incidents. Hoffman & Prochazka, of New York City, are the sculptors and designers. The weight of the granite pedestal is seventeen tons, the statue weighing three tons.

The inscriptions of the four panels, as approved by the Secretary of War, are:

FRONT PANEL.

Second Fire Zouaves,
Major Michael W. Burns, Commanding,
Sickles' Excelsior Brigade,
Col. William R. Brewster.
Second Division,
Brig.-Gen. A. A. Humphreys,
Third Corps,
Major-Gen. D. E. Sickles.
Mustered in July 10, 1861.
Mustered out June 29, 1865.

Front Panel — Second Base:
73d N. Y. Infantry.

RIGHT PANEL.

The Fourth
Excelsior Regiment
was conducted to this position by

Major H. E. Tremain,
of Third Corps Staff,
about 5.30 P. M. on July 2, 1863.
Its loss on this field was:
Killed, 4 officers and 47 enlisted men.
Wounded, 11 officers and 92 enlisted men.
Missing, 8; aggregate, 162.

OBVERSE PANEL.

Volunteer Fire Department,
New York City.
Organized 1658.
Disbanded 1865.

This monument was erected at the instance of the Volunteer Firemen of the City of New York, represented by the figure on the left, in grateful recognition of the services rendered by the Second Fire Zouaves on this field in defense of the Union, July 2, 1863.

Board of Trustees.

Under Chapter 397, Laws of New York, 1897.

Robert B. Nooney, John Sidell,
Matthew Stewart, Richard Cullen,
Thomas Fair, Michael F. Wynn,
Geo. W. Anderson, Francis McCarthy,
Peter J. Hickey.

LEFT PANEL.

The Second
Fire Zouaves
served with
the Army of the Potomac
and participated in its campaigns
from Yorktown, 1862,
to Appomattox, 1865.
Total enrollment, 1,350; total casualties, 711.
Erected 1897.
Known also as
the Fourth Regiment of
Sickles' Excelsior Brigade.

CEREMONY OF DEDICATION.

The ceremony of dedication began shortly after 10 o'clock this morning. The party from New York City, including the various firemen's organizations and the veterans of the Seventy-third, arrived here Saturday night, and a part of yesterday was spent in going over the scenes of the battle and noting the memorials erected by other States in this great national park. To-days exercises attracted a large crowd. They were of a significant character.

Miss Ruth Marshall Verry, a grand-niece of the president of the day, Capt. Matthew Stewart, performed the ceremony of unveiling during the oration of Gen. Henry E. Tremain. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. Eugene A. Shine, son of Capt. Shine, who fell upon this field. Among the speakers were Hon. Robert B. Nooney, president of the Exempt Firemen's Association, and Hon. Daniel E. Finn, "Battery Dan," the member of the Assembly who introduced the bill for the monument. He enlisted as a drummer boy in this regiment, but was rejected as too young for service. Other addresses were made by George W. Anderson, president of the Veteran Firemen's Association, and Richard Cullen, president of the Volunteer Firemen's Association. The exercises were accompanied by music of a patriotic nature.

CAPT. STEWART'S ADDRESS.

In beginning the exercises, President Stewart spoke as follows: "We are assembled here to-day to dedicate a monument that will perpetuate the courage and the glory of the regiment that fought upon and held this line against an overwhelming force of the enemy.

"But not alone on this field did it exhibit

that courage imbued into the soldiers by their connection with the old volunteer fire department of New York City and Williamsburg. On twenty-seven other battlefields, where they were engaged, the Second Fire Zouaves, carrying the colors presented to them by the volunteer firemen, won for themselves a record of which we are justly proud.

"Mustered into the service of the United States in 1861 as the Fourth Regiment of the Excelsior Brigade, United States Volunteers, it was subsequently claimed by the State as a portion of its quota, and thereafter was known on the army records as the Seventy-third Regiment, New York Volunteers.

"It was one of the few regiments that entered the service in 1861, re-enlisted in 1864, and maintained its regimental organization to the surrender at Appomattox, and its muster out on June 29, 1865.

"During its term of service it bore upon its rolls the names of 1,352 officers and men, of which 17 officers were killed, 25 were wounded, and 2 died from disease incident to privations and hardships of the life of a soldier; 136 enlisted men were killed, 378 were wounded, 59 died from disease and 74 were prisoners of war, few of whom returned to grasp the hands of their comrades.

"This is the record of the regiment that represented the Volunteer Firemen in the Army of the Potomac during four years of war. And the Volunteer Firemen represented here to-day determined that the glory of the deeds and the lustre of this record, written in the blood of their comrades upon this field and upon the battlefields of Virginia from Yorktown to Appomattox, should be inscribed upon an enduring monument that

will commemorate the devotion to duty of the fireman soldier, and here it will stand that the American people, while the republic endures, can behold this tribute of fidelity, of love and of affection from the Volunteer Firemen for their fallen comrades.

"And now let us bow in devotion while Rev. Dr. Eugene A. Shine, an honored son of Capt. Eugene Shine, of this regiment, who was killed upon this field, invokes the blessing of our Divine Father."

MR. NOONEY'S SPEECH.

After the invocation and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," Hon. Robert B. Nooney spoke in part as follows:

"The First Regiment New York Fire Zouaves, that became the Eleventh Regiment New York Volunteers, sprang into existence like a meteor. The Star of the West was fired on in Charleston harbor April 17, 1861. Chief Engineer Decker, of the New York Fire Department called a meeting to consider the subject the next night at No. 128 West Broadway, when a company roll was opened, to which Elmer Ellsworth signed his name.

"The assassination of Ellsworth by Jackson on May 24 at Alexandria aroused a patriotic sentiment throughout the country, and a determination to avenge his unmerited death that was without a parallel during the whole period of the war.

"The meeting that was the origin of the Second Fire Zouaves, Seventy-third New York Volunteers, was held in the Gotham, No. 296 Bowery. It was called by John Decker, chief engineer, on May 3, 1861. Henry Wilson, then commissioner of the department, was present, as was also the entire Board of Assistant Engineers

and other prominent members of the department. Patriotic enthusiasm manifested itself throughout the proceedings. John Baulch, then an assistant engineer, was called to the command of the regiment. Headquarters at first was in the old Chatham Theatre, and afterward at Centre Market. The organization at first was only temporary, for when the men were ready to enter the service the quota of New York State was full, and they could not be accepted until the President issued his second call for troops.

"Gen. Sickles was organizing the Excelsior Brigade on Staten Island, and Col. James Fairman held the colonelcy of the Fourth Regiment, and he agreed to accept the companies of the Second Fire Zouaves as they were organized and transfer his then skeleton companies to the other regiments of the brigade. After the brigade had been ordered to Washington for service, in October, the Secretary of War ordered an election for colonel, when William R. Brewster was elected. While in camp the Fire Department ordered a stand of colors for the regiment, as it had done for the First Regiment, and Mr. John Decker, the chief engineer, with several prominent men of the department, went down to make the formal presentation on behalf of their fellow firemen of New York.

"Commissioner Wilson was of the party, and when it was reported to him that although the men were positively assured that if they would enlist in the regiment their names would still be continued on the rolls of the companies as active firemen — they had already commenced to drop their names from the rolls — he very promptly agreed that all such occurrences would be rectified if brought to his attention. And he kept his word.

"The record of the regiment and its officers

while in the service is history. And it has achieved a record of which it may be truly proud. You have heard it here to-day, and we all wish to share that delight with you that were of its ranks and strength.

THE MUSTER ROLL.

"The muster roll of the regiment was as follows: Col. Wm. R. Brewster, Lieut.-Col. Lewis Benedict, Major John D. Moriarty, Adjutant Geo. Le Fort, Chaplain Jos. B. O'Hagan; May 3, 1861, Michael W. Burns, Company A, 68 men; May 3, Thomas Smith, Company B, 64 men; August 3, Archibald Gibson, Company C, 56 men; Daniel Crowley, Company D, 67 men; August 14, Wm. M. Fisk, Company E, 64 men; July 20, Alfred A. Donalds, Company F, 74 men; August 20, John Feeney, Company G, 65 men; September 29, Wm. McCauley, Company H, 53 men; August 2, Charles B. Elliotts, Company I, 73 men; July 10, Michael D. Purtell, Company K, 71 men.

"There are times in the life of nations when the energetic actions and daring courage of even a small number of men will arouse in others the highest and noblest sentiments and spur them on to a sense of their duty in a greater degree than chivalrous eloquence from the most gifted orators, and I contend that the example of the volunteer firemen of New York City at the breaking out of the war had such effect. For where was the country looking for examples but to our city? What was it that animated our comrades when they so promptly offered their services to their country? Were there any special inducements held out to them? Wealth, social position, honor, glory? No!

"Their habits of life led them at once to the service of their country. Their sense of duty as

citizens evinced by their being firemen — the highest exhibition of self-sacrifice and patriotism in civil life — made them already soldiers. And it was only a change of service to them, with similar dangers to life and health. Thus, it was not at all singular that when President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers that the volunteer firemen should at once tender their services to him for the emergency then threatening their beloved land.

"They answered his call as they would the call of the City Hall bell when a fire was raging. No pause for considerations that were personal, no delay to be thought of that would mar the value of their service in their different companies. And hence the record of their promptness to volunteer to answer the call to duty of a different nature with similar dangers.

"Let us hope that these brave souls who suffered and perished that their country might live to carry forward for the human race the mighty principles of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln may this day be near us and be aware of the devotion we wish to pay to their memory and valor which this beautiful monument is erected to commemorate."

GENERAL TREMAIN'S ADDRESS.*

The address of unveiling, by General Tremain, was as follows:

Mr. President and Comrades: — Should I permit myself to indulge reflections sug-

* These addresses are also printed in Vol. II, pages 601-608, of "New York at Gettysburg," published by the State of New York 1900.

gested by your presence on this spot the exercises would be unduly prolonged and your patience exhausted.

The first thought that comes to the lips of the survivors of the little band who followed me here on the afternoon of July 2, 1863, is one of satisfaction that the associations representing the volunteer firemen of New York City, the great body that inspired the organization of the Second Fire Zouaves, should have inaugurated and brought to successful culmination this monumental token of affectionate remembrance for their offspring; and, more than that, should have persuaded the Empire State to unite with them in an enduring tribute to the comrades who fell here, and to the patriotic conduct of the organizing constituency, as well as of the soldiers and officers, of the Second Fire Zouaves.

The monument to be dedicated at this time would seem to give out a farewell message from New York that the Empire State, with all its regimental monuments here, had not yet satisfied itself. It remained for it to place upon this field, in harmony with its commanding State monument — than which nothing here erected is more chaste and appropriate — an enduring acknowledgment of the patriotism which was evinced by the Vol-

unteer Firemen of New York City; and of the historic fact that the willingness of those firemen to imperil life to save life was not the impulse of a momentary passion, but the performance of a self-imposed duty; of a service as ready to be performed for the whole country and for the sake of the country, for an idea — if you please, for a sentiment of public right against public wrong — as for the rescue of a helpless human being who appeals with beseeching agony from the perils of the flames.

The volunteer firemen never failed to risk life to save life, or to risk life to save country. That men associated in civic life for such exigencies should make good soldiers does not seem strange. Yet it was no idle task to lead them out into companies and to organize and discipline them for the regular, constant, arduous and often uneventful and unattractive duties of the every-day soldier. The rigor of the camp, the hardships of the march, the burdensome occupations incident to supplying, lodging, moving, policing, arming and instructing uninformed men so that they became elastic factors of a modern army, tested the restive spirit and the finest fibres of the material that composed this regiment.

When once it was baptized with fire, and

had seen in front and on each side that fierce fighting and firing that are essential to a rounded comradesship, the regiment came to know itself. It became conscious that man for man no regiment of equal size could or should surpass its attainments as soldiers in the field — and none ever did.

To the credit of its promoters and of the regiment itself the record is indisputable. Look now upon this certificate of that record.

THE UNVEILING.

[Here the unveiling occurred.* The speaker resumed:]

Let future generations testify by this imperial sign.

The monuments in this National Park have come to be something more than personal tributes to the fallen heroes of this single field. They are accepted as signifying the careers of organizations. They represent men and their constituencies which labored in the cause which was to stand or to fall by the arbitrament of war. The inscriptions on the monuments around us, in telling much of what happened here, fortunately

*See elsewhere in this volume for picture of this monument.

suggest other facts about the events they speak for. As you read these inscriptions in your strolls yesterday much of what happened elsewhere has been brought to your memory. Each survivor has been reminded that there were other experiences of other regiments not exactly the same as his own, but equally exacting in burdens, dangers and excitements as the experiences of this field. Justly, therefore do the inscriptions recall the whole four years during which the forces that collided here were combating for the mastery on hundreds of other fields.

By common consent this battlefield is to represent the fields of four years of war. These monuments at one battlefield are to represent all battlefields where the several factors assembled in this battle engaged in other battles against a common enemy and upheld a common cause. These monuments typify a world of history, a multitude of lives and a multitude of deaths.

Who can measure the lives, the joys, the sufferings, the deaths, the sacrifices, the experiences, the defeats and the victories covered even by the few letters on this monument, denoting, for instance, casualties exceeding fifty per cent. of the enrollment?

These letters record losses equalled by

few other regiments in the war. They record a career covering the entire period of Army of Potomac hostilities. In killed: you lost 17 officers killed or died of wounds, 2 died of disease; 136 enlisted men were killed or died of wounds, 59 died of disease, and 15 in rebel prisons. Total killed 229.

In wounded: 25 officers were wounded and 5 missing; 378 enlisted men were wounded and 74 missing — total wounded, 482; thus making your aggregate casualties 711.

Colonel Fox in his standard work on "Regimental Losses" places your total enrollment at 1,350. Your casualties therefore exceeded fifty per cent. of your force. This means that every other man among you was a voluntary sacrifice to patriotism, a martyr to the self-imposed obligations of a citizen soldier.

If one out of every two able-bodied men in this country shall always be found willing to march to his death for the sake of the country, then this nation will live forever.

Many reported only "wounded" or "missing" were afterward learned to have perished; and few regimental records are known to be accurate beyond the totals, where the commands have experienced the vicissi-

tudes of all the Army of the Potomac campaigns.

This regiment never missed a campaign. That it was organized as early as May 3, 1861 — as testified to to-day by Captain Stewart — is further established by the dates on the muster rolls opposite the names of many of its members — like names on this monument of Captain Stewart, Sergeant Thomas Fair and Lieutenant William Gleeson, of your Monument Committee. Its first camp was as a part of the Excelsior (Sickles) Brigade at Staten Island, where by companies it was mustered into the United States service in the summer of 1861. In August of that year it went to Washington about 800 strong. Its first winter was passed on the Maryland side of the lower Potomac, where the Excelsior Brigade became the Second (Sickles) Brigade of the Second (Hooker's) Division of the Third (Heintzelman's) Corps.

In picketing the river shore a small party from this regiment crossed the river and exchanged the first shots received from the enemy by the Excelsior Brigade. The report of this adventure led to an expedition of picked companies from the brigade to Stafford Court House in Virginia. The re-

port of this reconnoissance was a factor in bringing about the transfer of McClellan's army from Washington to Yorktown. At Yorktown you quickly became accustomed to life in the trenches, and reported your ability to move on the enemy's trenches long before their evacuation. You were the first to move into them when finally permitted, and there captured, as far as I can learn, the first flag taken from the enemy by the Army of the Potomac — a relic now in New York and much prized by the survivors.

At Williamsburg you were lined up to fight in a slashing where a horse could neither walk nor jump. The printed report of the Thirteenth Mississippi shows the efficiency of your conduct at that critical moment, and your losses give a slight indication of your gallant struggle there right under the guns of Fort Magruder — twenty-four enlisted men killed or died of wounds, one officer and sixty-one men wounded and fifteen men missing; total, 104. That was your great baptism of fire.

Time will not admit of my pausing to mention your losses on the many other fields familiar in the history of the Army of the Potomac.

IN MANY ENGAGEMENTS.

From thenceforward to the surrender you were sharers of its fortunes. The blood of your men was spilled at Fair Oaks, in many combats about Richmond in that peculiar Peninsular campaign of General McClellan, and again in General Pope's army at Bristoe Station, where for the number of men actually present your losses were extraordinary and your conduct superb. Your loss in officers made it necessary near the end of that battle for me to place your remnants on that field temporarily under the command of a sergeant. I wish I knew his name. Then two days later you fought at Manassas, August 29, 1862. That winter you were at the battle of Fredericksburg, and afterward at Chancellorsville, and here at Gettysburg, and then at Wapping Heights and Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna and Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, the siege of Petersburg, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, the Weldon Road, the Boydton Road, Hatcher's Run, Sailor's Creek, High Bridge and Appomattox.

In January, 1863, it became my duty as a staff officer of the Third Corps commander to arrange the consolidation of the One Hun-

dred and Sixty-third New York Regiment with the Seventy-third New York, which somewhat increased your ranks, when the One Hundred and Sixty-third was disbanded. It fell to my lot also at that time to be instrumental in selecting your commander, the colonel being in command of the brigade. Curiously, I had to choose between that duty for myself or to continue the higher responsibility I was then exercising on the corps staff. Captain Burns, your senior captain present, appealed to me and my love for the regiment to place him again in command. There were reasons why I hesitated to assume the responsibility of so recommending.

But with a solemn pledge from him that I would never regret doing it, and that no man could fight this regiment better than he, while Michael W. Burns lived, I left your camp to write the paper placing him in command, an act I never did regret; and no man ever lived who could have led this regiment more gallantly and efficiently in all its subsequent battles and arduous experiences than this same Colonel Michael W. Burns. After an honorable civic career he has now joined the great majority of our comrades on the bright side of the dark river, where he and his comrades are blessing us to-day.

Here at Gettysburg you came upon this field at near midnight (July 1) with Humphreys' division, throwing yourselves silently upon the ground for rest in the fields at the right and rear of where we now stand.

Knowing we were in the immediate presence of the enemy it was the business of your generals at daylight to get into proper position. Lest surprise and destruction should reach you it became essential to decide if the Emmitsburg road, by which we had marched, was to be held or abandoned. I was sent to General Meade to ask that question, and I asked it. In the absence of explicit orders to abandon it, military necessity and good discipline required it should be held. The picket and skirmish line, therefore, of your division held it, as I rode along the lines at daybreak. To aid in your division manoeuvers I soon asked to have the fences levelled. Thus, with an intense consciousness of the approaching struggle, you occupied these fields, on the line of the road at the old log building that stood at our right from here, until the middle of the afternoon of July 2, before which time Humphreys had taken up his position in lines of battle.

A REMINISCENCE.

About 5 p. m. you were detached from your brigade and placed in the fighting line, under the following circumstances, which, at the risk of becoming personal, perhaps, it is my duty here to record:

I had been actively occupied along the Third Corps lines, and, in bearing communications thence to and from General Meade, as well as between General Graham, commanding near the peach orchard (as it was then), and General Sickles, Third Corps commander. About 5 o'clock Graham pointed to the enemy's movements and asked me to take his urgent appeal to Sickles for reinforcements. It was plain that they were needed if that position was to be held.

At my utmost speed I reported this to General Sickles, who was then near the place where he afterward was shot. Sickles sent me immediately to General Humphreys, commanding his second division (Graham's troops were of the first division), with an oral order for a regiment. I found Humphreys standing near his main line, not at that moment firing.

The Seventy-third New York was then resting on Humphreys' left second line, di-

rectly in my path in passing from Humphreys to Graham. General Humphreys said he would send Burns' regiment with me, and I rode at once to Burns. He swiftly moved his regiment left in front and followed me to this place, where we put it in line of battle facing the highway.

I continued forward to Graham, whose guns, infantry and artillery were all playing. A struggle for that eminence was portending. It did not seem possible for a horse to live on its crest. Graham was, therefore, dismounted, but gallantly directing everything. He approved of Burns' position, and I reported again to General Sickles. With the assistance of survivors, who had marched at my horse's tail during this incident, we placed a public marker on this spot in 1886; and the War Department has adopted it as the site for this monument. You have bought the ground and conveyed it to the government.

The regiment, it seems, was driven from this position shortly after I had posted it. Brave young Lieutenant Moran, who fell here, told me that when he recovered consciousness Longstreet slowly passed him, riding alone up the by-road, as it then was, with his eyes anxiously looking toward Round Top

Mountain. Poor Moran suffered a long imprisonment, but survived with a wrecked constitution twenty-five years of living hardship.

I do not conceal from you my satisfaction that, although a staff officer, disassociated from the regiment for more than a year at brigade, division corps or army headquarters, it should have fallen to my lot to conduct to its position here the regiment of which I was formerly a lieutenant in its line, and to locate its actual line of battle on the famous field of Gettysburg.

TRYING MOMENTS.

When the peach orchard at your left had been occupied by the enemy, Humphreys' division became exposed to a close enfilading fire from its left flank. This, when followed up, as it was, by an infantry attack, forced us back. When the men of your division found themselves assailed both in front and flank, they broke. Humphreys could not hold them, but under such a leader the confusion was only momentary. I quote from Colonel Rafferty, of the Excelsior Brigade. He says: "The men understood the matter as well as their officers. They knew that the position could not now be held, and they seemed to have simultaneously made up their

minds that they were going back to a position they could hold; and back they did go, but fighting, not disorderly. They would fire at the enemy, walk to the rear, loading as they went, take deliberate aim and fire again, and so on, but slowly and deliberately, and so deliberately that the enemy kept at a respectful distance. However, they kept up a terrible artillery fire, killing and wounding our poor fellows very rapidly, and yet the coolness and self-possession of our men under it was most remarkable. They had deliberately made up their minds that they were going back to the old line, not as though they were forced to go, but were going there to re-form; that was all. They went back to the old line and halted there."

Col. Rafferty adds: "That was as far as we were going then, and it is a fact that the enemy never reached the original line on which the Second Division of the Third Corps had been posted."

"Then, at the place whence Caldwell's Division of Hancock's Corps had moved when it was sent to support the Third Corps' left, what remained of Humphreys' Division lined itself up, hardly more than an ordinary battalion, though with many colors. The six colors of the Excelsior Brigade regiments and

all the colors of the division were there — not one of them lost. After rallying there, it was discovered that owing to heavy losses in horses and men, three guns of Batteries F and K (Turnbull's), Third United States Artillery, which had held a position on the Emmettsburg road, had been left on the field, and the enemy had not dared to carry them off. Spontaneously the cry was raised, 'Boys, let's go back and get those guns!'

"With a wild cheer the whole mass of officers and men, all mixed up and without any organization, rushed back across the field they had just come over. As they got out of course the officers restored some degree of order, and, the men being veterans, naturally fell into the proper alignment, and, although the regiments were a good deal mixed up, yet a very decent line was formed. The front, on the Emmitsburg road, was again reached and guns secured, and we (Rafferty says) commenced to drag them back, men and officers together. Strange to say, the enemy never fired a shot. Whether they took it for a counter attack and were waiting until we came nearer I don't know. At all events, they remained quiet."

THE FIGHTING STOPPED.

"Some rebel stragglers were gathered in as prisoners as the lines swept out, and a rebel captain and private found in a ditch were compelled to help drag one of the guns to its place of safety. Darkness had then stopped the fighting at this point."

In this gallant recoup the officers and men of the Excelsior Brigade all distinguished themselves;— the regimental field officers — Leonard and Rafferty, and Potter and your own Burns — being conspicuous leaders and participants. The major, thirty men and the colors of the Eighth Florida Regiment were among the trophies of the Excelsiors.

That morning the Excelsior Brigade had numbered, all told, only 1,837 men. That night 778 of those men had been struck down by the bullets of the enemy. The Second Fire Zouaves came to this spot with 324 souls — 162 of them fell before night, 5 officers and 46 enlisted men, killed; 10 officers and 83 enlisted men wounded and 8 missing.

If no other service had been rendered by this regiment during the entire war, that day's doings justify this monument.

But that was only one of over twenty-five actual battles where the Second Fire Zouaves were present, shooting and being shot at, lest, as was said on yonder Cemetery Hill by the immortal Lincoln, lest this "government * * * should perish from the earth."

In any other country than America an occasion of this kind would resound with plaudits for some acknowledged leader. The rank and file would lapse into a subordinate factor.

Look upon this monument. This dedication is to the American soldier. The Second Fire Zouaves is justly proud of its leaders. It loved them and obeyed them. Many men born to lead, and who gallantly did lead among them, fell to the earth a willing sacrifice to the cause of their soldiership. With what pleasure the few surviving comrades here would love to recall the names of familiar forms and voices! Time and the occasion will not permit. We can only name a few of our commissioned leaders: Our Colonel Brewster, our Lieutenant Colonel Lew Benedict, killed at the head of another command; Michael W. Burns, our last and greatest regimental commander; Lieutenant Benjamin F. Beach, the first man in the regi-

ment who was killed in battle; Captain Alfred A. Donalds, killed at Bristoe, and then the name on yonder New York State Monument of Capt. Eugene Shine, of Engine Company No. 31; Lieutenant James Marksman, of Hose Company No. 59; Lieutenant Martin Higgins, Engine Company No. 2; Lieutenant Thomas Dinon, Engine Company No. 47, and Lieutenant William Logan Herberth, Engine Company No. 53, and others who were killed in battle after having marched and fought with them and with you, like Captain Le Fort, Captain John Feeney, Captain John L. Glass, Captain Michael Purtell, Captain John Phelan, Lieutenant George Dennen, Lieutenant Lewis, Lieutenant Benedict, Lieutenant Stack, and a long roll of other departed heroes who carried muskets with them.

NO GREATER HONOR.

I wish that the name of every man on our rolls could be graven on enduring tablets to be preserved on this field.

No honor for us could be greater with our posterity than the record of our names among those who contended here.

No honor could be greater to the volunteer firemen of New York than this monument — except the honor of the work done

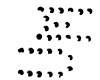
by their representative regiment, the Second Fire Zouaves, on this and other battlefields.

I was too young to be a volunteer fireman, but not to carry a musket. After I had learned that, it became my high privilege to help teach your men under me how to use a musket. Although not in the immediate ranks of the regiment after Yorktown and Williamsburg, yet, until I fell a prisoner at Manassas, I was daily and nightly at the regiment's side with its orders. Even afterwards, when I was serving at division, or corps, or army headquarters, the center of the army to me was always where the Second Fire Zouaves could be found.

Never shall I forget my sensations when it was suddenly given to me to conduct you into this vortex of the Peach Orchard.

But now your wish is mine that every soul of that 324 who followed me to this spot shall from the other world, and from this presence, send a recognition and a blessing to this memorial of their lives.

To the living let me voice the sentiment that no nation can long survive that does not preserve an honorable regard for its soldiers. Let a grateful country cherish the spirit and the purpose of the citizen soldiers who volunteered for death if need be at Gettysburg."



V.

THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE,

ITS MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

PROCEEDINGS UPON ITS DEDICATION.

The foregoing page shows the monument erected in commemoration of the Brigade (Second Brigade, Second Division Third Corps) known as the "EXCELSIOR BRIGADE."

In the volumes issued by the State of New York (1900) entitled "New York at Gettysburg" are also reported from pages 572 to 597 of Volume II., the proceedings upon laying the corner stone, July 2, 1888, and upon the dedication, July 2, 1893, of this Monument erected by the State of New York, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, to the Excelsior Brigade.

This organization comprised the Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Regiments New York Volunteers.

The inscriptions on this monument are as follows:

(Inscriptions.)

Sickles' Excelsior Brigade,
2d Brigade, 2d Division, 3d Corps.
Col. W. R. Brewster commanding.
Position July 2d, 1863, 2 to 6 P. M.
July 3d supported left center.
E. pluribus unum.

70TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

(1st Excelsior.)

On the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1863, the brigade of which this regiment formed a part supported Carr's Brigade in resisting the assault of the enemy along the line of the Emmitsburg road. On July 3d, supported the left center of the army.

Casualties.

32 killed; 81 wounded; 4 missing; total, 117.
Mustered in June 20, 1861.
Mustered out, July 1, 1864.

71ST NEW YORK INFANTRY.

(2d Excelsior).

On the afternoon of the 2d of July 1863, the brigade of which this regiment formed a part supported Carr's Brigade in resisting the assault of the enemy along the line of the Emmitsburg road. On July 3d, supported the left center of the army.

Casualties.

14 killed; 64 wounded; 13 missing; total 91.
Mustered in June 20, 1861.
Mustered out July 30, 1864.

72ND NEW YORK INFANTRY.

(3rd Excelsior.)

On the afternoon of the 2nd of July, 1863, the brigade of which this regiment formed a part supported Carr's brigade in resisting the assault of the

enemy along the line of the Emmitsburg Road. On July 3rd supported the left centre of the army.

Casualties.

7 killed; 94 wounded; 15 missing; total 116.
Mustered in June 20, 1861.
Mustered out July 19, 1864.

73RD NEW YORK INFANTRY.

(4th Excelsior, "2nd Fire Zouaves.")

At 5.30 P. M. July 2, 1863, this regiment was detached to support General Graham's Brigade at the Peach Orchard, which was heavily attacked by McLaw's division of the Confederate army. On July 3 supported the left centre of the army.

Casualties.

51 killed; 103 wounded; 8 missing; total 162.
Mustered in July 10, 1861.
Mustered out June 29, 1865

74TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

(5th Excelsior.)

On the afternoon of the 2nd of July, 1863, the brigade of which this regiment formed a part supported Carr's Brigade in resisting the assault of the enemy along the line of the Emmitsburg Road. On July 3rd supported the left centre of the army.

Casualties.

17 killed; 69 wounded; 3 missing; total 89.
Mustered in June 20, 1861.
Mustered out June 26, 1864.

Upon the dedication July 2d, 1893, of this monument, among the addresses reported in the official volume entitled "New York at Gettysburg," the following is reprinted from pages 584 and 585, as the remarks of General Tremain:

ADDRESS OF GENERAL HENRY E. TREMAIN, OF THE FOURTH EXCELSIOR.

Comrades:—It was no part of my expectation to participate except as a listener with you, my comrades, on this interesting occasion.

My heart, like yours, is welling up with memories of the past, emphasized on this spot by the vivid recollections of events occurring here thirty years ago; yes, at this very place and hour of the day on a similar bright and pleasant summer afternoon. I would not trust myself, without due preparation, to speak to or for you, under these circumstances; especially as our comrade, Colonel Coyne, has prepared for our willing ears the historical sketch of the career of our old brigade which the occasion demands.

And who is there among us better fitted by knowledge and experience for this labor of love? May I not, however, for myself, thank our honored chief for this opportunity to express the gratification it affords me to join in these exercises of dedication?

I am voicing, I am sure, the heart of every survivor of our five regiments, when I bow in gratitude to the Supreme Ruler, that at

least the slight tribute of this brigade monument has been raised in honor of the men who followed the fortunes of the Excelsior Brigade. For many of those men who perished in the struggle, or who, crippled and worn, survived the war to linger though suffering years, and to die in lonely misfortune and distress, this monument, erected by their comrades and the State of New York, stands as the only visible reward for the services those men rendered the nation.

How we should all like, if time permitted to-day, to recall the names of comrades, of officers and men, who have gone before us across the Great River. Are not their spirits smiling upon us from the other land while we dedicate for future centuries this simple structure that suggests a history? To our living eyes, my comrades, that history comprises also a series of realistic pictures, each animated with the figures of men with whom at this moment we commune.

Before me, before you, as we gaze on this monument, there glides a swift panorama, beginning with the turgid Lower Potomac in that placid winter of 1861 and 1862, and ending only where the fluttering white flag, above the tufts of smoke, on that spring morning of April, 1865, stopped the clashing

charges in the Appomattox battle. Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Bristoe Station, Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Ream's Station, Farmville, Sailor's Creek, Appomattox, are not to you merely names to be rolled off in idle talk, but ineffaceable pictures in your mental vision. Nor can I ever forget the picture of my own Seventy-third when, under its orders from General Humphreys to follow me, it was lined up, under its gallant Colonel Burns exactly where its yonder marker stands, in the bloody attempt to stem the tide which finally rolled over the wounded Graham and his little band at the Peach Orchard corner. With the close of that day the fortune of war separated me from the old brigade into other fields of duty. But on skirmish or march, in camp or battle, my thoughts went back to the scenes, and to the men of the Excelsior Brigade, where you and I were baptized with fire.

Your commander had already succeeded to the command of your division, and then of your corps. When your chiefs were honored, you were honored. I would not willingly

let this moment pass without voicing also your gratification at his presence with us here to-day. As history declares, that without the fierce combat he compelled Lee to await and prepare for, and then to wage with the Third Corps at this point, for the possession here of this Emmitsburg Road on July 2, 1863, yonder Round Top Mountain might have been gained by the enemy without firing a gun; and then what, my comrades, might have been the history of the Gettysburg battle? So we, the comrades of General Sickles, should to-day acknowledge that to his persistent efforts are we chiefly indebted for the action of the State of New York in its grand work of monumenting this field, and for projecting and advancing the congressional legislation that will establish here a National Park under the permanent authority of the United States Government.

It was in one sense, the misfortune of the Excelsior Brigade at the battle here, that, one after another, its regiments were detached to reinforce other commands. This monument, therefore, is necessarily located as representative of a central position, not showing the regimental lines of battle, which were more or less distant. As our five regiments were always united in service, and in

sentiment, it was fitting that their survivors should unite in consolidating their interests in this enduring monument. May it help to perpetuate the memory of the Excelsior Brigade, and of the sturdy soldiers of which it was composed.

And may the spirit that thirty years ago on this sacred ground animated the Excelsior Brigade, the Third Army Corps,— yes, the whole incomparable Army of the Potomac, — that spirit of devotion to duty, forever flow from this hallowed battlefield throughout the length and breadth of our rescued Republic; so that from generation to generation every American, justly proud of his citizenship, shall continually be inspired to perform his civic duties in an honorable peace, or to sacrifice his life in an honorable war.

VI.

THE CAVALRY AT GETTYSBURG.

A PAPER BY THE LATE

CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. HEERMANCE,

OF THE SIXTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,

and read by him before the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, at a stated meeting, held at Delmonico's, New York city, December 5th, 1900, and printed here by the kind permission of the Board of Officers, on the application of the author of this volume:

To write of the cavalry at Gettysburg it will be proper to go back to the early part of June, 1863, when General Pleasonton, who, after the battle of Chancellorsville, had succeeded General Stoneman in command of the Cavalry Corps, was ordered by General Hooker to make a reconnoissance across the Rappahannock. After Chancellorsville, General Lee's army had been moved back to the heights about Fredericksburg and reinforced by two divisions of Longstreet's Corps, who were

in North Carolina at the time that battle was fought. General Hooker, being suspicious that some movement was contemplated, ordered this move of the cavalry, and on June 9th the crossing was made at Kelly's and Beverly's Fords:— meeting detachments of the Confederate cavalry on the advance to Brandy Station, where they were found in force under the command of General J. E. B. Stuart, who had concentrated his command there for review by General Lee, who by secret marches had transferred the corps of Ewell and Longstreet to Culpeper Court House, leaving A. P. Hill at Fredericksburg to confront our army, while he moved by the Shenandoah Valley to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The fighting between the two cavalry commands at Brandy Station was protracted and severe; charge after charge was made by both sides, and at close quarters, our men using sabers and the enemy their pistols. The superiority of our horsemen was there established and remained with us until the close, where, at Five Forks under Phil Sheridan, the cavalry carried off the honors of the day.

The following from a Southern paper is an incident of the engagement:

"While at home recruiting his command in men and horses, an old farmer friend came to gallant Colonel 'Bill' Deloney and said: 'Bill, my boy here has got the war fever. His mother and I have tried to get it out of him, but it's no use. He swears he'll run away if I don't let him go, so I've mounted him on the best racing colt I had, and here he is. Take him with you,

but I've this much to say, if he ever shows the dominicker, kill him right then and there; don't let him come home.' The old farmer raised game chickens, and fought them, too. He had a contempt for dominicker roosters, because he didn't think they would fight, and that was his blunt way of describing a coward. Deloney turned and saw a fair-haired country lad of seventeen, standing perfectly erect, his lips compressed, but a vivid fire flashing from his steel-blue eyes. The boy never said a word, but parted tenderly from the old man and went to Virginia to join the cavalry.

"Deloney watched with pride the rapid improvement of the young recruit, but had forgotten the incident until the cavalry fight at Brandy Station. When squadrons were charging and counter-charging with the intrepid clash and dash of the Light Brigade, Pierce Young suddenly ordered him to attack a Federal brigade that was forming on the flank.

"'Get right among them, "Bill," and break them up with cold steel,' was the order; 'don't give them time to form.'

"The words were hardly spoken when his command, Deloney far in advance, was sweeping down upon the foe, but before he was within a hundred feet of the enemy something went by him like a cyclone's breath; the Georgia boy was standing on tiptoe in his stirrups, bareheaded, his golden hair streaming, with sabre high in the air, and as he passed, with the light of battle in his face, and eyes flashing defiance, he turned in his saddle and shouted: 'Colonel, here's your dominicker!'

"A moment more, and he struck the enemy's line like a cannon shot, his sabre flashing on every hand, until he was literally hacked down by the startled foemen. When the fight was over, Deloney looked for him, and there he lay in the calm of death, his boyish face glorified with the dying thought, 'They'll tell pa I never showed the Dominicker.'"

General Pleasonton recrossed the river that night, having obtained the information as to General Lee's proposed movement, which General Hooker disposed his army to meet. Our cavalry followed General Stuart, who, with his command, was watching the mountain passes of the Blue Ridge, and at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville we were successful in severe engagements, retaining the supremacy we had established at Brandy Station. From its position on the Rappahannock our army had been withdrawn to protect Washington and was in the vicinity of Fairfax and Manassas, while the main part of the Confederates were in the Shenandoah Valley.

June 27th, General Hooker crossed the Potomac, the cavalry having crossed at Edward's Ferry on June 24th—the three divisions disposed as follows: General Buford with the first division on the left flank; the second division commanded by General Gregg, the right flank; General Kilpatrick, commanding the third division, taking the center. The reserve brigade, commanded by General Merritt, had been detached from the first division, leaving with General Buford the two brigades commanded by General Gamble and General Devin. Lee's

army had come down the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Potomac at Shepardstown and Williamstown. General Buford with his two brigades kept between the Union and Confederate forces, passing into Pennsylvania by way of Frederick and Boonsboro. To show how strangely circumstances will work together, at the latter place while halted on the march, the Union sentiment was shown by the young girls giving flowers to our soldiers, and I was favored by receiving a bunch with a small American flag, from a young lady, in front of whose house I had stopped. About ten days later, in an engagement there, I was wounded and carried to the same house where this young lady lived; and after the surgeon cut the bullet from my breast she gave me all the care a sister could until I was able to go home, but it did not end as such events should, for I have not seen her since, but often look at the faded flowers and flag given me, with pleasant remembrance of the care and kindness of Annie Weckler.

From June 24th to the 30th we were engaged with small bodies of the enemy, meeting them in considerable force on the 29th at Fairfield. On the 30th we passed the First Corps under General Reynolds at Emmitsburg, and proceeded to Gettysburg, my regiment, the Sixth New York Cavalry, being in advance, and I have here a guidon carried that day on entering Gettysburg. About a mile from the town we were met by the young girls of that place, who, dressed in white with red and blue ribbons, formed along the road, and, as we rode by, they sang their patriotic songs

that made the blood flow quicker in our veins, as we thought of those at home, and that we were there to defend Northern soil from the desolation that we had seen so much of in the homes of our Southern brothers, who had forced us to fight against them. As each man drew his rein tighter we charged through Gettysburg, the small force of Confederates there retreating before us. General Buford's command was placed to the north and west of the town, all roads being picketed by which the enemy could approach. The two brigades consisted of one battery and eight regiments, in all about 4,000 men, Gamble's brigade on the left, Devin's on the right.

A little after daylight on the morning of the first, our pickets were fired on, and the two brigades were sent out dismounted as skirmishers to check the enemy's advance, until the First Corps we had passed at Emmitsburg the day before could be brought up. Gamble's left was across Willoughby run, and Devin's right rested on the Mumansburg road. Calif's Battery was placed where the monument to General Buford now stands, and the four guns at the four corners of the stone on which it rests are the same as were used that day; and it was the same battery that played an important part in the Mexican War, and from the first to the last of our Civil War.

General Buford saw at once the importance of holding the lines of Seminary Ridge for our infantry, and sent the cavalry dismounted well to the front to meet the veterans of Hill's division, whose skirmishers were now feeling their way

towards us, deceived as to what was in front of them by our dismounted cavalrymen, who they mistook for infantry. General Buford's orders were that the Seminary Ridge must be held, and his words to General Devin were, "You will have to fight like the devil to do it."

Gamble at first pressed back the enemy, but in turn was slowly forced back from his advance line. Devin's brigade, who joined them on the right, held their position until Hill's advance had flanked their right on the Mumansburg road and advanced their batteries, which opened on the skirmish line both from front and flank. The First Corps having come up and secured the Seminary Ridge we had been fighting to hold for them, we were ordered back. I commanded the extreme right and returned under a severe fire down the Mumansburg road to a clump of woods north of the Seminary, where we had left our horses. Seeing that the enemy had gotten so far in rear of our flank, the men in charge supposed we had been gobbled up, and had gone back to the Seminary grounds with our horses, and, exhausted as we were, we had to double quick another mile before we reached them.

In his oration of the dedication of the monument to General Buford, Major-General James H. Wilson says: "The cavalry had performed prodigies of valor, and, against overwhelming odds, had held the field for over four hours against the increasing pressure from Lee's veterans."

The Eleventh Corps having come up, Devin's brigade was moved to their right and, connecting

with the York road, advanced our pickets on that road about a mile. While in this position a battery of the Eleventh Corps, placed in the cemetery, shelled us so persistently that after sending word to them that we were not the enemy, with no cessation of their firing at us, we were forced to fall back from our position to the town, being shelled all the way back. The enemy having possession of the road we had left, advanced their sharpshooters, attacking our flank; they were driven back by dismounted men of the Ninth New York Cavalry.

Gamble's brigade had been doing gallant work on the left, and were among the last to leave Seminary Ridge, where with the First Corps a gallant fight had been made, to hold that position until the rest of the army could come up and take the second line along Culp's Hill, the cemetery, Little Round Top and Devil's Den, where on the second and third days Lee met with such a defeat that the high water mark of the rebellion was reached, and continued to recede, until at Appomattox it ceased to flow.

In all the disputes over the part taken by others in this battle, there has been no one but who has been willing to give to General Buford the highest praise for the gallant work that held Seminary Ridge with his small command against the veterans of Hill's Corps, from daylight until the First Corps came up about ten o'clock. Riding ahead of his troops, General Reynolds meeting General Buford cried out: "What's the matter, John?" The devil's to pay," said Buford. "I hope you can hold on until my

corps comes up," said Reynolds. "I reckon I can," was the reply.

General Hancock, the Count de Paris and others give to Buford and his cavalry the highest praise for their work at this first day's fight. Buford alone selected the ground to be held, seeing on his arrival the day previous the advantage of its position. That night the division was placed along the Emmitsburg road, on the morning of the 2d it was engaged on the enemy's right and, with Berdan's sharpshooters, felt their advance until relieved by the Third Corps; when we were withdrawn to Tanneytown and Westminster to look after our wagon trains, and as Lee fell back, followed him to and across the Potomac.

The second and third divisions, under command of Generals Gregg and Kilpatrick, after crossing the Potomac, had been following Stuart's cavalry, who had been raiding on our line of communication, capturing many of our supply wagons, but our cavalry pressed them so hard that they were kept on the defensive and prevented from joining General Lee; and one cause of his disastrous defeat was the want of his cavalry, that had been cut off from all communication with him. On June 30th the third division had met them at Hanover and intercepted their connecting with Lee's army, pressing him over to the right. Until on the 2d of July the Confederate cavalry was in our rear, on the York and Harrisburg roads, confronted by the second division and Custer's brigade from the third division. The rest of the third division was on our left, where

they were joined by the reserve brigade commanded by General Merritt, who had been detached from the first division for special service in the rear of the army.

The cavalry of both armies had been in active service for nearly a month, men and horses had about reached the limit of endurance; intense heat and dust, hard fighting, short of food for men and forage for horses, had done its work; hundreds of horses had fallen unable to rise again; officers and men tramped on foot, leading their horses to save the little strength left in them, and no one would think of looking at that column as it passed, that the next day they could take part in the most brilliant cavalry engagement that is known to history.

The morning of July 3d found the commands of Generals Gregg and Custer on our right and in rear of the reserve artillery. General Custer was ordered by General Gregg to a position on the Hanover road, covering the approach to Gettysburg.

General Stuart had at last succeeded in making connections with Lee's army, and, on the morning of the 3d, moved forward in advance of Ewell's Corps, which was on Lee's left. This movement was for position to attack our rear and reach the reserve artillery, at the time of Pickett's gallant charge on our front center. Had it not been that our cavalry had been so disposed as to meet and defeat it, this movement of Stuart's might have been successful; and if it had, there is little doubt that Lee's army, waiting for the panic it would cause, would have followed Pick-

ett's men, broken through our center, and the story of Gettysburg had a different ending.

This movement gives a different phase to what seemed such a needless sacrifice of General Pickett and the brave men who followed him, for the two movements working together offered a chance of success that warranted the sacrifice. The Confederate cavalry numbered about 7,000; the second division, including Custer's brigade, about 5,000.

About noon of the 3d, General Custer was attacked and General Gregg moved his command to the position on the Hanover road, on the left of General Custer's line; it having been reported that the enemy's cavalry was moving to our right. General Custer was ordered to join his division, who were on the left of the army, and proceeded to do so, but the brigade that relieved him being severely engaged, he was directed by General Gregg to remain.

McIntosh's brigade had relieved Custer, and the First New Jersey Cavalry was moved forward; meeting a heavy force of the enemy at Rummell's barn, part of the Third Pennsylvania was sent to their support. Having exhausted their ammunition our regiments on the right fell back. The Fifth Michigan, armed with Spencer repeating rifles, was ordered to relieve them; although short of ammunition this regiment held its ground stubbornly. As the First New Jersey attempted to withdraw the enemy advanced on both flanks; the right of the First New Jersey and Fifth Michigan remained on their part of the line until the last cartridge was fired and the last revolver emptied, then fell back, having lost

heavily. Part of the Fifth Michigan reached their horses and joined the Seventh Michigan in their charge.

The Fifth Michigan was commanded by Russell A. Alger, who here, as before and after, rendered distinguished service in that brigade of heroes commanded by General Custer. When Secretary of War his personal and political enemies circulated many false statements reflecting on his military career, which were taken up not only by the yellow journals, but by some which claim to be respectable. When statements showing their untruth were sent them, they refused to make the correction asked. Such journalism is the curse of the country, and it would be a good thing if some editors could be suppressed as they were during the Civil War, when they maligned their country and its leaders.

At this time the Confederates advanced the First Virginia, which charged and was met by the Seventh Michigan at a stone and rail fence, and across which, face to face, they fought with carbines and revolvers. The enemy being reinforced the Seventh Michigan was forced to fall back, and in turn the First Virginia, after crossing the fence, were compelled to retire by the fire from our battery in front and dismounted cavalry on their flanks.

At this time the brigade of Hampton and Fitz Hugh Lee came from behind a piece of woods that had concealed them from view. I cannot describe the engagement better than to copy from the address of Colonel Wm. Brooke Rawl, delivered upon the occasion of the dedica-

tion of the Cavalry Monument on the field of the engagement. He says: "Every one saw at once that unless the grandest attack of all was checked the fate of the day would be decided against the Army of the Potomac. In close columns of squadrons, advancing as if in review, with sabres drawn and glistening like silver in the bright sunlight, the spectacle called forth a murmur of admiration. Then Gregg rode over to the First Michigan which, as it had come on the field a short time before, had formed close columns of squadrons supporting the batteries, and gave the word to charge. As Town ordered sabres to be drawn and the column to advance, Custer dashed up with similar orders and placed himself at its head. The two columns drew nearer and nearer, the Confederates outnumbering their opponents three and four to one. The gait increased, first the trot, then the gallop. Hampton's battle flag floated on the van of his brigade. The orders of the Confederate officer could be heard, "Keep to your sabres, men, keep to your sabres," for the lessons they had learned at Brandy Station and Aldie had been severe. There the cry had been, "Put up your sabres, draw your pistols and fight like gentlemen."

As the approaching columns drew nearer and nearer, each with perfect alignment, every man gathered his horse under him and gripped his weapon the tighter. * * * Staggered by the fearful execution of the two batteries, the men in the front of the Confederate column drew in their horses and wavered, some turned, and the column fanned out to the right and left, but those behind

came pressing on. Custer seeing the men in the front ranks of the enemy hesitate, waved his sabre and shouted: "Come on, you Wolverines," and, with a fearful yell, the First Michigan rushed on, Custer four lengths ahead.

It is not my purpose to go into detail of the brave deeds done that day, but to show as on the first day the work of the cavalry held Seminary Ridge and gave the advantage of position to our army, so at this crucial moment, the cavalry fought back those who, if successful, would have turned the success of Gettysburg into defeat.

At this same time Kilpatrick, with Farnsworth's brigade, was on the left flank between Big Round Top and the Emmitsburg road; he pushed forward; he met the First Texas regiment and ordered General Farnsworth to charge them. This gallant officer knew that he was riding to his death, for Law's brigade was on each side of the valley he was to ride through, and largely protected by stone fences. But placing himself at the head of his men, with but a handful of his gallant followers left with him, he rode upon the skirmish line of the Fifteenth Alabama regiment, and, pistol in hand, called upon Lieutenant Adrian, who commanded the line, to surrender. The skirmishers in turn fired upon him, killing his horse and wounding General Farnsworth in several places. As he fell to the ground Adrian approached him and demanded his surrender, which he curtly refused. In an article written for the Century Magazine by the Confederate general, Law, who held the extreme right of Lee's army, he speaks of the conspicuous gallantry of

General Farnsworth in leading this charge, which was made against his judgment and was as desperate as that of Bala-klava, where "some one had blundered."

The total loss of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg was 23,000 men, more than half of which was sustained by the First, Second and Third Corps. The loss of the Cavalry Corps in the three days' fighting there was about 900. Add to this the loss from June 9th, when we uncovered this movement of Lee's to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania, up to July 1st, and the percentage of loss to the Cavalry Corps shows their work to have been severe, and their per cent of loss heavy. As I stated in the paper I read before this commandery on "The Cavalry at Chancellorsville," the work that was done by the cavalry did not receive the recognition it was entitled to at the time; but since the war closed more attention has been drawn to its achievements, and those of us who served with it feel proud that it was our privilege to follow the guidon and respond to the bugle call as:

"Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!
Halt!
Each carbine send its whizzing ball,
Now, cling! clang! forward all
Into the fight!

"Dash on beneath the smoking dome!
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!

One look to heaven! No thoughts of home;
The guidons that we bear are dearer.
Charge!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven keep those whose horses fall!
Cut left and right!

"They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges!
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.
Wheel!
The bugles sound the swift recall;
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home, and good night!"

VII.

A GETTYSBURG NARRATIVE.

POEM

BY

HORATIO C. KING.

VII.

GETTYSBURG.

By Horatio C. King.

With the permission of their author the following appropriate lines are copied here from the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, New York, of Sunday, July 3rd, 1904: — General King having read them at the Annual Reunion of the Third Army Corps Union, held in New York on May 5th, 1904.

Fair was the sight that peaceful July day
And sweet the air with scent of new-mown hay;
And Gettysburg's devoted plain serene
Resplendent shone with waves of emerald green.

The western heights where close embowered stood
The sacred shrine, near hidden in the wood,
Recked not of war, but echoed with the tread
Of God's meek messengers of peace who led
The thoughts from earthly things to things above
And taught the wayward heart that God is love;

While far across wide fields of golden grain,
Another ridge uprose from out the plain;
And in its bosom, freed from earthly woes,
The dead of ages lay in calm repose.

Two BLOODY DAYS, across the stricken field,
Two angry hordes in ghastly combat reeled;
And welcome night its dusky mantel threw
In pitying love to hide the scene from view.

Again the bugle with its piercing call
Awoke the soldier from deep slumber's thrall;
With anxious waiting, nerved by conscious power,
All stood impatient through the morning hour,
Till from the throats of every shotted gun
The smoke of hell obscured the blazing sun;
Then silence deep, and every soldier knew
The charge was near and tight his buckle drew.

Lo! from their midst a stern command and then,
The quick advance of twenty thousand men;
A solid line of veterans clad in gray,
With iron nerves and earnest for the fray.

In thought a new-born nation rose to sight,
With "stars and bars" unfurled in glorious light.
On, on they came, nor faltered in their tread,
Each man a hero — giants at their head.
We stood amazed at courage so sublime,
No braver record on the page of time.

With bristling bayonets glistening in the sun,
The stubborn ranks, inspired by victories won,
Pressed grimly on, unmindful of the storm
Of shot and shell that felled full many a form;
The maddened roar of angry cannon massed
Rocked the red field as if an earthquake passed.

Still on they came; the gaps they quickly close;
"Now steady, men!" and from our ranks there rose
A mighty cry, and thick the leaden hail
Fell on the wavering lines. See! now they quail!
"Strike! strike! for freedom and your native land!"

And bayonets clashed in conflicts hand to
hand.
Oh, fierce the struggle; but they break! they
fly!
And God to Freedom gives the victory.

EXCURSIONS AT THE WEST, SOUTHWEST AND COAST.

VIII.

THE OPENING MARCHES AND BATTLES OF THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

The following paragraphs from letters written by the editor of this volume are extracts from the files of the New York Evening Post, touching the various topics mentioned.

FROM SHERMAN'S ARMY*

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

HOW THE MOVEMENT BEGAN — THE BATTLE OF RESACA — JOHNSTON'S RETREAT.

Resaca, Georgia, May —, 1864.

It appears as though on the first of May Grant's bugle sound to advance was heard not only in Virginia, but in Tennessee and Alabama. The camps of the troops in this Military Division, scattered as they were from East Tennessee to Northern Georgia and

* This chapter is from the files of the New York Evening Post of May 25th, 1865.

Alabama were active with the preparations for the opening campaign known only to those whose right it was to know. A strong army of veterans under General McPherson, marched from Huntsville, Alabama, in a southeasterly direction, while a similar column under Schofield was concealed in the valleys marching from East Tennessee southwesterly. The army of Thomas at Chattanooga gathered itself together as it moved towards Ringgold, Georgia. Hooker's Corps, however, scattered as it was from Lookout Mountain to Nashville made tremendous strides on the extreme right of Thomas' army, passing over the historic field of Chickamauga, through Gordon's Mills and Peavine Creek, until about the 6th inst., it had joined the rest of the Army of the Cumberland along the banks of the "Middle Chickamauga," and in front of Taylor's Ridge. Sherman's army found itself at this time with its advance through Hooker's Gap in front of Ringgold, with his right and right-centre composed of Hooker's Corps, and McPherson's "Army of the Tennessee," stretching along the base of Taylor's Ridge towards Nickajack and Gordon's Gap, its left centre and left under Palmer and Howard reaching in advance of Ringgold and Catoosa Springs, with the

Army of the Ohio under Schofield marching along the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad from Cleveland and with its advance near Varnell's Station.

THE BEGINNING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

This was the first position of Sherman's army. The enemy's main body was at Dalton, while his advance reached Tunnell Hill, and the mountains and gaps immediately in our front. From our position everything looked unfavorable for offensive operations. Between our camps and the enemy stretched two ridges of mountains, passable only by two or three rough roads over their tops, misnamed by the people "Gaps," probably because there were no "Gaps" there. Between these two ridges was a beautiful valley, known as Dogwood Valley, watered by the East Chickamauga, one of the branches of that tortuous and now to military operations troublesome stream. The enemy's line of communications appeared perfectly secure; his front impregnable, his flanks admirably protected by impassable natural barriers, and his advance at Tunnell Hill well calculated to be maintained. In the face of these obstacles, Sherman's army continued its march without a halt.

THE ENEMY DISLODGED.

On the 7th inst., Howard, with the Fourth Corps, moved from Catoosa Springs, and by successful manœuvering dislodged the enemy from the commanding hills in his front, while Palmer with the Fourteenth Corps assisted by this movement, after some skirmishing took possession of the famous Tunnell Hill, with a total loss of only ten wounded. Hooker at the same time threw his corps across Taylor's Ridge in two columns by way of Nickajack and Gordon's Gap, and promptly moved up and joined his left to Palmer's right, encamping along the East Chickamauga. Schofield continued his march along the East Tennessee and Georgia railroad, threatening the enemy's right, while McPherson, his movement thus being quite concealed, pressed through Gordon's and Ship's Gaps in Taylor's Ridge to a place called Villaners. The army in this position was one grand point in advance gained, and the railroad was at once put in running order to Tunnell Hill.

THE REBEL POSITION AT BUZZARD'S ROOST.

The enemy had retired to his formidable position at Buzzard's Roost, which, with a

few thousand men, he could hold against all the army that might choose to attack his front. While Howard and Palmer on the left were learning more completely the position of the enemy, and occupying his attention by reconoitering, Wood's brigade of Butterfield's division, Hooker's corps, performed a similar duty further to the right, and before night suceeded in establishing our lines partially on the slope of Rockface Ridge, and along a commanding range in front of the enemy's position at Buzzard's Roost.

There has been much discussion in the army why this place was called "Buzzard's Roost." Like many other instances of American nomenclature it is not because buzzards roost there, but because they do not. There were once a few old groggeries and a railroad station there, where the chivalric gamblers of the South did congregate to drink cheap toddy and cut each other's throats. What they afterwards did with the carcases the appellation of "Buzzard's Roost" which the people around bestowed on this locality is too suggestive to mention. You may guess then from the habits of the bird, why the place was called Buzzard's Roost.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

Meanwhile McPherson was massing troops in a concealed position at Snake Creek Gap. On the 8th there was more reconnoitering and a closer drawing of our lines towards the enemy. Geary's division of Hooker's corps on this day had the first actual battle of the campaign, about three miles west of Dalton at Mill Creek Gap, sometimes called Dug Gap. Of the battle itself, you have already had accounts. Geary's loss was about 250. He fought the choicest troops in Johnston's army under Claiborne and his troops, repeatedly gaining the crest of the mountain near the road for the possession of which they were fighting only to be hurled back again down the precipice with fearful losses. Colonel Bushbeck's and Candy's brigades were the troops engaged. Among the reported killed were Captain Bartlett, Thirty-third New Jersey, and Colonel Jones, One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New York; Captain Vedden, ditto; Lieutenant Miller, Thirty-third New Jersey, and Lieutenant Smith, ditto, and Captain Forrest, One Hundred and Thirty-fourth New York. The color bearer of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New York, George Bishop, was killed in one of the

charges, where he planted the colors on the very top of the mountain.

This battle had the effect of holding the enemy in Geary's front, and not allowing the column which had started for Snake Creek Gap to reach there in time to prevent McPherson possessing himself of it without a fight.

MANŒUVERS.

I will not detail the daily movements of the next few days. It will suffice to say that the enemy were kept thoroughly busy at Buzzard's Roost by the reconnoisances, demostrations and actual attacks of Schofield on the extreme left in the hills of Rockyface, and of Howard and Palmer on the right. It was in one of these attacks that Harker's brigade distinguished itself. The enemy were seriously perplexed by a large force of McPherson's army making its appearance in front of his works at Resaca on Wednesday, the 11th inst. The bridge was not destroyed, however, and our force retired to Snake Creek Gap without molesting the enemy, who was strongly posted and in considerable force. For this retiring movement on our part there may be some criticism, but no intelligent one until we are made aware of the orders under

which the commander of that wing of our army was acting.

At midnight on Tuesday, the 10th, Williams' division of Hooker's corps, quietly marched for the support of McPherson. The remainder of the corps followed the next night. At the same time there was a general evacuation of our depot and headquarters at Tunnell Hill; and before another twenty-four hours had passed, Palmer and Schofield followed to Snake Gap; and Howard pressed as closely as was prudent to the enemy's works at Buzzard's Roost.

JOHNSTON OUTGENERALED.

Johnston then began to appreciate his perilous position. A large force of his enemy was upon his extreme left flank and rear and a force in his front at Buzzard's Roost. As the rebel papers say, the Yankees have their forces in our front so well covered by heavy picket and skirmish lines that we can learn little or nothing of their movements. After discovering his position the rebel general had but a short time to consider. He must either give Sherman battle before he thought it possible for him to concentrate his entire army — he must assume an offensive campaign by a dash at Chattanooga, a most perilous un-

dertaking — or he must ignominiously fly to the east among the fastnesses of the mountains. Of course, he chose the former. Quickly evacuating his works at Buzzard's Roost Friday morning, the 13th, found him concentrating near Resaca;— while Sherman was forming *his* lines of battle, with his right resting through Resaca on the Oostenaula (river) and his left extending in a northwesterly direction, and gradually advancing towards Tilton. But Howard at Buzzard's Roost was not to be deceived. No sooner had the enemy disappeared from his front than he was close in pursuit, marching in their immediate rear through Dalton and to Tilton, whence he extended his lines to the west and towards Snake Creek Gap and opened communications with the extreme left of Sherman's lines under Palmer. The advance and formation of our lines here referred to commenced on Friday morning, the principal skirmishing with the enemy being on McPherson's front; and on Friday afternoon by a gallant charge of a portion of his command he obtained possession of the commanding positions bordering on the west of the small stream known as Camp Creek.

It was during the movements preceding this charge that General Kilpatrick was

wounded while falling upon a body of the enemy's infantry, after having driven their cavalry for miles before him.

The advance of McPherson to the position named, enabled Sherman to form his lines along Camp Creek and extend his left wing sufficiently to the north so as to open the communication referred to with Howard, who had reached Tilton early that morning. Our position was now one of considerable natural strength, although it was not gained without some loss principally in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps. Between our lines and those of the enemy ran this little tortuous creek, in a valley an eighth to a quarter of a mile in width, each army occupying the ridges on each bank, our left, however, crossing some of its tributaries and extending nearly directly north and south toward Tilton.

This was our position on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of May. It was a very long line, over seven miles, and the enemy occupied a line equally strong by nature; and one flank of which was protected by the Oostenaula River and the carefully constructed works at Resaca.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

During Friday night, the 13th, the enemy had worked like beavers felling trees, building redoubts, throwing up rifle pits, and making every possible preparation to resist our advance. In this they were so successful that much of their line was deemed impregnable. All the morning of Saturday, there was the constant crackling of heavy skirmishing along more than five miles of battle lines. Everybody sedulously minded his own business with thoughts bent on the approaching fray. The skirmishing and sharp shooting was as usual quite destructive for the number of men engaged. Our lines were now formed from right to left in the order of McPherson on our right, then Butterfield's division of Hooker's corps, (remainder in reserve) Palmer's corps, and then Schofield's army with Howard's corps as a support. During Saturday morning Schofield and Howard continued the advance of the day before, throwing their left across Camp Creek, and considerably shortening our line of battle by extending it in a northeasterly direction towards the railroad. Shortly after noon, while this movement was going on, the enemy threw himself with great force on the advancing lines of

Schofield and Howard. The enemy appeared desperate; determined at any cost to break our lines at the points he, with great sagacity, judged to be the weakest. The country being thickly wooded, but little artillery could be used on either side, and the movements of troops of either army were entirely concealed from the other. The lines of fire waved to and fro, as one or the other succeeded in repelling an advance; but with the enemy it was his best and perhaps his only chance. He must succeed.

Just before sunset, the fire slackened for a short time. Suddenly it was renewed with increased fury and for the first time in the battle we heard the roar of artillery and not alone the rattle of musketry. The enemy had drawn troops from other positions of their lines, and had fallen in large force against Stanley's division of Howard's corps. It could not stand too much, and was slowly giving away. The enemy approached a battery, supported by not a single infantry soldier; but the gunners heroically stood at their posts and worked their guns. Just then, after passing wagons, ambulances, wounded men and stragglers, all hurrying to the rear, appeared the head of Williams' veteran division (supported by Geary's division, both of

Hooker's corps,) led by "Fighting Joe" in person. It is the charming hour of sunset, but the battle cannot stop here. Hooker places a new battery in position; advances a brigade against the flushed but exhausted enemy; opens a galling fire of artillery and musketry, repulses his farther advance, starts him marching away before him, and with the close of the day the battle ceases.

On the extreme right, however, the day had not been without its results. While the enemy had been thoroughly occupied in repelling Schofield's advance and afterwards attacking him in force, McPherson boldly assailed the enemy's extreme left in front of Resaca. The artillery opened along the whole line, and under its cover and a heavy skirmish fire Logan's corps crossed Camp Creek, and by a skillful and gallant charge, drove the enemy from the commanding hills in our front, and secured such a position across the creek as subjected a portion of the enemy's works to our destructive enfilading fire. Thus, while at the close of the afternoon action, the lines of both armies at the left remained substantially in the same positions, on the extreme right Logan with his veterans had gained a most decided advantage.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday night was again a busy night for both armies. The enemy was at work strengthening his positions and making further dispositions of troops. Our army was performing similar duties. The new advanced positions were fortified; troops who had been in the front all day were relieved by fresh ones from the rear, and our lines were so strengthened by art as to enable them to be held by a much smaller number of troops. Butterfield's division was taken from the centre and sent to rejoin Hooker on the extreme left; but even by daylight the dispositions were not entirely completed for the attack. Hooker's corps was to make the assault on the extreme right of the enemy's line. He was *to carry* the positions, and would be supported by Howard, and by demonstrations along our entire lines. The right of the enemy rested near the Resaca and Dalton Pike; and the commanding hills he occupied were strengthened by two redoubts and connected by formidable rifle pits. This, strong as it was, was the most assailable portion of the enemy's position; and to Hooker was assigned the important duty of storming it.

THE BATTLE RENEWED ON SUNDAY.

Sunday's operations now bid fair to become the key of the campaign. Butterfield's division was selected as the storming party supported by the well known divisions of Geary and Williams. There were two hills to be taken. One was not tenable without the other, and both must therefore be carried at once. Colonel Wood's brigade was selected to take the hill on the left of the road and General Ward's that on the right, on the crest of which was a hastily constructed redoubt mounting four guns. Colonel Coburn's brigade was to act as a support. Ward's brigade, although having been in the service for more than two years, had never been in action; but gallantly did they perform their work. Formed in column of regiments, both brigades moved simultaneously on the hills assigned them. No skirmishers were thrown out, no warning given to the enemy of their approach. Formed under cover of a ravine in the forest, the enemy knew nothing of the move until our men were before them within the shortest musket range.

The enemy had scarcely time to reload or to fire more than one round of grape and canister from their guns before Ward's gal-

lant fellows were upon them, beating the gunners down with the butts of their muskets. Coburn's brigade — also never before under fire, although old troops — in advancing as supports unfortunately fired into Ward's brigade occasioning some loss;— Coburn's men becoming excited with success, and on account of the dense woods not being able to see far about them. At the same time Colonel Wood's brigade on the left gallantly drove the enemy and occupied the hill it was directed to take. The supports coming up, the lines were now reformed at the advanced positions. The enemy had been completely taken by surprise at the suddenness and impetuosity of the charge. Our men swarmed upon them in overwhelming numbers, and were irresistible. But the rebels still held a position that made it impossible for us to withdraw their captured guns from our front; but they could not reach them either.

It was evident this state of affairs could not long remain. Williams' division was posted on the left, and Geary as a support on the right; while a strong line from Schofield's corps was now advanced under cover of the forest around our extreme left and to reach the enemy's rear.

But heedless of all, about 4 p. m. the enemy

advanced. Stevenson's division, and other troops of Hood's corps, in four grand columns, assaulted Hooker's lines, and attempted to drive him from his new ground. Colonel Wood's brigade bore the brunt of the attack supported by Williams' division; and the enemy after a short but desperate struggle were hurled back with terrible slaughter. Williams' division then charged, captured several colors and many prisoners.

Hooker held the heights he had carried, and no further demonstrations were made during the day. While Hooker's operations were progressing he was assisted by material diversions in his favor of artillery and musketry firing along the whole line of the army. Hooker's loss is about 1,800 in killed and wounded, and will exceed that of any other corps. Butterfield's division alone lost 1,020. Among the officers wounded are General Ward, in arm; General Knipe, commanding brigade under Williams; Colonel Ireland, commanding brigade under Geary. Among the killed are Colonel Canby, and the major of the Fifty-fifth Ohio. Captain Taylor, of General Hooker's staff, wounded; General Knipe's son was killed, and every other member of his staff wounded. Colonel Ward's A. A. A. General wounded slightly. The only

other general officer I have heard of as wounded is General Willich of Howard's corps. It is impossible yet to obtain even an approximate list of the names of killed and wounded. The number missing is very small.

THE RETREAT OF THE REBEL ARMY.

During Saturday night, the 15th inst., the enemy quietly abandoned his works, and retreated hurriedly towards Calhoun. About 11 p. m. a force went out to assist the One Hundred and Second and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois of Ward's brigade, in withdrawing the captured guns. The enemy, evidently fearing a night attack, poured a few volleys into the party; which opened from us a terrible fusilade of artillery and musketry along a mile of fire, which the morning proved to have been very destructive to him.

OCCUPATION OF THE REBEL WORKS.

In entering the rebel works at Resaca four more guns were found abandoned — old and useless, however — while those taken by Butterfield were fine twelve pounders, complete with limbers and carriages. Enough corn meal was also found at Resaca to give one ration to the entire army. A considerable

quantity of corn and small arms and ammunition were also taken. The railroad bridge at this place is destroyed, the stone abutments, however, excepted.

Bridges had been prepared by Sherman at other points across the Oostenaula, so that all day yesterday a strong column of cavalry, infantry and artillery were in hot pursuit. To-day the whole army is close upon the heels of Johnston, and already beyond Calhoun. The enemy will probably make a stand at Altoona.

Johnston's order for retreat of his army was dated 1 p. m. Sunday, 15th inst. His army is now composed of Hood's and Hardee's corps, with a portion of Polk's. The remainder of Polk's corps will probably meet him as he retreats. He is also said to have with him some of the Georgian militia recently enrolled. This latter force will of course increase as he retreats.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AT WORK.

After the late grand exertions in aid of the Sanitary Fair, you will be interested to know that the agents of the Sanitary Commission were on hand as soon as possible, and their stores arrived here as early as any trains could come through. They visited some of

the field hospitals with a few supplies taken in wagons on the last day of the battle; and yesterday and to-day, while the wounded are being removed, from hospitals to cars, the few agents here have been very assiduous in providing for their comfort in furnishing cooked coffee and other necessaries of life in cases which it is not always possible for the medical authorities to reach.

The enemy have only damaged the railroad as far as this place by destroying the water tanks; beyond the bridge here it is said to be in good condition for many miles.

[H. E. T.]

HEAD-QUARTERS 3d (BUTTERFIELDS) DIVISION. 20th CORPS.

Time ..... M.

May 17 D. 1864

Fields Mill Ga –

Major Tremaine A.D.C.

My dear Major

As you are about to leave us this morning to resume your tour with Gal Sickles with a feeling of sincere regret at loosing your valuable services it is a great pleasure to thank you for them – Your devotion & energy in camp & on the march your gallantry at our assault of the Enemys works at Resaca Ga & your genial qualities have endeared you to us all – our best wishes go with you I speak not only for myself but all the staff

we shall never forget you

I shall always be grateful

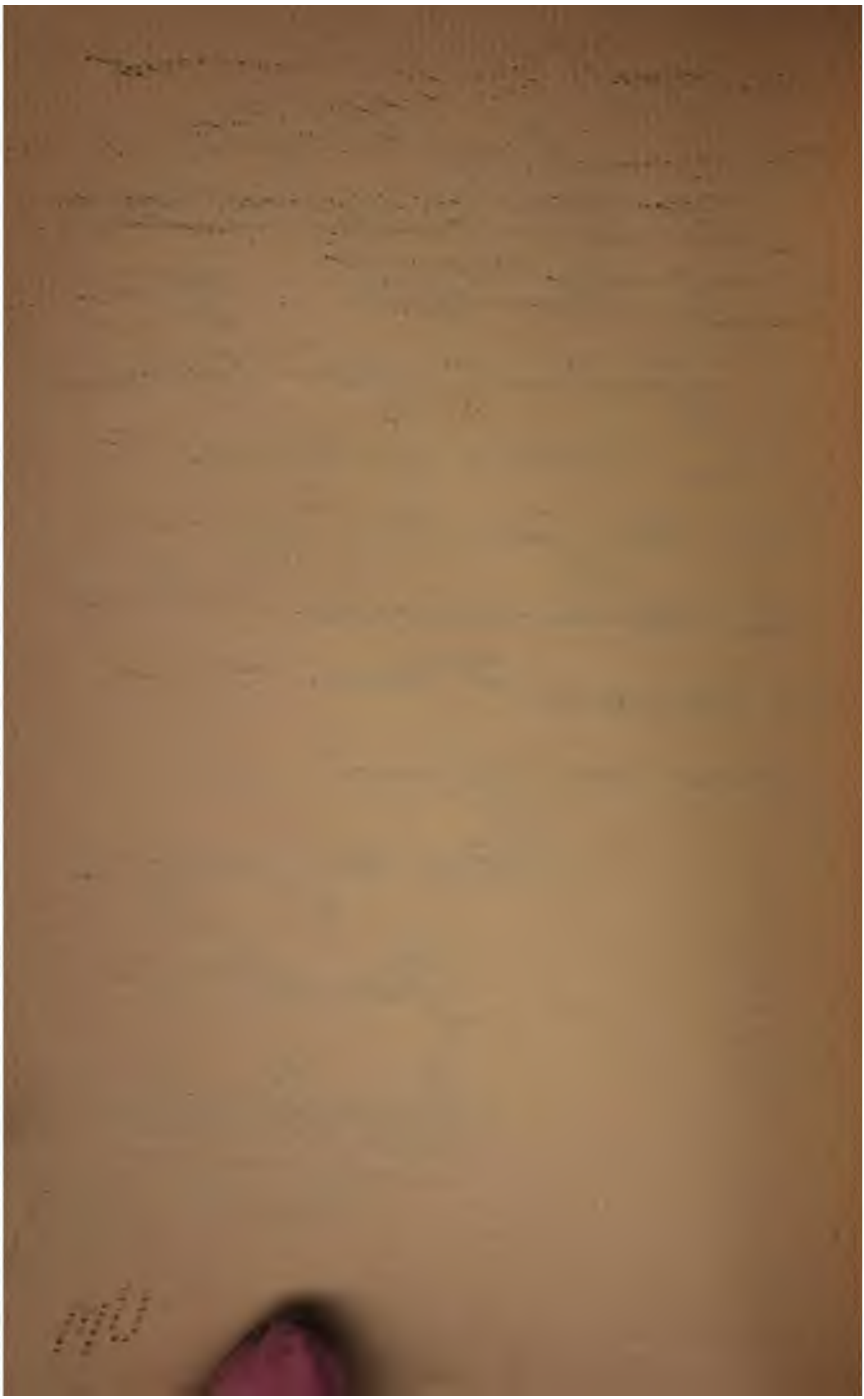
for ~~the valuable services so~~ your generous services at so opportune a moment ~~kindly volunteered~~ — If ever an opportunity offers by reason of Gal Sickles inability to take the field that you are free with his consent I should be delighted to have you join me again —

I am very resp

Your obt

Dan Butterfield

Maj Gal Arty



IX.

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI.*

THE MILITARY AND NAVAL STATIONS ON THE RIVER — CONDITION OF FORT PILLOW — TRADE AT MEMPHIS — FREEDMEN AT HELENA — REPRISALS FOR GUERILLA OUTRAGES.

Helena, Arkansas, June 5, 1864.

In view of the results of the recent military operations west of the Mississippi, the importance of the various military and naval stations established along its banks daily increases. Many of them at various times during the war have been bases of operations, and any one of them is now liable to be so used again. Cairo has long been the central point for the accumulation of all the military and naval stores for the army of General Steele, for all the forces on the east shore of the Mississippi, and for the Mississippi

* This chapter is a reprint from the New York Evening Post (1864) of paragraphs from letters written by the editor of this volume.

squadron. Admiral Porter's flagship, however, is now stationed at Mound City, a few miles above Cairo. The naval hospital, the receiving ship, and the general naval depot for the squadron are at Cairo.

COLUMBUS.

Passing down the river the first place of immediate interest is Columbus, Ky., the present headquarters of General Prince, commanding the district which includes Paducah, Cairo, and the country east to the Tennessee River. This is a most important command, including the district usually aimed at by Forrest in making his incursions into Western Tennessee and Kentucky.

General Prince, previous to his service here, commanded a division in the Army of the Potomac. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Cedar Mountain, Virginia, while under General Banks, in the Pope campaign, and suffered a long incarceration in Libby Prison as one of Pope's officers, and after his release served under General Foster in North Carolina. Joining the Army of the Potomac, he was assigned to the command of Hooker's old division in the Third Corps, shortly after the battle of Gettysburg. He has been on duty in the West for a short time

only, but the administration of affairs in his district appears to give general satisfaction.

FORT PILLOW.

The banks of the Mississippi now possess an interest entirely new to old river travellers, who watch its lonesome shores in momentary expectation of a pop-gun salute from the rebels. Each clump of trees, each bend in the river, suggests a biding place for the thieves and murderers who still infest the country even here. Fort Pillow is now entirely desolate. Most of the earthworks remain, but their completeness is in some places destroyed by the number of graves, and large holes (for I can call them little else) where the unfortunate victims of rebel butchery were buried in squads. On the west side of the river, opposite Fort Pillow, an organized band of two or three hundred guerillas occasionally show themselves. No troops now permanently garrison the place, for it is in a wilderness, and of no more use to us or the rebels than any other commanding position on the river; and it would be impossible for the enemy to hold it.

MEMPHIS TRADE.

The general military head-quarters for the entire district of West Tennessee, bounded by

the Mississippi, Ohio and the Tennessee Rivers, are now at Memphis; and the commander is Major General Washburne, well known for his services while under Grant in this department. Besides being a most important military station, Memphis is now a great centre for the trade and commerce of the Mississippi. It is at the same time probably the most rebellious city within the Union lines. Until recently it has been a constant and trustworthy source of supplies to the rebels. It is often remarked that the enemy have not wished to repossess themselves of the place, as it was of more service to them as a depot of supplies and information while within our lines than if actually held by the South. Soon after the Mississippi was opened to trade and navigation, it became the custom for merchants and others to give in exchange for the cotton, which the holders along the river were very anxious to dispose of, supplies of shoes, provisions and clothing, when this was preferred to money. Groceries and other supplies were disposed of in exchange at double and treble their cost price, buyers thus obtaining cotton for a mere song. Many instances are known where a bale of cotton was received in exchange for a barrel of salt. The latter cost from $2 to $5, and

the cotton sold for $200 to $300. Men with scarcely any capital have thus realized large fortunes. A new avenue to wealth seemed to have been opened, and every military post on the river was thronged with hungry fortune-hunters.

In such a state of things the temptations of officials were of course very strong and numerous. The regulations of the Treasury Department were much abused by those for whose benefit they were made. Large amounts of cotton reached northern markets, and great supplies went to rebel soldiers. But for the supplies thus thrown where the enemy could obtain them, this region of country would probably be now nearly rid of guerillas. The last raid of Forrest upon Paducah is said to have had for one of its chief objects the collection of supplies which our trade had been the means of circulating there. The military authorities of course found this state of things ill adapted to their success. Some few subordinate local commanders followed the lead of General Buford at Helena, and closed their lines against all commercial intercourse, and General Washburne finally adopted this policy throughout his department.

COLORED TROOPS.

The most important and interesting place in Arkansas on the Mississippi is Helena. It is the centre of so much of the legitimate cotton trade as is done in Arkansas, and it is liable at any time to be made the depot for the supply of General Steele's army at Little Rock; hence its military importance. The district of which it is headquarters is commanded by Brigadier General Buford, brother of the late General Buford of the Army of the Potomac. Although there is now no formidable army here for offensive operations, yet the place is well garrisoned, principally by colored troops. Among the latter is a regiment raised in Northern Missouri and Iowa — the Sixtieth United States colored troops (formerly First Iowa) and commanded by Colonel Hudson. This regiment is composed principally of free negroes from the states mentioned, and is deservedly noted in the department for its discipline and efficiency.

General Sickles paid a short visit to this place the other day in the prosecution of his mission, and before leaving reviewed the regiment just spoken of. He afterwards addressed its officers and men, and the citizens

of Helena, many of whom were present. He told the negroes that if this war is for emancipation, then they are nobly achieving the future destiny of their race by taking up arms in the cause, and thus entering what has always been regarded as one of the most honorable of all professions. If this war is not for emancipation, then theirs is a most generous and practical philanthropy, which gallantly assists the country in a war with which they have no interest. But the war *is* for emancipation and the negro is fighting to achieve it.

REPRISALS FOR GUERILLA OUTRAGES.

Guerillas were formerly very troublesome in the neighborhood of Helena, but have been more quiet since the adoption of a retaliatory programme by our troops. For every one of their raids General Buford made counter raids, and for every horse, mule or other property taken by the guerillas, an equivalent amount of stock is seized from the surrounding country, and returned to the loyal people in proportion to what they have lost. This has almost stopped their depredations. Two of their leaders have been closely incarcerated in Helena for over a month, awaiting the disposition of their cases. In reply to an interrogatory of the guerillas, asking if their

captains were treated as prisoners of war, the Union commander sent word that "they were, except that it was impossible for them to escape." The Fifteenth Illinois cavalry made their section of country unpleasant for guerillas, and a few Tennessee troops here never were known to take any prisoners. It is a singular incident that Helena or its immediate vicinity is the residence of five rebel generals — Hindman, Tappan, Pillow, Claiborne and Jenkins. Hindman's house is used as a hospital, and on Pillow's plantation is established a Freedman's village.

AFFAIRS AT HELENA.

War must be a civilizer; at least it has proved so in one instance. For among the novelties which have astonished the crude people of this town are two charitable institutions established during this war, and both for the benefit of the *colored race!* One is an orphan asylum, in which are collected the houseless, homeless, parentless and helpless little darkies of all ages and sexes. It contains about fifty inmates, and is in charge of a delegation of Quakers, sent by the Indiana yearly meeting.

From the same source also come occasionally some supplies of furniture, clothing, etc.

Government furnishes rations and houses. The other institution is for the benefit of the children of contrabands, and is in the charge of Miss Fox.

The refugees who are coming into our lines are many of them in quite a destitute and helpless condition. These receive much attention from Mrs. Coombs, a most estimable lady of Mississippi, who has always been thoroughly loyal, and who now philanthropically devotes all her time towards relieving the wants and giving assistance in various ways to this helpless class.

Mr. Callicot, of New York, is the agent of the Treasury Department here, and as he works in perfect harmony with the military authorities, the infamous trade so useful to the enemy has in this region been pretty well suppressed.

The enemy have had some batteries planted on the Mississippi a short distance below the mouth of the Arkansas River, and fired at passing vessels. So far they have done no damage. Our gunboats will probably attend to them.

X.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.*

CONDITION OF THE CITY — MILITARY AND CIVIL AFFAIRS.

New Orleans, June 25, 1864.

The levee of New Orleans is not now blockaded for miles with those immense piles of cotton bales, tiers of sugar barrels and other merchandise that in former times constituted one of the chief features of the city, and a most powerful element of cosmopolitan trade; nevertheless, commerce is not stagnant, nor the people in a state of helpless torpor. The secessionists are quiet; the Union people are active. Both bestow much attention on their private affairs; the sympathizing rebels to prevent the loss of their private fortunes, and the Unionists to repair damages. The army of northern merchants who have been here since our occupation of the city keep both parties sharply on the watch.

* This chapter is a reprint of extracts as stated in note to preceding chapter.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The principal topic of daily conversation is the Constitutional Convention. Probably the most important vote recently taken in the convention, as affecting the future prosperity and interests of Louisiana, is the passage of a section of the constitution which places it in the power of the legislature to allow negroes to vote. The old constitution, in prescribing the qualifications of voters, reads "every *white* male citizen," etc.

The new clause incorporated in the constitution now being framed reads thus:

"The legislature shall have power to pass laws extending suffrage to such persons, citizens of the United States, as by military service, by taxation to support the government, or by intellectual fitness, may be deemed entitled thereto."

This action will be hailed by the North, and indeed by the world, as a great stride in the right direction. The clause is so framed as to omit the use of the word "negro" or colored, and thus avoids wounding old prejudices. Instead of fixing the qualifications of voters more definitely and permanently in the constitution, the convention judiciously left the matter with the legislature, that it

might be arranged as the voice of the people from time to time might indicate. Thus at every popular election the subject comes before them to be arranged and treated as one of the issues to be decided.

GENERAL CANBY.

Major General Canby, commanding the trans-Mississippi Department, is still here, and has established headquarters in this city. He will retain branch headquarters also at Natchez and Vicksburg, where he is represented. His offices are beginning to be full of business; but all hints of approaching military movements I must, for the present, repress.

AN EPISODE — TWO REBEL GUNBOATS.

An interesting little episode, often spoken of here, I do not remember having ever seen in print. It illustrates the degree of confidence reposed in the so-called "Confederacy" by moneyed men within its lines. Some time ago a very elaborate scheme was planned for the anomalous purposes of "turning an honest penny," "giving a lift" to Uncle Sam, and at the same time to relieve the rebels from the burden of possessing and maintaining two gunboats, well-known to have been in the harbor of Mobile. Some merchants of

that city had a large amount of cotton and other goods which they were anxious to dispose of with credit to themselves, but were unable to do so unless they could run the blockade, which risk they were naturally anxious to avoid. These men did not profess any loyalty, but were looking only to pecuniary profit. A small number of loyal gentlemen here, some of them northerners, who were also seeking lucrative investments, found themselves in communication with the Mobile operators, who proposed to sell these two gunboats, with as heavy a cargo as they could float, to the Union men here. These secessionist merchants guaranteed to arrange the matter with the rebel authorities, if the Union gentlemen could so manage it with our authorities as to enable these vessels in question to run the blockade successfully and without comment.

The only benefits that would accrue from the transaction to the rebel parties would be the sale of their merchandise, otherwise indisposable, for which they were satisfied to have greenbacks, or funds placed to their credit abroad. The Union speculators would have an interest in the sale of this merchandise, and the ownership of two good light-draft vessels. For these vessels the stipulated

sum of one hundred thousand dollars was to be paid in greenbacks, or one million dollars in rebel currency. The boats are said to be worth much more. The Union merchants also agreed to sell these vessels to the United States for the same price, if the government wanted them. They would risk their capital in the investment, and the government could buy the vessels or not as might be determined after their arrival here. It was a *bona fide* transaction, and was fully laid before the military, naval and other authorities for sanction. It was believed the government would lend the scheme its assistance, as it deprived the enemy of useful war material without risk of life or property on our part. High authority in this department favored it, but after considerable delay and discussion of the affair at Washington, the authorities there — and the objection is said to have come from Mr. Seward — replied that the plan was inexpedient, as it might be construed as a raising of the blockade. Thus failed not only the bright hopes of the Union and rebel speculators, but the possession by the government of two of the enemy's steamers.

VISIT OF GENERALS CANBY AND SICKLES TO THE CONVENTION.

On the 22d instant, Generals Canby and Sickles visited the Constitutional Convention, and were received with great honor. Both were called out for speeches. General Canby responded very briefly, and General Sickles more at length, the latter concluding his remarks as follows:

"To recall the past is impossible; to improve the present is our duty; and to look to the future is the part of the statesman. The past we are proud of; but that is consigned to history. The America of the future — a nation entirely free from ocean to ocean — will be a greater and better country than even we could boast of before. (Great applause.)

"Let us, then, in our respective spheres, do all we can to promote this great end. Let us feel impressed by the justice of the cause in which we are engaged, and let us be guiltless of any act of injustice to others. Let us prove that, in our system of government, we find resources for every trouble — a shield against every danger. Let us prove to the advocates of aristocracy and despotism that free institutions and liberty are self-sustaining. Let us prove that no combination of foreign powers, with the wiles and intrigues of their diplomacy; that no internal danger,

even though it be in the most stupendous rebellion of modern and ancient times, is powerful enough to overcome that love of free institutions, that intelligence, that patriotism, that indomitable will which are characteristic of the American name." (Enthusiastic applause.)

With Cordial regard
D. Fitchley

XI.

FROM FLORIDA.*

FULL ACCOUNT OF GENERAL ASBOTH'S EXPEDITION — OUR FORCES OVERMATCHED BY THE REBELS.

Pensacola Navy Yard, Florida, July 26, 1864.— An expedition returned here yesterday, the objects and results of which it is no longer improper to mention. Well planned, ably commanded, and with good chances of success, it will have an important bearing on the great campaign of Sherman, now apparently culminating at Atlanta.

About forty-five miles from Pensacola, at Pollard Station, on the railroad connecting Mobile with Macon and Atlanta, there is a large trestle-work spanning one of the numerous swamps which are the pest of this region. This trestle-work once destroyed, the only line of railroad communication now remaining for

* This chapter is a reprint of extracts as stated in note to preceding chapter.

the rebels through the Gulf States would be most seriously interrupted, as the road east from Montgomery, Alabama, had already been cut by Sherman's cavalry. It was intended that the force from here should cooperate with a flying column from Sherman's army, and seize and destroy, if possible, this vulnerable point on the railroad. The expedition left here four days ago, consisting of portions of the Seventh Vermont, Eighty-second and Eighty-sixth colored infantry, a small body of cavalry and some other commands which it is unnecessary to mention — the whole under the command of Brigadier-General Asboth. Shortly after crossing the bayou, which forms a natural defence to the Navy Yard and camps here, skirmishing commenced between our advance guard and small bodies of the enemy's cavalry who did not, however, succeed in delaying our march.

The roads were good, but on the second day's march, on reaching a point about ten miles from the railroad, the enemy were found posted in some force and commanding the approaches to them by serviceable fortifications. General Asboth at once attacked and dispersed them, capturing the battle flag of a Florida cavalry regiment and a number of prisoners and horses. The telegraph hav-

ing been in full operation along the railroad, and the design of our movement being very apparent to the rebels, they succeeded in despatching by rail from Mobile a larger force than General Asboth was prepared for. Learning this fact, and hearing nothing of the expected co-operation from Sherman's cavalry, it was deemed wise to proceed no further at that time. The expedition therefore returned to camp without loss, the troops in the best of spirits, bringing with them their prisoners, about thirty horses, some refugees and the inevitable contrabands. Although by some of those unfortunate circumstances constantly occurring in military operations, the expedition did not accomplish the full results hoped for, yet it was a most useful diversion in favor of the raids of Sherman and other movements of our forces in the East Mississippi Valley.

General Asboth, commanding the district of West Florida, is one of the few foreign officers of high rank in our army who manifest any considerable aptitude for the American service. Energetic, wary, skillful, vigilant, and educated in the best military schools of Europe, a thorough gentleman and a soldier, he gives an earnest hand to the cause which had already engaged his heart. His services in Missouri will always be remem-

bered by the division he commanded, and the rebels it chastised; while the General himself will always wear with a soldier's pride the honorable scar of a painful wound.

XII.

FROM CHARLESTON.*

RESULTS OF THE RETALIATION POLICY — THE FEDERAL AND REBEL OFFICERS UNDER FIRE EXCHANGED.— HOW THE UNION OFFICERS WERE TREATED IN CHARLESTON.

Charleston Harbor, Aug. 3, 1864.— It will be remembered that as soon as it was known that fifty Union officers had been imprisoned in Charleston under the fire of our own guns, General Foster obtained permission to treat in a similar manner a like number of officers of the rebel army. General Sam Jones, who commands the rebel forces at Charleston, was thus confronted by a policy of retaliation. Probably he was one of those who had persuaded himself into believing that "the North will not fight," and now by an easy transition, thought "the North dare not retaliate." But the North did retaliate, and the country has to-day witnessed the good results of one of

* This chapter is a reprint of extracts as stated in note to preceding chapter.

those harsh measures which the stern realities of war demand. Retaliation, so long talked of, is at last adopted; and in this first remarkable instance has proved completely successful.

THE OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondence between Generals Foster and Jones at the time our officers were placed under fire at Charleston, was published in June. The rebel commander informed General Foster that our officers would be placed only where the women and children of the city remained, and if he chose to fire upon the helpless non-combatants the Union officers should suffer with them. To this it was cogently replied by General Foster that Charleston had been under bombardment for many months, previous to which formal notice was given to the rebels by General Gillmore and ample time given to remove all women and children; there could, therefore, be no excuse for this act of barbarism on the part of the rebels, and notice was at once given that an equal number of rebel officers should be similarly treated.

AN INDIGNANT GENERAL.

While the barracks and suitable accommodations were being prepared for the rebel

officers under their own fire in our works in front of their batteries, the wiser heads of rebeldom relented. Jeff. Thompson — who was among the rebel prisoners sent to General Foster — especially waxed fearfully wroth at what he was compelled to believe to be the poor policy of the Charlestonian authorities. Indeed he was so irate as to indite verses (and one must be very passionate to do that) addressed to the same General Sam Jones, whose praises his rhymes were not at all intended to sing. I hope some future historian will discover these productions and contribute them to the page of history they illustrate.

AN EXCHANGE PROPOSED.

The rebel chiefs, observing the energy with which our arrangements were going forward, soon began to relent, and overtures were presently made to General Foster for an exchange of prisoners according to rank, upon the established equivalent, and thus relieving both parties of a number of officers who were likely to become a serious annoyance. Of course our government could have no objection to any just arrangement of this nature, and at once conferred upon General Foster ample powers to conduct the negotiations. That he

has been entirely successful the scene in this harbor to-day attested in a most gratifying way.

THE CEREMONY OF EXCHANGING PRISONERS.

About ten o'clock this morning a small steamboat was observed coming out from the city of Charleston. It passed behind Fort Sumter and anchored as nearly as possible in neutral waters, off Fort Moultrie and in front of Fort Sumter, having on board Generals Shaler, Seymour, Scammon, Wessel and Heckman, and forty-five other Union officers. The steamer carried flags of truce, and was in charge of Major Lay, of General Jones's staff. On board of her were several old citizens of Charleston (Mr. Pringle and others), besides several rebel officers, the latter in the full gray uniform.

While this rebel steamer was approaching us, the steamboat Canonicus, having on board Major-Generals Thompson and Gardner and the other rebel officers, steamed direct for Fort Sumter and anchored alongside the enemy's vessel. The Canonicus was in charge of Major Anderson of General Foster's staff, who superintended the arrangements on our part, as did Major Lay on the part of the rebels.

As soon as the boats carrying the flags of truce made their appearance in the bay, the regular firing which serves to relieve the monotony of duty here, altogether ceased. The Union fleet in the harbor rode quietly at anchor; our soldiers lined the shore, watching the two steamers off Fort Sumter; and the battered walls of that historic fort were lined by two or three hundred rebel soldiers, who are not usually visible there. Admiral Dahlgren's flagship steamed up to the fleet and dropped anchor, having just arrived from Port Royal; and the Admiral was soon joined by Generals Foster and Sickles, and a number of staff officers.

After an hour or two the federal and rebel steamers parted company, each heading towards its friends — the exchange having been effected. The rebels promptly disappeared from the irregular parapets of Fort Sumter, the decks of the fleet began to be covered with crowds of "blue jackets," and colors streamed from all the masts. As the Canonicus approached the fleet, a salute of thirteen guns was fired, and the steamer after sailing through the fleet, and receiving hearty cheers from the deck of every vessel hauled up alongside the boat (not the flagship) containing Admiral Dahlgren and General Foster and

others. As soon as General Foster was descried cheer after cheer was uttered by the released prisoners, many of whom hailed him as their old commander, and all as their friend and deliverer.

The released officers were heartily welcomed by the Admiral, General Foster, and all the officers present, and were invited by General Sickles and Captain Eaton, of the United States steamer Admiral, to such hospitalities as they could enjoy on board that steamer.

NAMES OF THE OFFICERS EXCHANGED.

The following is a complete list of the officers exchanged: *Federal officers.*— Brigadier-Generals Seymour, Wessels, Scammon, Shaler, Heckman; Colonels T. G. Grover, R. Hawkins, W. Harriman, J. H. Lehman, O. H. Legrange, W. C. Lee, R. White, H. O. Bolinger, H. L. Brown, E. L. Dant, E. Fardell; Majors D. A. Carpenter, H. D. Cant, J. N. Johnson, O. H. Barnes, J. E. Clarke, W. Crandall, J. Hall, E. W. Bates, W. Y. Baker; Lieutenant-Colonels E. G. Hays, N. B. Hunter, T. N. Higginbotham, W. W. Stewart, A. W. Taylor, C. C. Joslin, D. Miles, J. D. Mayhew, J. Potsley, J. H. Burnham, W. R. Cook, C. J. Dickerson, N. Glen,

S. F. Spofford, B. W. Swift, W. P. Lascelle, W. E. McMakin, W. C. Maxwell, S. Morfit.

Rebel Officers.— Major-Generals Edward Johnson and Frank Gardner; Brigadier-Generals J. J. Archer, Geo. W. Stewart, and M. Jeff. Thompson; Colonels Wesley R. Carter, M. Cobb, Basil Duke, M. J. Ferguson, J. M. Hanks, Richard C. Morgan, James Pell, W. H. Peebles, A. S. Vanderventer, Wm. W. Ward, Wm. M. Barber, J. N. Brown, J. N. Jacques, E. B. Candill, W. H. Forney; Lieutenant-Colonels James F. Brewer, P. E. Durant, J. P. Fitzgerald, C. L. Haines, O. A. Patten, W. M. Paisley, A. L. Swingley, Joseph T. Tucker, D. H. L. Martz, A. Drupree, Y. G. Jackson, M. J. Smith, W. L. Davidson, Majors D. W. Anderson, J. H. Coldwell, J. T. Carson, W. T. Emmett, C. Groce, Horace A. Higley, Charles Henry, E. A. Nash, L. J. Perkins, Geo. H. Smith, E. J. Sanders, T. Steele, Thomas B. Weber, J. M. Wilson, W. H. Manning, T. E. Upson, F. F. Warley.

TREATMENT OF THE UNION OFFICERS IN CHARLESTON.

Some of the returned officers have been in captivity more than a year, and others were captured during the late campaigns of Gen-

eral Grant. Before arriving at Charleston they were imprisoned at Macon, Georgia, and some of them had previously enjoyed the hospitalities of the "Libby" at Richmond. When they first arrived in Charleston they were incarcerated in a common jail — a place most filthy and repulsive, where felons and others were kept until they were wanted in the rebel armies — but which actually was not fit for the occupancy of a human being. An earnest but respectful protest against confinement in such quarters was made by our officers, and shortly afterwards they were removed to an unoccupied house in the city belonging to a rebel officer, where they were accorded all the privileges that a prisoner has a right to expect — including some that he has not, in the shape of missiles from the guns of his friends. An officer, in addition to the regular guard, was detailed to visit the prisoners daily, to see that their just wants were supplied; vegetable and market wagons were allowed to visit them every morning; a pint of rice, a slice of bacon, and usually a small loaf of bread, with some salt, were allowed them as a daily ration; and a plot of ground where they could play ball and exercise themselves was set apart for their use. Altogether —"barring the shooting"— they felt they

could not then complain. Among the visitors were persons who clandestinely sold confederate currency at the rate of from five to ten dollars for one dollar of greenbacks — the prices varying according to the shrewdness of the purchaser. One officer brings home as a trophy a piece of a shell which exploded near their playground. All the prisoners were obliged to give their parole not to attempt an escape, or they would have met with very different treatment.

LATENT UNIONISM IN CHARLESTON.

That there is, even in Charleston, a hidden Union sentiment, which though not powerful, will reveal itself in time, is proved by some of these officers on the most indisputable evidence. But to publish at this time anything further than this simple statement in the matter would be unjust to the parties interested.

MORE PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON.

The majority of our released officers will go North to-morrow by the steamer Fulton. They are not, however, the last of Union prisoners you will hear of at Charleston. Two or three days ago six hundred more officers arrived at Charleston, from Macon, Georgia, and are now incarcerated in that city or its vicinity. Another smaller company were

also on the way to Charleston on the railroad which was temporarily cut during the recent raid of General Stoneman, and were obliged to return. It is hoped that similar negotiations may be effected in regard to some, or perhaps all of these prisoners. The limited exchange of prisoners by departmental or local commanders appear of late to have been the only ones effected, and it is not unlikely that General Foster, should he be again intrusted with the power, would be as fortunate in this instance.

It should be known, however, that in this little affair all overtures have emanated from the rebels who have been particularly anxious for the exchange. The truth is, our prisoners are a burden to them, and to get rid of them, without injury to the delicate feelings and peculiar "honor" of rebeldom, is to them a great desideratum; especially if in return they can send to their own armies where they are so much needed, some of the rebel officers now held by us as prisoners.

So the matter stands now. Some things are of course, yet to be done; but this satisfactorily ends the first chapter in the history of the "retaliation" policy.

XIII.

THE GRAND EXCURSION CONCLUDED.

SOME FINAL OBSERVATIONS UPON IT — A STAFF REPORT — GEORGIA; TENNESSEE; ARKANSAS; MISSISSIPPI; LOUISIANA; AND WESTERN KENTUCKY.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER —, 1864.

General.— According to your directions I submit the following brief notes on affairs in the insurrectionary states, although they cannot be expected to add any information to that you have already obtained on those subjects which your important mission afforded you in person special opportunities to study.

TENNESSEE.— A state of military posts, each of which is, or may at any future period of the war become, a base of military operations.

Of these Nashville is the most important, and as a military depot is larger than any other in the Union. Enough subsistence and

forage were stored there in May to supply the army of General Sherman for six months. The accumulation and forwarding of supplies is here most ably conducted under Lieutenant-Colonel Donaldson, of Quartermaster's Department. Immense shops and manufactories are here, to make and to repair engines and railroad stock, wagons and other means of transportation, and all implements and tools included in the ordinary paraphernalia of an army. Including three colored regiments, in May last there were upwards of 16,000 men employed by the Quartermaster's Department in this one city. (For statistics of Nashville depots, see notes of Lieutenant-Colonel O. H. Hart.) Chattanooga forms a secondary base, and is well fortified and provisioned. The country south of Nashville is only slightly cultivated. Negroes are seldom seen in the field, but often white men.

Aside from the military interests of the campaign the trip into NORTHERN GEORGIA served to show, besides the total absence of able-bodied men, the supreme ignorance and degradation of the few white people remaining there — male and female. Most of them are not as intelligent as the negroes, without whom they hardly know how to live.

One of the most important results as now seen of the war in Tennessee is the great railroad business which the government has been compelled to carry on. It is certainly a new feature in the history of war when, as in Tennessee, a general must repair hundreds of miles of railroad, increase ten fold the capacity of old roads, and at the same time construct new ones. The immense railroad business as now carried on by the government in this region is a study by itself, and in referring to it I will only add that it would seem that a more thorough organization in the details of management of roads and sections of roads, so as to fix more surely responsibility, would result in increased convenience and reliability. The new road from Nashville to the Tennessee River, 74 miles long, projected and 20 miles of it built before the war, and the rest completed by the Quartermaster's Department, under orders from the War Department on the earnest recommendation of Governor Johnson, has already greatly relieved the severe pressure on the single road from Nashville north, given Nashville water communication, and will result in many other ways with great benefit to the state and United States.

Some cotton was brought into Nashville,

but most of the trade here is the concomitant of military occupation; merchants being limited in their sales to $5,000. Few of the old citizens have funds to indulge in any more purchases than those actually necessary, some not enough for that, so impoverishing is the war to them.

Trade in Memphis, however, especially in cotton has been vigorous and annoying to the government. Much peculation.

The grumbling at the strict measures adopted by General Washburne show they were much needed. Memphis enjoys the characteristic of being the most thoroughly "secesh" in sentiment and deeds of any place within our lines, and more so perhaps than many actually without.

ARKANSAS.— A state of less than half a dozen posts of military occupation, with uncertain communication between them,— plenty of guerillas, well organized, and ubiquitous,— life of suspected Union men insecure a mile without our picket lines,— reconstruction so far a failure,— state authority a nonentity,— local politics bitter,— the civil inclined to find fault with military powers, military smile, pat them on the back and knowingly whisper "wait a little,"— no courts but military — no judges but provosts,

— refugees numerous, dirty, troublesome and expensive — and treasury agents and their friends on the watch for the "honest penny."

The posts of occupation well fortified, the movable army small but apparently reliable.

MISSISSIPPI.— Not yet sufficiently under military occupation to warrant any attempt at a government other than the sword. Vicksburg and Natchez notable as pretty towns, fortified, garrisoned, and, with the exception of an occasional loyal man, the population engaged in making money and wishing for *peace;* not particular as to terms.

LOUISIANA.— Only state where there is an approximation to "reconstruction," and this may be ascribed to the fact that its most populous sections have for a long time been subject to Union military power, and its government therefore so supreme as to win respect, and so just as to compel confidence. Hence civil government has been day by day more thoroughly restored. Emancipation is *un fait accompli;* and free negro labor a practical experiment, proving so far successful. Negro schools — even on plantations — one of the marked features of the new order of things.

EMANCIPATION.— Of the President's policy with regard to these states, it may be

said the number of negroes seeking refuge within our military lines, as they were advanced into the insurrectionary districts, was not materially increased by the emancipation proclamation. Before that edict negroes were accustomed to flock across our lines when possible, feeling that some good fortune awaited them;— if not freedom, which many believed, at least, absence from the control of their masters. The practical effects of the policy of United States authorities now appears to be the employment of all able bodied men in the service as soldiers, sailors or laborers, and such disposition of their families as will scatter them to where they can earn a subsistence and often at the same time place the children at school. They are necessarily sometimes a temporary burden to the government; but in Department of Gulf, where they have accumulated in larger numbers than elsewhere, this burden has heretofore been met by a fund created by the sale of the cotton captured from the enemy as a part of the fortifications of Port Hudson. This is now exhausted.

The *amnesty proclamation* does not appear to have resulted in any material diminution of the strength of the rebel armies in the field. I have yet to meet the commander

who regards it as an effective weapon against the rebellion.

The execution of the *confiscation* policy has been quite spasmodic. Among the "practical hitches" of the President's policy is the veto which the amnesty oath puts on most of the cases of confiscation which approach a settlement under the law. It usually happens that when a decree of confiscation against the property of a rebel is about to be issued, the interested party appears, often coming across the lines for the special purpose, avails himself of the amnesty, takes the prescribed oath of allegiance and saves his property. He is still as bad an enemy as ever, of course, remains within our lines receiving protection, an insiduous and dangerous member of society. In Tennessee this is quite notorious.

A noteworthy fact which forces recognition at every military post is the influx of destitute white refugees with their families. These being burdensome to military operations of any kind, are as soon as possible usually sent north by commanders, thus assisting the depopulation of the South which the war seems to have rendered inevitable.

Of WESTERN KENTUCKY and Tennessee, and of Arkansas it may be generally re-

marked that the *state authorities* at present, although useful in being at hand to assist in guiding the states to their political future, are practically quite troublesome and cumbrous adjuncts to the existing government, which must for some time continue as now purely military in its character.

I have the honor to remain

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. E. TREMAIN,

Major and A. D. C.

To Major-General D. E. Sickles.

OTHER EXCURSIONS
(Continued).
RECONSTRUCTION EPISODES.

XIV.

INCIDENTS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD. NORTH CAROLINA.*

CONDITION OF THE STATE — SOCIETY AND POLITICS — PROGRESS OF THE WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION — GOVERNMENT GENEROUS — IMMIGRATION.

Wilmington, N. C., October 10, 1865.— It has been the custom in Wilmington for a long time past to rent property by auction, lately only for a year at a time; so that in September there are a large number of house-auctions,— and possession being generally given on the first of October, on that day the city begins to parade its furniture through the streets. This year the spectacle has not exhibited any very elaborate specimens of the stock on hand — the war having given everything in this region that air of dilapidation which characterized the late

* This chapter is a reprint of extracts as stated in note to preceding chapter.

"Confederacy." It is curious to note that the leases made this season are principally for one year only, and that the rates are usually made payable in gold, or its equivalent in currency.

HIGH PRICES AND BUSINESS.

Under these circumstances very ordinary dwelling houses bring from $600 to $1,000; and no sort of a house can be hired for less than $450 to $500 in gold. Frame houses that could be built in any country town in the North for $2,500 or $3,000 rent here for $600, $700 and $800. The rent of stores and storehouses has similarly increased. Many of the Northern merchants now here believe that this high rate of rents is arranged by the property holders, not alone for their own aggrandizement, but to assist the old inhabitants in keeping off "Yankees." The latter are not held in the highest esteem at the South, and do not yet receive the implicit confidence of the southern people. The habit, too, of making these rent contracts in gold is on a par with the same general disposition.

The manner of contracting for rents here is peculiar. Instead of executing a lease, as is usually customary when property is rent-

ed, the lessee gives to the lessor his note for the total amount of the yearly rent, payable quarterly or monthly, as the case may be, in gold, or its equivalent in currency, the note being guaranteed by two good and sufficient sureties. Now and then a house is rented for currency; but then it is specially so stated by the auctioneer, who is particular to make a strong point of such a fact.

It was thought by many here that the military authorities would interfere to prevent this gold basis system, on the ground of its disloyal tendency to depreciate the United States currency; but they have not done so. Indeed the military authorities appear to meddle very little with the civil affairs of the citizens. A petition has been made to headquarters, however, by the wholesale liquor dealers of Wilmington, asking for the interference of military power to prevent the collection of alleged exorbitant taxes. It appears that these dealers are limited in number by the present ordinances to fifteen, and as the price for the licenses which they hold from the municipal and approved by the military authorities, the city demands of each dealer one hundred dollars per month. All merchants are required to take out such license to do business, and thus a temporary

revenue is created for the city government. Ordinarily this costs, however, only from ten to fifteen dollars, except in the special case of liquor dealers, as mentioned. Hence the complaints. The matter is now undergoing further investigation pending the decision of the military on the request of the civil officers to enforce the extreme penalty on the delinquents.

THE YANKEES.

As about two-thirds of the persons liable to pay this particular tax are "Yankees," it has been cruelly hinted that this was only another evidence of the difficulties intended to be thrown in their way by the members of the ex-Confederacy. "Yankees" are by no means welcome in any association composed entirely of southerners. They are looked upon as outsiders, are regarded with suspicion; and are generally given to understand that their presence in the community is only tolerated. They are perfectly legitimate subjects of commercial intercourse, if anything is to be made thereby; but in a short time *we* — *the south* — shall be prosperous enough to ship them all off. The war is over, and it will not be long before the good old-fashioned times will return to her. So think

the southern people. You need not believe this is an exaggeration of the sentiment. The Japanese sort of dislike against foreign intrusion is too unquestionable.

AN INCIDENT.

I heard of a case the other day of an old planter, a most violent rebel, who, having received a pardon, returned to his plantation and found it occupied under a lease from the United States as "abandoned lands." Although his property was ordered to be restored to him, yet this could not be done until the expiration of the present lease. At this the rebel waxed exceeding wroth, and heaped many curses on the head of the loyal and industrious lessee. The latter was also a southern man, who had not run away from the Union flag.

Many threats were made, the least of which was the entertaining prospect of "the post and pillory," which was held out by the pardoned individual as one of the treats with which it was intended the lessee (his old overseer) should be entertained. A charge of *larceny* was therefore trumped up, a willing local magistrate soon obtained, and the innocent farmer was thrust into jail to await his trial.

BUILDINGS FOR GOVERNMENT USE.

A result of the general restoration of property held by the United States is that the government turns so quickly from war to peace that it actually pays money to those that have been in rebellion against it. The government must have for its purposes a certain number of buildings, and most, if not all of them, are the property of rebels. Many of them are now receiving pardon and with it orders for the restoration of their property. Uncle Sam, therefore, vacates the buildings or pays high rents therefor. These rebels innocently demand this as a right, on the ground that whatever the government uses it should pay for. True enough. That, however, this expense and trouble to the United States of keeping troops and stores in their midst is caused solely by their rebellion, is a fact entirely lost sight of by these people. In Raleigh, with one or two exceptions, the government pays rents for every building or office occupied. The same is becoming the case here, and must continue generally throughout the South under the present generous policy at Washington. A good effect of this practice, however, is to increase in the South the circulation of the United States currency.

DISORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY.

A further reduction of the military establishment in this state, before its civil machinery is in operation, would result in much hardship and suffering among its people. Even with the present organization the protection from lawlessness in the country districts is very inadequate. Every man relies for his own safety and that of his property on the general disposition of his neighbors to allow peace to take the place of war. Troops cannot be everywhere; and away from the towns there is scarcely any government at all but the inefficient and limited powers of the "local police." Complaints by the white people of the idleness and insulting behavior of the negroes, and by the negroes of unjust treatment by the whites, and by both of the wrongs and depredations committed upon them by unprincipled characters, appear to furnish the principal part of the daily business of the various military officers.

NEWSPAPERS.

A few days ago the Wilmington *Journal,* an old secession newspaper, resumed its publications under its old management. To-day the *Despatch* appears, as the third daily now

issued here. From the capture of the city until this time the Wilmington *Herald* has had the track to itself.

IMMIGRATION.

The subject of immigration to the South having received so general attention throughout the country, and so much so as to cause the formation in New England of a society for the purpose of encouraging southern immigration, with Governor Andrew at its head, it is interesting to record that an association known as the "Green Swamp Company" has recently sold thirty thousand acres of land in this state to an emigration society north, with a proviso to the effect that the land sold must be subdivided into lots of one hundred acres each; and on these tracts families are expected to settle. A permanent increase of three hundred families to the producing population of the state is thus contracted for. This is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

XV.

THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.
[CONTINUED.]
NORTH CAROLINA.*

SOCIETY AND THE WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION — IMPORTANT MURDER TRIAL — THE NEGROES — SPEECHES OF GENERAL HOWARD.

Wilmington, N. C., October 19, 1865.— The important murder trial, recently reported in the Evening Post as about to take place here before a military commission is now in progress, and the prosecution has already closed. An unusual degree of importance has been given to this trial within the past few days, by a resolution before the State Convention, requesting President Johnson to remand the prisoners to Governor Holden for trial by civil authority. The persons accused are McGill, McMillan and one Wilkinson; the two former wealthy landowners of Bladen County, and now before the court. Wilkin-

* This chapter is a reprint of extracts as stated in note to preceding chapter.

son has just been arrested, and was probably a tool in the hands of his more influential associates.

The evidence, as thus far developed, goes to show the perpetration of one of the most brutal and wicked deeds ever committed by men of position in any community. The murdered man was one Sykes, who, although at one time forced to become a soldier in the rebel army, was, nevertheless, well disposed to the Union authorities, and during the war was so reputed among his neighbors. He was so far loyal as to have acted as guide to the United States forces, and his general loyalty was the only crime imputed to him. As may naturally be supposed, he was not a wealthy man, and lived either on the land or adjoining that of his alleged murderers. The men, McMillan and McGill — as it appeared in evidence — accompanied by Wilkinson, visited Sykes's house, armed, and with rope provided for the purpose of taking their victim into the woods to hang him. He was forcibly marched from his home and family; the party was afterwards tracked to a thick wood; thence away again, and then, after a long search, Sykes's body was found reclining against a tree, with the same rope around his neck, his legs broken, his side

punctured with holes, as if by a sharp instrument, and his body pounded to a jelly, as if by kicking.

The defence are trying to prove that these deeds were perpetrated by South Carolina cavalry; but have not yet succeeded. They also object to the jurisdiction of the court, principally on the ground that all the acts alleged were committed previous to the surrender of Johnston, and before the country was under the authority of the United States forces. They say if there was any crime committed it was by one citizen against another, and now, judges having been appointed, the case should lie over for trial until the civil courts are organized.

The case will doubtless be carried to Washington; and should the accused be convicted, strong pressure will be made for executive clemency in their behalf. This application bids fair to be assisted by such influence as may be afforded by the leading families of North Carolina.

SOCIETY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Interesting facts are daily thrown to the surface by the general revolution in affairs throughout the South. The violent shock to its social relations has torn off the mask of

pride, wealth and influence, and is exposing scenes of tyranny and corruption. In connection with the trial above mentioned, there have been some curious illustrations of the vassalage and serfdom of the South. The prestige of the landowners in the country remains the same; their influence is yet powerful; and those known as the "poor whites" are to-day as helpless as ever.

VISIT OF GENERAL HOWARD — HIS ADVICE TO BLACKS AND WHITES.

It is perhaps a little unfortunate for the African community that one cannot write from the South without saying something about the "everlasting negro." Yet it is excusable so long as four out of every five persons you meet in the street are black. In speaking of the affairs of the people, a very considerable proportion of attention must, therefore, be devoted to the freedmen.

General Howard's visit here has been a matter of general interest. On the morning of his arrival he was waited upon by most of the prominent citizens of Wilmington — white and black. Both requested him to address them, the mayor of the city speaking for the former. The General consented in both instances, and on the first evening ad-

dressed the white people upon their duty to the blacks; and the following night spoke to the latter upon their duties. His advice on both occasions was exceedingly plain and simple; substantially the same as he has given in similar addresses elsewhere.

THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU.

The General explained fully the purposes and operations of the Freedman's Bureau. He said it was not calculated to encourage idleness among the blacks, nor to uphold all the severe demands of the whites upon the colored people. But until the state should make provision for the mutual protection and advantage of each, according to the requirements of the new conditions of society, the bureau would supply the deficiency. He said, the purpose of the bureau was to ease the shock of war; explaining that the law which authorizes it limits its operations to within one year after the close of the rebellion. He said that as far as he had been able to learn the officers of the bureau were well received among the better class of southern people, who in many instances — when the objects of the bureau were correctly appreciated — had given his officers signal assistance in the discharge of their duties. He

had heard of few complaints against his agents, and he should attentively consider any which might be made hereafter.

He added, it was not the intention of the government, so far as he was aware from the personal assurances of those in authority, to maintain the bureau one moment longer than was absolutely necessary. He added, however, that unless the South in her public works manifested in good faith the disposition to provide suitable laws for and to protect the negro in his new relations as a freedman, it was not unlikely that the United States government would refuse to the sullen, negligent states the privileges of the Union. It was, indeed, quite possible that unless some guaranties to this effect were given the simple recognition of the fact of the abolition of slavery might not be held sufficient.

General Howard said that he was no politician; he was simply an officer of the government sworn to obey its orders; but he felt it his duty to speak plainly, and hoped that what he said would be kindly and considerately received. During his remarks he incidentally mentioned the circumstance that the law which authorizes the organization of a "bureau of refugees, freedmen and abandoned lands," named salaries for certain

officers under it, but failed to make any appropriation therefor. A clause, however, provided that military officers might be detailed if required in the bureau, hence the necessary adoption of the latter method in its organization, in order to secure the payment of salaries to its agents.

RESTORATION OF PROPERTY.

In regard to the restoration of property, he explained that the interest of all parties must be considered. Applications were frequently made by the alleged owners of abandoned lands for the immediate surrender of their property, while on it were hundreds of white or black refugees, who had been thrown there by the vicissitudes of war. What should be done with these people? They could not be disposed of in a minute. To remove them on the first application would only shift them daily from one place to another. The southern people, he thought, do not always think of all these difficulties. They should assist the government to dispose of them properly.

The General's address to the colored people took place on Sunday evening, in a large Methodist church, and his sable audience filled the edifice. After briefly explaining to them the nature of their rights as free men

and women, and the relations of the Freedman's Bureau towards them, he went on to advise them.

The right of suffrage, he told them, came last of all. The law would now give them the right to liberty and property, and education; and the right of suffrage might come soon and might not. However, this made no difference. There were other matters much more vital to which the colored people especially must first attend, and of high importance to their welfare.

XVI.

RECONSTRUCTION DIFFICULTIES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

MILITARY EMBARRASSMENTS — A CHAPTER OF OFFICIAL HISTORY — EXTRACTS FROM DEPARTMENT PAPERS.*

The Commander of the Department of South Carolina was asked to assist in the restoration to former owners of agricultural lands utilized during the war for military purposes for the support of refugees. A petition was filed and proceedings were had as indicated by the following papers:

THE PETITION.

CHARLESTON, DECEMBER 6TH, 1865.

Maj. Genl. Dan. E. Sickles, Comdg. District of South Carolina, Charleston. General — The

* By some accident papers were recently discovered that were not included in the War Department Published Volumes of Official Records. From them the following extracts are made, by way of illustrating tribulations and duties during the first part of the period of transition from military to civil authority in South Carolina.

undersigned, representing the landowners of Edisto Island, respectfully ask your consideration of the following statement of facts in reference to the existing condition of affairs on that Island, and the action of the Freedmen's Bureau in regard to the same; upon which you are respectfully requested to take such action as to you may seem fit and proper under the circumstances set forth.

Genl. Sherman, while in command of the Department including this State, by his special Field Order No. 15, set apart the Sea Islands on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, south of Charleston, for the use of certain refugees and freedmen. A copy of this order is hereto annexed, "A."*

Upon application made to the President for the restoration of these lands by the owners, half of whom at least were old men, women and children, who had taken no part in the war, he issued the following order to Genl. Howard, Comissr. of the "Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands," a copy of which is hereto appended, "B."

In pursuance of the said order Genl. Howard visited Edisto Island and, after investigation of the condition of affairs, agreed to restore the lands to the owners upon certain conditions embodied in his Special Field Order No. 1, "C," and in the "obligation" and "Instrument of

* It is also printed in this volume.

Restoration" hereto annexed, "D." He appointed Capt. A. P. Ketchum, 128 U. S. C. T., to effect the restoration on the conditions therein prescribed. This settlement was perfectly satisfactory to the landowners, who were and still are, not only willing, but anxious, to absorb the labor of the freedmen resident on their estates. The landowners selected at once a representative to sit on the Board of Supervisors constituted by the Special Field Order referred to above, "C." At the first meeting of this board a colored man appeared as the representative of the freedmen, and his claim to sit on the board was allowed and enforced by Capt. Ketchum, in spite of the terms of Genl. Howard's order directing that the board should be composed of the Agent of the Bureau and *two other citizens.* Mr. Whaley, the representative of the landowners, telegraphed to Genl. Howard for an official construction of the phrase "two other citizens," and he replied that he intended the board to be composed of *whites only.* Still the colored man continues a member of the board by the order of Capt. Ketchum.

General Howard's order contemplated the restoration of the lands in question as soon as contracts approved by the board thus constituted should be made; and the freedmen were required to enter into such contracts before the first of January, 1866, or else to leave the island. Captain Ketchum claims that if the freedmen refuse to contract at all, the entire plan of settlement is

thereby defeated and the whole matter must be referred back to General Howard at Washington for a decision. Time is all important to the landowners. If they do not effect their arrangements for labor at once, the crop of the ensuing year must be lost. The delay thus interposed was not contemplated by General Howard, and the factious spirit of opposition to accommodation by which it is dictated would not have been tolerated by him. It gives the freedmen in possession a veto upon all proceedings for adjustment whatsoever.

The landowners are willing and anxious to enter into fair, liberal and remunerative contracts with the freedmen, and have made efforts to this end. A copy of their proposals is hereto annexed, "E."

Up to the present time the freedmen have refused to contract on any terms whatsoever. They insist upon the absolute possession of the lands. The proposals have been rejected; and the question now is whether the owners who have done all within their power to effect a fair and equitable adjustment shall be restored to their estates or not. Not more than one-third (⅓) of the freedmen now on the island are of the number of those for whose benefit General Sherman's order was intended. The majority are settlers newly arrived from the interior.

All access to this island and others on the coast has hitherto been impracticable to the landowners on account of the hostile attitude

of the Freedmen. You have corrected this in regard to Edisto. This fact had long been known to the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, and they have declined to take any steps for its correction.

In the particular matter referred to in this communication the undersigned are forced to believe that the just and equitable settlement of General Howard is delayed and is in danger of being altogether defeated, and they therefore invite your investigation of the facts and such report or action thereon as you may think proper.

Very respectfully your Ob'd. Sv's.,

WILLIAM AIKEN,
WM. G. BAYNARD,
EDW. M. BAYNARD,
THOMAS A. BAYNARD,
HENRY SEABROOK,
JOSEPH W. SEABROOK,
J. JENKINS MITCHELL,
WM. M. MURRAY,
E. W. SEABROOK,
E. MITCHELL WHALEY,
I. EDWARD SEABROOK,
B. I. WHALEY.

[PAPER MARKED "A" ACCOMPANYING FOREGOING PETITION.]

Headquarters, Beaufort, S. C., April 22, 1865.

Circular No. 4.— It having been reported to me

that unauthorized persons are now settling on lands which have been reserved and set apart for the Freedmen, the following is published for the information and benefit of all concerned:

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI. IN THE FIELD, SAVANNAH, GA., JAN. 16, 1865.

Special Field Orders, No. 15.— I. The islands from Charleston South, the abandoned rice fields along the rivers for thirty miles back from the sea, and the country bordering the St. Johns River, Florida, are reserved and set apart for the settlement of the negroes now made free by the acts of war and the Proclamation of the President of the United States.

II. At Beaufort, Hilton Head, Savannah, Fernandina, St. Augustine and Jacksonville, the blacks may remain in their chosen or accustomed vocations; but on the islands and in the settlements hereafter to be established, no white person whatever, unless military officers and soldiers detailed for duty, will be permitted to reside; and the sole and exclusive management of affairs will be left to the freed people themselves, subject only to the United States military authority and the Acts of Congress. By the laws of war and orders of the President of the United States, the negro is *free,* and must be dealt with as such. He cannot be subjected to conscription or forced military service, save by the written orders of the highest military

authority of the Department. Under such regulations as the President or Congress may prescribe, domestic servants, blacksmiths, carpenters and other mechanics, will be free to select their own work and residence; but the young and able-bodied negroes must be encouraged to enlist as soldiers in the service of the United States, to contribute their share towards maintaining their own freedom and securing their rights as citizens of the United States. Negroes so enlisted will be organized into companies, battalions and regiments, under the orders of the United States military authorities, and will be paid, fed and clothed according to law. The bounties paid on enlistment may, with the consent of the recruit, go to assist his family and settlement in procuring agricultural implements, seeds, tools, boats, clothing and other articles necessary for their livelihood.

III. Whenever three respectable negroes, heads of families, shall desire to settle on land, and shall have selected for that purpose an island or a locality clearly defined, within the limits above designated, the Inspector of Settlements and Plantations will himself, or by such subordinate officer as he may appoint, give them a license to settle such island or district, and afford them such assistance as he can, to enable them to establish a peaceable agricultural settlement. The three parties named will subdivide the land, under the supervision of the Inspector among themselves, and such others

as may choose to settle near them, so that each family shall have a plot of not more than forty (40) acres of tillable ground, and when it borders on some water channel, with not more than eight hundred feet front, in the possession of which land the military authorities will afford them protection until such time as they can protect themselves, or until Congress shall regulate their title. The Quartermaster may, on the requisition of the Inspector of Settlements and Plantations, place at the disposal of the Inspector one or more of the captured steamers, to ply between the settlements and one or more of the commercial points heretofore named in Orders, to afford the settlers the opportunity to supply their necessary wants, and to sell the products of their land and labor.

IV. Whenever a negro has enlisted in the military service of the United States, he may locate his family in any one of the settlements at pleasure, and acquire a homestead and all other rights and privileges of a settler, as though present in person. In like manner negroes may settle their families and engage on board the gun-boats, or in fishing, or in the navigation of the inland waters, without losing any claim to land or other advantages derived from this system. But no one, unless an actual settler as above defined, or unless absent on Government service, will be entitled to claim any right to land or property in any settlement, by virtue of these orders.

V. In order to carry out this system of settlement, a General Officer will be detailed as Inspector of Settlements and Plantations, whose duty it shall be to visit the settlements, to regulate their police and general management, and who will furnish personally to each head of a family, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, a possessory title in writing, giving as near as possible the description of boundaries, and who shall adjust all claims or conflicts that may arise under the same, subject to the like approval, treating such titles altogether as possessory. The same General Officer will also be charged with the enlistment and organization of the negro recruits, and protecting their interests while so absent from their settlements, and will be governed by the Rules and Regulations prescribed by the War Department for such purpose.

VI. Brigadier-General R. Saxton is hereby appointed Inspector of Settlements and Plantations, and will at once enter on the performance of his duties. No change is intended or desired in the settlement now on Beaufort Island, nor will any rights to property heretofore acquired be affected thereby.

By order of Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman.

L. M. Dayton, Major and Assistant Adjutant General.

Having been detailed by the proper authority, and being held responsible for the enforcement of this Order, I hereby warn all persons against violating any of its provisions, as all such will be held to the strictest accountability for trespass; their effects will be seized for the benefit of the freedmen, and themselves sent out of the Department, or otherwise punished by sentence of a Military Commission. All Superintendents of Plantations, Islands, etc., and all officers or other persons on duty in connection with the freedmen, are required to bring to the immediate notice of the Inspector of Settlements any violation of the provisions of this Order.

Superintendents of Islands and Plantations will cause copies of this circular to be posted up in conspicuous positions, and take every opportunity to inform those concerned in its existence.

Thirty days will be allowed for the proper circulation of its contents, and all who fail to vacate premises which are occupied by them, contrary to and in violation of the provisions of General Sherman's Order No. 15, will be at once arrested. Should it be necessary to employ military force to carry out the provisions of this circular, application will at once be made to me for such force. R. SAXTON, Brevet Major General, Inspector of Settlements and Plantations.

[PAPER MARKED "B" ACCOMPANYING FOREGOING PETITION.]

WAR DEPARTMENT. ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 9TH, 1865.

General Orders, No. 145.—Whereas, certain tracts of land, situated on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, at the time for the most part vacant, were set apart by Major-General W. T. Sherman's Special Field Order, No. 15, for the benefit of refugees and freedmen that had been congregated by the operations of war, or had been left to take care of themselves by their former owners; and whereas, an expectation was thereby created that they would be able to retain possession of said lands; and whereas, a large number of the former owners are earnestly soliciting the restoration of the same and promising to absorb the labor and care for the freedmen —

It is Ordered, That Major General Howard, Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands, proceed to the several above named States and endeavor to effect an arrangement mutually satisfactory to the freedmen and the landowners, and make report.

And, in case a mutually satisfactory arrangement can be effected, he is duly empowered and directed to issue such orders as may become

necessary, after a full and careful investigation of the interests of the parties concerned.

By order of the President of the United States.

(Signed) E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

REPORTS BY H. E. TREMAIN, OF INVESTIGATIONS MADE UNDER FOREGOING PETITION.

FIRST REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, CHARLESTON, S. C., DEC. 19TH, 1865.

General. — Pursuant to your instructions to investigate and to report upon the petition of certain pardoned owners of land on Edisto Islands presented for your consideration of their claims to their former estates, and their complaints against the factious spirit of opposition to accommodation which it is alleged has dictated the course of the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau towards them, I have the honor to submit that in making this investigation it has been my endeavor to act strictly judicially, and not by their antecedents to be prejudiced against the planters, nor to allow the serious allegations against

the faithfulness of officers commissioned in the United States service to operate to the prejudice of the Freedmen's Bureau.

A complete investigation required that the subject be considered *first* as between the planters and the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands; and *second,* as between the planters and the Freedmen resident.

I.

I find the petition handed me by yourself to be an abridgment of one previously prepared but deemed too lengthy to present to you. It is much fuller and states as the planters believe all the case they can now present.

Finding at the outset that the allegations of certain agreements between General Howard and the petitioners were not supported by sufficient evidence, I addressed a letter to Captain Ketchum (copy appended marked "I"), asking to be informed upon points named therein.

His reply is herewith presented (marked "II"); and it must be added that Captain Ketchum voluntarily invited my inspection of all the documents on file in his office which I might wish to consult in this investigation,

and desired me to express to General Sickles his gratification at being able to lay the whole matter fully and frankly before him. He hopes he may be called upon in future whenever he can furnish information, or aid him in the public service.

All evidence required to support or to controvert any doubtful assertions of the petitioners I have obtained.

1. The petitioners claim that under orders from the President, General Howard visited Edisto, and agreed to restore upon conditions embodied in his Field Order and obligation (appended with "petition" marked "D"), and appointed Captain Ketchum to effect the restoration accordingly.

This point is cleared up by Captain Ketchum's reply to my communication (appended marked "II"). The petitioners, however, have not stated the fact that General Howard's visit and his instructions issued while here regarding restoration, all assumed that an agreement could be made with the Freedmen by their former owners. General Howard writes ("Letter of instructions to Captain Ketchum"): "The owners agreed in their petition to the President to absorb the labor so as not to occasion the removal of any of the people." All agreements of the

Bureau to restore assume this fact, and when it does not appear, under existing orders, General Howard's representatives are powerless to restore. The labor must be absorbed prior to the order of restoration. If not, the agent here is without authority and can only report the case again to his superiors and await further instructions. All action thus far on the subject, I am assured, has been promptly reported to General Howard.

2. The planters assert their willingness and anxiety to absorb the labor, but thus far they have not succeeded, which fact they allege is due to the "pernicious influence" exerted upon the freedmen to prevent them from making contracts. This allegation is supported only by an original copy of propositions submitted for the consideration of the Board of Supervisors by Captain Ketchum, wherein the board is requested to consider among various questions, the subject of the freedmen's leasing and buying lands, and if so upon what terms. This proposition — specially complained of — at the most was merely presented to the board for consideration. Instead of operating to prevent the negroes from contracting, their representative on the board agreed not to consult for the present with his constituencies upon this

point and he has not yet done so. However, the orders of General Howard, so far from prohibiting in letter or spirit any such expectation on the part of the freedmen, direct Captain Ketchum to make *any kind of contracts,* and expressly order him to ascertain how leases can be made and — if contracts for service cannot be arranged — to execute if possible, *leases* for the freedmen from the former owner. The purchase of the lands by the freedmen is also one of the modes of settlement in contemplation by General Howard, and comes appropriately before the Board of Supervisors appointed to aid in making contracts.

3. Your petitioners claim that freedmen are required to enter into "contracts before the first of January, 1866, or else to leave the island." So far from this being the fact, "the orders of the Secretary of War require that the freedmen shall not be disturbed in the possession of their homes for the present" (Letter of instructions from General Howard). The Secretary of War telegraphed to General Howard when here: "I do not understand that your orders require you to disturb the freedmen in their possession at present, but only to ascertain whether a just and mutual agreement can be made between

the pardoned owners and the freedmen, and if it can, then to carry it into effect." General Howard left here with the impression that such an agreement can be made; no orders have yet been issued to meet the case where mutual agreements are impossible.

4. A leading item of complaint by the petitioners is the appointment to the Board of Supervisors for Edisto of a colored man. Subsequent to this appointment General Howard's telegrams indicated it to be his original intention that the board should be composed of white men.

At first there was no expression of this character and Captain Ketchum was not aware of this intention of General Howard until after the board was formed. He then applied to know whether he should "direct the freedmen to make another choice." He has not yet been authorized to do so. In boards, however, constituted since the intention of General Howard became known to him, Captain Ketchum has carried out these wishes and white men only have comprised the boards.

In view of these facts I am unable to obtain a justification for the serious allegations of the petitioners against the faithfulness and integrity of the officer appointed by General

Howard to represent him in this business of restoration. Neither have I found ground for asserting, as alleged, that any "just or equitable settlement of General Howard is delayed" by his action. Had Captain Ketchum done more or less his orders would have rendered him liable to an impeachment of his official character.

The real trouble is the freedmen will not make agreements with these gentlemen; and believing, as the negroes do, that assistance may possibly be afforded by the United States securing to them in some manner the continued possession of the lands in question, it is not unnatural that they should for the present refuse to contract with parties, who — as the negroes believe — have no claim against them. Under existing orders, if the freedmen and pardoned owners agree, restoration follows; if they do not agree, restoration is in abeyance. The consideration therefore remaining is: Can an agreement be effected?

Submitting these results of my investigation of the case as between the petitioners and the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and with your permission delaying a report on the subject as between the planters and the freedmen until after a personal visit to the

lands in question, I have the honor to remain very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. EDWIN TREMAIN,
Bvt. Colonel and A. D. C.

To MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES,
Comdg. Department.

TREMAIN'S SECOND REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, DEC. 27TH, 1865.

General.— Continuing the report of my investigation — having shown the existing relations between the former owners, and the officers of the Bureau of R. F. and A. L.*— the cause as between the *planters* and *freedmen* remains to be considered.

II.

The only obstacle impeding an immediate and satisfactory restoration of the lands in question, being suitable provision for the future of the freedmen, I visited Edisto and other islands in company with Captain Ketchum — of General Howard's staff — and a deputation of planters, with a view to

* *Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands.*

ascertain why this difficulty could not be removed; and why some *agreement* might not be determined upon by which the pardoned owners would receive the services of the resident negroes, and the latter a just and remunerative compensation.

For the purposes of restoration under existing instructions, the lands of the sea islands may be considered in three classes:

1st. *Unoccupied plantations.* 2nd. *Those occupied by only a few freedmen.* 3rd. *Estates in which there are now residing a full or more than a full complement of freed laborers.*

1st. In regard to the first class there is, according to orders very recently received, no difficulty in the way of an immediate restoration to the party entitled, except that of obtaining the necessary evidence of title and of unoccupation. 2nd. In regard to the second class (in addition to the requirements of evidence as in the first class) under a late order from General Howard to Captain Ketchum there is now no further delay in restoration than is necessary in each case to provide the few resident freedmen with "homes or employment" elsewhere. In this work the Supervisory Board is directed to assist. 3rd. As to the third class — *i. e.,*

of lands fully occupied — the serious difficulty preventing an immediate restoration, relates to the absorption by the pardoned owners of the labor of freedmen now residing on their estates.

THE DIFFICULTY CONSIDERED.

Having promised the President in their petition to him for restoration that they would absorb this labor, heretofore the owners have sought to do so by arranging a contract for service by the year in consideration of wages or a share of the crop. Various propositions have been submitted to the board of supervisors, among which are those hereunto appended (Marked "III"), but not deemed fair to the freedmen by their representative in the board unless the changes were made as indicated in pencil thereon, and to these changes the planters have consented. But these propositions were not favorably received by the freedmen, who absolutely refused to make simple contracts for service *with their former masters.* The colored people fail to appreciate this style of agreements, finding therein little hope for the future; and they choose to consider the effect of this class of contracts as a practical return to slavery.

General Howard's instructions, however, contemplating leases, or an agreement of any kind in behalf of the freedmen, the pardoned owners were asked if they were willing to *lease* their lands to the freedmen; if so at what rates; and again if they would *sell;* if so, on what terms. The representative of the freedmen was also asked if the latter would hire or purchase when an opportunity was offered. The pardoned owners, however, as far as I can learn, in the first instance would consider no proposition looking to *hire* or *purchase.* Holding then, the unwillingness of the freedmen to contract, the legal adviser of a large number of Edisto planters (Mr. Wm. Whaley) repaired to Washington, obtained an interview with the President, in company with General Howard; and — as the gentleman informs me — returned with the expressed intention of the President to restore immediately in case the freedmen were unwilling to contract or to lease. On the part of the planters, therefore, the avowed purpose of their visit with me to Edisto, was to embrace the opportunity to learn the sentiment of the negroes, as to whether the latter *would contract* or *lease.* I have inferred also — justly it is believed — from the general tenor of their conversation, that

the planters would feel quite satisfied to be able to show the unwillingness of the freedmen to do either.

The pardoned owners proposed that a meeting of the freedmen should be called, and that the latter should be informed that the government required them to contract before a specified time or else to leave the island. I objected to calling a meeting, on the ground that if any planter wished to learn the disposition towards him of the freedmen then resident on his estate, or their unwillingness to contract, he should *converse* with them; that the two parties to the proposed agreement should meet with a fair opportunity to exchange views. I urged that, with negroes especially, a forceful character might lead a *meeting* to an expression of sentiment not in consonance with the interests or desires of either freedmen or planters. I advised the latter to visit their individual estates and to attempt an agreement of some kind with the resident negroes there; offering the presence of officers to assist them whenever practicable. The planters were further informed that I was not authorized to tell the freedmen that the government *required* them to make contracts with the landowners before any specified time, or else to leave the island.

That part of Edisto visited the first day afforded evidence of but little cultivation during the past year, and few freedmen were seen. Learning, before starting for a ride in other directions the next morning (and in all we traversed about one-third of the island), that it was customary for the freedmen to hold weekly a public meeting on Saturday, it was deemed advisable for the party to attend. The lands visited on this day, however, were more thickly populated, and on some of the plantations fair crops had been raised during the past season. In many places, too, farming utensils and animals had been procured by the freedmen.

The meetings just spoken of, it appeared, are held for purposes of general interest, being usually attended by adult males. When our party entered, the meeting had been in progress an hour or two, but continued orderly and attentive two hours longer, presided over by one of their own number.

Captain Ketchum explained to the freedmen the object of the present visit; that it was their duty to be considerate and respectful with all persons having dealings with them; that the planters present wished to confer with them on matters of great interest to both; and while the government demanded

that the colored people should be treated like men, they must reciprocate in their treatment of their former masters. He advised them to be business-like and patient in dealing with their old owners; and in expressions and conduct not to be carried away by personal prejudice. He urged each one to be guided by his individual judgment, and not to be led astray by any of their number who might claim to be leaders.

He presented me, and after a few remarks I advised them that the desire of the government, as well apparently as their own interests, indicated that they should make agreements with the planters. At least a mutual understanding must be concluded. By taking votes I learned that of those present the number who hold land certificates from Brevet Major-General Saxton was 92; number who held none, 88. (Two or three of these certificates are held by men who never were slaves.) The number of old residents present was 79; number of newcomers (since the beginning of war) 116. The meeting was not as well attended as usual, probably on account of the unfavorable weather. I told them that their enemies had said that they did not wish to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow," and I wanted to

know who proposed to work, and who did not! The count was unanimous; all expected to work for a living.

With thanks for their attention I introduced Mr. Wm. Whaley of the Charleston bar, and a landowner on Edisto, who spoke in excellent and considerate terms. He was listened to with deep interest. He told the colored people that the planters wanted labor and were willing to do anything for the freedmen that was fair and reasonable, either in arranging contracts or leases; all agreements to be for a year. He advised the freedmen for their own interests, to agree upon terms with their former owners, who had unquestionable titles to the lands, and would soon return.

I then asked the chairman to allow some of their own leading speakers to give their opinions, or their views in a few brief remarks. Some half a dozen colored men embraced the opportunity. Before the meeting closed I asked that a committee be selected to meet the planters with me in the evening. A general committee had previously been organized by advice of Major-General Howard, who had visited Edisto; and before calling upon us in the evening, this committee held a session to listen to any views the freedmen

present had to suggest. The public meeting was adjourned by singing a hymn.

The general tenor of the remarks of the colored speakers indicated a desire on the part of their people to secure for themselves *a home.* They wished to *own lands,* and to have some security for this result before working again under their former masters. If the government had no lands to sell them on Edisto, it had elsewhere. They wanted to build *a home* somewhere; then they could work whenever it might be to their best advantage. All concurred in the opposition to the year contract system.

On the plantations I found the negroes much more tractable than when *en masse.* I conversed with many, and was present while the planters did the same. To the latter the colored people affected great reserve, and were with difficulty induced to give their sentiments. The interviews, however, led me to believe that on many plantations the freedmen *would lease;* but at what rates they could not yet suggest, as heretofore the owners had absolutely refused to lease. In other cases *some* were ready to work for wages. It is more judicious to deal with the freedmen individually in attempting agreements for service. I think it but just to say that in

most instances heretofore the planters have not made fair efforts to effect a mutual understanding with the resident freedmen. Hence the delay in restoration complained of by your petitioners.

In the evening the general committee already mentioned met the planters at headquarters. This committee is not purely a representative body, two of its leading members never having been slaves; and the others formerly residents on the neighboring main land or adjacent islands. Nevertheless I feel assured that the sentiments spoken by them are at the present time quite general among the islanders.

I requested their chairman, after explaining the nature of the organization, to reply — at least in the name of the committee — to the propositions of the landowners, as made before the public meeting at the church. The planters were present to learn — as far as this interview could show — the purposes of the freedmen now occupying their estates.

Mr. Bram spoke for the committee (comprising Henry Bram, F. C. Desvanny, F. Sampson, Ishmael Moultrie, R. Tolbert and Ned Murray. The first two named never had been slaves). He said it was the desire of the freedmen to acquire land. The colored peo-

ple thought no step could better secure their liberty. Their friends had so advised, and among them Secretary Stanton in an address at Savannah, Ga. At any rate this was what they wanted. They would rather obtain lands near their old homes, than far away! Yet, if this was not possible they would try elsewhere. The government had lands upon which they might settle under the Homestead Law, and it was thought they could find some in Florida. They did not expect to acquire at once large possessions; but each one wished a little plot of ground that he could call his own. He wanted a home for his family from which no one would have a right to eject him, and in the possession of which he would be secured by the laws of the land. The people or nearly all of them had a little money, and wished to buy. They therefore answered the planters with a proposition, that the *latter should sell to the freedmen, or to each head of a family, a plot of ground from one to five* acres in size, as might be determined upon by direct agreement or by the decree of the Supervisory Board. For this the freedmen were willing to pay a reasonable price.

The planters wished to know what was a reasonable price. The committee was not

prepared to answer unless the tax valuation was taken as the estimate. The owners promptly objected to this estimation, which was only for tax purposes, and was not regarded in a sale. Captain Ketchum remarked that in the discharge of his official duties he had observed that in many instances gentlemen had ascertained the value of their estates not to exceed $20,000, and had excluded themselves from the exceptions of the President's amnesty by evidence taken from tax valuations; and this basis of estimate, therefore, might not be always inappropriate.

Summing up the propositions I enquired if the freedmen were willing to make agreements for service with their former masters in case the latter would consent to a sale of a small plot of ground,— say from one-half to five acres?

It was replied, that if the planters would sell them *even one acre,* they would then make agreements for service. I presented these views to the planters, and Mr. Whaley, their representative, replied that he was not authorized to consider them. His instructions contemplated only *contracts* or *leases.* He had nothing to say on the subject of sales.

The other gentlemen when asked if they

had any reply to offer, simply assented to Mr. Whaley's answer.

In brief, the results of the interview were: on the part of the planters a proposition to contract with or to lease to the freedmen; and on the part of the latter an unwillingness to work for the former owners without a prospect of gaining title to a small plot of land, which the planters were asked to sell, and to which request no reply was yet prepared.

Neither party having any further suggestions to offer, the meeting was adjourned. I advised the negroes, however, that in considering the contract system they must not expect employers to hire by the week or month and risk the chance of losing their laborers at a season of the year when most required. They had no right to *demand* short contracts. Perfect good feeling prevailed during all the interviews, and excellent results must follow from the free interchange of sentiment among all parties during the visit.

Among the facts of special interest at this time on Edisto, the constant change in its population should be noted. Negroes are daily arriving and departing. Old residents of the island are returning from the interior, and newcomers wish to remove to their old

homes. As long as the feeling of local attachment, so strong with the negroes, is thus indulged, the tone of sentiment on the island can never be healthful. The future seems unsettled and uncertain, and the freedmen prefer to avoid binding themselves by contracts, and to await opportunities apparently more favorable. The shrewdness, individuality, and intelligence of many of the most ordinary plantation negroes was quite surprising.

I am inclined to think, also, that at this time there are not as many freedmen resident on Edisto as the census exhibits. Under the direction of the B. R. F. & A. L.* a census was taken in August last showing the number of families (adults and children), number of acres then under cultivation, and the growing crops. This exhibits the fact that there were then on the island (including Jehessee, Fenwicks, Baileys, Edisto and Little Edisto islands adjacent) 1,000 families.

No. of infirm (both sexes)..... 125
No. of children (both sexes).....1,400
No. of adults (including infirm)..3,900
Aggregate population 5,300
No. of plantations on the islands.. 66

* "B. R. F. & A. L." is for "Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands."

The total number of "forty-acre allotments" (made by issue of a certificate, copy appended, marked "IV"), 367. No certificates have been issued since General Howard's visit in October last.

Since the census was taken, however, it is evident that the population has decreased. The records show that over 500 have arrived, and the resident agent thinks that over 1,000 have departed. The number is certainly 1,000, probably greater.

In view of the unsettled status under existing orders of those freedmen now arriving on the island (for the travelling still continues), and the unfortunate state of public feeling among the inhabitants caused thereby, I respectfully recommend that no more freedmen be sent to the islands except under agreements with the landowners, or other parties there resident; and that another census be taken. Some measure of this character is necessary to encourage thrift, and to discourage vagrancy.

The amount of commissary stores supplied to Edisto is small, when compared with the number of persons to whom issues are made. Full rations are not distributed, and only staple articles are received from the department. The dependents on the island, accord-

ing to the records of the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau in charge, were as follows:

October, '65 —		
Men	150	
Women	200	
Children, male	160	
Children, females	150	
Total	——	660
Infirm men	75	
Infirm women	50	
Orphans	20	
Total	——	145
October, aggregate dependents		805

During the months of November and December, in about the same proportion, the aggregate number of dependents was 810. The average number of rations issued per day, however, has been during this time only about 500.

Recurring to the absorption of the labor of the freedmen, it is to be remarked that a serious obstacle in the arrangement of contracts for service rests in the fact that General Howard's obligation to be executed contemporaneously with the order of restoration (annexed with petition and marked ——) contemplates that all agreements *shall be for one year.* The planters are unwilling to trust

the freedmen on shorter terms, fearful of losing their services at a season when they are most essential. This risk, however, might be lessened by holding back a portion of the wages until the end of the term; which in some instances has been proposed. The freedmen, on the other hand, have no confidence in the promises of their former masters, and they are unwilling to bind themselves for so long a period. If this mutual distrust continues, shorter contracts might be more desirable; risking the further regulation of labor by the ordinary laws of supply and demand. This feeling on the part of the freedmen is not so strong against the "Yankees"; Northern employers experiencing much less difficulty in arranging contracts for service.

It should be stated here that a number of capitalists at the North have offered to advance funds for the working of the plantations on Edisto as soon as restoration is complete, and the planters can show a clean title. The terms of this proposition embrace, as security for the loans, mortgages of the estates, not to exceed one-third of their value; said value to be determined by agents selected by each party, and to pay these agents as well as other contingent expenses, the capitalists are also to have one-tenth of the net

proceeds of the crop. It would appear, therefore, that immediately on restoration, there is money ready to work the mines of wealth, idle as long as the sea islands are uncultivated.

I regret that these observations concerning the investigation ordered have appeared at such great length. The purpose was to be thorough. In order to afford the planters every possible facility in taking the steps preliminary to a restoration, and to give them every opportunity to present to the government any obstacle which it was claimed stood in their path, the visit was prolonged a day at their request, and this at no little sacrifice of personal and official duties, on the part of the officers of the Freedman's Bureau accompanying us.

In conclusion I beg to submit that since the permission and protection granted to white men to visit the sea islands, there do not appear to be any causes of delay, or unnecessary difficulties placed before pardoned owners to impede the restoration of their estates. There is no evidence of a continued and persistent effort on the part of the owners to comply with the conditions presented. The want of a fair and faithful exertion to arrange agreements, and a pure purpose to

arrive at a *mutual understanding* with the freedmen, must remain the true cause of complaint. The present visit has helped to remove it; and I am unable to refuse the impression that had it been the last instead of the first serious endeavor on the part of the owners to *agree* with the freedmen, affairs on Edisto Island would be this time have assumed a more settled aspect.

I have the honor to remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. EDWIN TREMAIN,
Brvt. Col. & A. D. C.

To Maj. Gen. D. E. Sickles,
Comd'g Dept. of So. Ca.

XVII.

1866.

A SCENE IN CHARLESTON.

TYPICAL REFLECTIONS.— SIGNIFICANT RUINS.

Charleston, South Carolina, Feb. —, 1866.

* * * Complacently enjoying a comfortable breakfast last New Year's Day here in Charleston, South Carolina, I was startled by the unusual sound of martial music. Rushing to the steps of my hotel I saw marching up the street what appeared to be a civic parade. Enquiring the occasion of it, an apathetic-looking native, who was lounging listlessly on the porch, sullenly vouchsafed to me the unsatisfactory information that the "niggers were getting up something."

Addressing my enquiries then in a more pointed manner to a jubilant Ethiopian who stood at a respectful distance I learned that the Anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation was being celebrated. Then with

deeper interest I observed the bearing, manners, deportment, countenances, address, arrangements, and general appearance of the entire procession.

Except among men of war I had not seen so large a body of respectability assembled in the South since Lee and his friends at Appomattox were politely invited to "go home." Nor yet could I appreciate in this marching congregation of intelligence and manhood — which was by no means concealed behind the dark physiognomy of the well-dressed men and boys who composed it, and the faultless demeanor of the colored fair who followed *en masse* — any such immediate or remote danger to society, or to the state, as to incite the remark which struck my ears from a gentle representative of the "F. F." South Carolinian who was passing, and said: "That no good would come of this,— no good would come of this."

But if "no good" did come of it, which is a doubtful proposition, certainly no harm was ever known to come out of this innocent demonstration.

More than five thousand persons marched out beyond the city to the "Race Course"; — a spot made famous as one of the fields where "Yankee" prisoners had in times gone

by been cruelly confined. There this immense crowd partook, or sought to partake, of the feast of one roasted ox, which was the "barbecue,"— provided by Uncle Sam.

Speeches were made, imaginary toasts drank to glowing sentiments of truth and good sense, and the Emancipation Proclamation was for the first time celebrated where once had been the cradle of the rebellion. Without a single disturbance of any character to mar the harmony of the day these re-animated "chattels" quietly dispersed, and unobtrusively returned to their humble homes.

Of course this little occurrence of New Year's Day was merely an episode; an unimportant item in the commercial, social or political life of the reviving city. To its people it symbolized no great fact in history; it betokened no good, but rather evil, signifying if anything, indeed, an alarming symptom for the future; and, judged by the daily papers of the next morning, scarcely worth an honorable mention; — that is to say, from a Charlestonian point of view.

In fact, however, more than half the population of the city were interested; and all these people were celebrating the triumphs of Union armies, and the realization of peace and freedom.

It was, too, the beginning of a year of new experiences, new hopes, and new fears; yes, it signified the opening up to millions of a new life; — a life requiring patience, instruction and guidance, and full of possibilities for good and for evil, for wealth, and power, and for progress or dismay. A stranger could not fail to be impressed.

Nor was this impression by any means removed when chance that same evening led me through the wasted ruins of what was once the busiest and most prosperous portion of the city. There the hand of material fact, and not the wanderings of fancy, pictured in unmistakable outlines a sort of allegorical reality of the beginning and the end, the cause, the progress, and the final results of the great war of the rebellion.

Not by the successes of Union commanders, but rather in spite of their efforts, quite early in the war, and as if to scourge that people who had first drawn the sword in fratricidal conflict, Providence had afflicted this Sodom with fire, so violently that, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, the element had swept its destructive trail across the most populous and wealthy portion of the city. Even now are vague stories afloat of highway crimes committed by desperadoes concealed behind the

tottering walls of these extensive ruins, through which no stroller would pass without instructive awe.

But my companion was a "Yankee," and given to the consideration and acceptance of historic facts. He was neither romancing about the past, nor speculating as to the future. Halting before the lofty walls and stunted "tower" of what appeared to have been once a church, he soliloquized: "I wonder what fine old building that was."

"This is what is known as the 'Circular Church,' and was once a place of high repute among Charlestonians"; was scarcely replied ere he broke out again with:

"Heigh-ho! This next building, *whatever* it was, has been p-r-e-t-t-y w-e-l-l u-s-e-d u-p"; and then for a moment the moon peeped from behind a cloud, and glimmered through the places where once were windows of the ruined church, and measured its shining rays upon the vacant lot adjoining. "See," continued my friend, "there is only one little piece of a wall left standing. It must have been quite an affair too; a public building, perhaps? But the grass seems to have flourished this past year in the middle of it — there?"

"True; yes, you are right. Not very bad

at guessing, either! Here was once the building made famous by 'conventions,' and where, too, was passed without dissenting voice the first so-called ordinance of secession! The place now looks as though secession was played out, eh?"

"Stop," he interrupted; "listen! What's that?" As he spoke the wild moaning of the midnight songster(?) fell upon our ears as it descended from the ruins of the church tower above.

A solitary passer-by came stumbling along and disturbed our reflections. Impulsively I enquired of him: "Can you tell me, sir, what 'bird' that is, singing up there?" The cry continued, and was now unmistakable. So the stranger started on with a gruff and careless "Don't know."

It was rather a grim query then and there thus to propound to the chivalry. Nevertheless my companion was now inclined to be facetious; and he proposed that we should wait for the next wayfarer. He, too, chanced to be of Caucasian blood. As if appreciating "the situation" he listened for a moment at our inquisitive request, and quickly moved on with a rather sullen "Don't stop a man this time of night with silly questions." The

representation of the "lost cause" was too vivid.

The next comer approached, whistling very much as a boy does in a church-yard. "Ah! Here comes a man that will tell us more about that '*bird*,'" whispers my companion; and immediately he drawls out: "See here, stranger, what *bird* is that up there crowing around here this time of night?"

"Ge-hee! Guess dat ain't no crow!"

"What is it, then?"

"Don't you know? Ghee-hee-gh! Dat ar — hee! hee!-gh! Dat? — Dat's *a owl!* Hee-he-hee!!!" and thereupon Sambo shuffled by, apparently happy with the consciousness of having informed some strangers that the night-owl was singing over Secession Hall. The inference was not difficult, that the old hall had "come down" as completely as the Confederacy had "gone up."

So we resumed our stroll. In a few moments a chime of voices broke upon us from a distant quarter; and the ruined walls of this "burnt district" (as it is called) were echoing a graceful chorus. Soon a group of hilarious freedmen approached and passed on the opposite sidewalk. Their voices harmoniously blended in the joyful refrain to which their shuffling feet kept step, as inno-

cently but oh! how significantly was sung:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground —
As we go marching on!"

Here a five years' war was typified — in miniature. The little photograph was perfect.

The utter annihilation of Secession Hall; the midnight owl, rejoicing over the ruins; the blocks of devastated structures; the old walls up, and the old walls down, looming from street to street across this unhappy city; the joyous and unrestrained chorus of emancipated slaves: — this seemed a picture, not an allegory, typifying cause and effect; the beginning and the end; the devastation, and the irrevocable consequences of a thousand battles.

Yet this is but an incident. Perhaps history did not after all so aptly photograph itself. So, repress your imagination, and suppress your romance, while we take a peep at some South Carolina facts presuming that in due time they will assume their proper place in history. * * *

H. E. T.

1895.

EXCURSION TO HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, HIS LIFE AND SERVICES.

Joseph Hooker

XVIII.

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER,

HIS LIFE AND SERVICES.

There has been erected recently near the State House at Boston, Massachusetts, an equestrian statue of Major General Joseph Hooker, in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature of that State, which made a liberal appropriation for that purpose.

The movement for this statue was initiated and carried forward by the surviving military associates of General Hooker, who begun it by presenting on May 7th, 1895, to the town of Hadley, Mass., his birthplace, an oil painting of the general. This ceremony occurred at the annual reunion of the Third Army Corps Union, and was attended with extensive literary and other exercises. Many papers were presented * that furnished the lit-

* These papers included an address of welcome by Mr. O. W. Prouty, chairman of the Hadley Board of Selectmen; the response by Major William Plimley, president of the Third Army Corps Union; an extended address by Major-General Daniel E. Sickles on

erature by which the movement for the statue was successfully carried to its conclusion.

The memorable occasion was widely described in the newspaper press, and reports of the addresses appeared in the Boston and Northampton and Springfield and other New England dailies of May 7th and May 8th, 1895.

The following report of one of these addresses is taken from the Springfield Republican of May 8th, 1895:

HOOKER AS A SOLDIER.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF HIS PART IN THE GREAT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR BY GENERAL H. E. TREMAIN.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Comrades:—Lend me, I pray you, your patience and forbearance while I strive in my feeble way for a few moments to voice the affection and esteem of the veterans present for the great soldier at whose birthplace we are assembled.

Hooker's life and character; an address upon Hooker's early career by Dr. Franklin Bonney in accepting the portrait; and the paper of General Tremain here reproduced. All these proceedings were likewise reported in same issue of "The Springfield Republican."

Among the many distinguished names in every walk of life that adorn the historic roll of honor of the noble Bay state, Massachusetts never furnished the nation with any more honorable and self-sacrificing patriot than Joseph Hooker.

As no other state may dispute with Massachusetts the fortune of his nativity, so may no other state excel this commonwealth in the tribute of her generations to his worthy and brilliant career.

HOOKER'S ANCESTRY.

Born in this selected haven of religious and intellectual independence, nurtured among all the traditions and historic associations belonging to the early settlement of this Connecticut valley, coming from a lineage of patriotic service in the American Revolution, what more natural than that General Hooker should have been the earnest, sincere and unselfish man that you, my comrades, better than all others, well knew him to be.

His father, Joseph Hooker, of Greenwich, of Enfield, and then of Hadley, was a son of Captain Joseph Hooker, of Greenwich, who, as early as April 20, 1775, joined the continental forces at the Lexington alarm as a

militia officer in Colonel Ruggles Woodbridge's regiment.

Later in the same year this grandfather of our general served at the siege of Boston as first lieutenant in Elijah Dwight's company of the same regiment.

His name appears again in service for three months in 1776 as captain of Second Company of Fourth Hampshire Regiment, and again for a three-and-a-half months' service in Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Williams' Regiment, and a few months later (Aug. 13, 1777, to Nov. 30, 1777), in another similar term of special service in Colonel Ruggles Woodbridge's Regiment; and again in 1780 as captain of the Eleventh Company in Fourth Hampshire Regiment (Colonel Porter).

The occasion does not admit of our dwelling on the experiences of these commands. Indeed, the histories of our revolutionary period are singularly incomplete in respect to the many arduous and essential services of the militia or local forces from time to time organized and engaged in the exigencies of our fathers' protracted struggles.

In this venerable town and this venerated house, Mary Seymour Hooker, his father's

second wife, became the mother, Nov. 13, 1814, of our Major General Hooker.

BOYHOOD.

Of his boyhood and school life at Hopkins Academy here, perhaps others can speak. He was graduated at the West Point Military Academy in 1837, in a class of 49, among whom also were Generals Benham, Vogdes, Williams (who fell at Baton Rouge), Generals French, Todd, Bates and Sedgwick and Adjutant General Townsend of the Union Army, and Generals Bragg, Wm. H. T. Walker, Early and Pemberton of the rebel army.

As it was my fortune to assist in compiling the obituary sketch recorded in the proceedings (1881) of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, I may with propriety here extract some pertinent paragraphs, for I cannot state their facts more briefly. Nor may I omit such salient facts in his career.

Commissioned in 1837 as Second Lieutenant in the First Artillery, Hooker passed his first year of service as a subaltern in the Florida war, and the subsequent two years on the northern frontier.

On Nov. 3, 1838, Hooker was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

In 1841 he was adjutant at the West Point

Military Academy, and for the next five years was adjutant of his regiment.

IN MEXICAN WAR.

In 1846, at the beginning of the war with Mexico, he was assigned to the staff of Brigadier General Persifor F. Smith, and afterward transferred to the staff of Brigadier General Hamar.

In 1847 he was aide-de-camp to Major General Butler. He acquired no little popularity and distinction while serving as assistant adjutant general in 1847-48 to Major General Pillow, who was commanding a division.

The army record shows that Hooker, for gallantry at Monterey, was brevetted captain; at the National bridge, major; and for bravery at Chapultepec, lieutenant colonel.

Hooker's services as a staff officer during the Mexican war were notably brilliant and useful. They afforded him an experience and knowledge of men and of campaigns capable of being acquired in no other way; and formed a potent element in educating one of the most unique and conspicuous characters of the war of the rebellion.

After Mexico, he served as assistant adjutant general of the Sixth Military Department, and of the Pacific Division in 1849-51.

With his restless and energetic disposition and habits of activity, it is no wonder that, thrown into California at this period, he resigned his commission in the army for private pursuits.

IN 1861.

He abandoned agriculture to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and hastened to Washington when the war broke out. It so happened that his offers of services received little encouragement. He was about to leave the capital unaccepted, and called, before departing, upon President Lincoln.

It has been said on good authority that he told the President, on being introduced to him, by mistake, as Captain Hooker, that he had been Lieutenant Colonel Hooker of the regular army, and that he had come from California to tender his services to the government, but that either his relations to General Scott, or some other impediment, stood in the way of making his military education useful.

"I am about to return," he added, "but before going I was anxious to pay my respects to you, sir, and to express my wish for your personal welfare, and for your success in putting down the rebellion.

"And, while I am about it, Mr. President,

I want to say one thing more, and that is, that I was at the battle of Bull Run the other day, and it is neither vanity nor boasting in me to declare that I am a better general than you, sir, had on that field."

Of this interview President Lincoln is said subsequently to have remarked: "Hooker's eye was steady and clear, his manner not half so confident as his words, and altogether he had the air of a man of sense and intelligence, who would at least try to make his words good. I was impressed with him and rising out of my chair I walked up to him, and, putting my hand on his shoulder, said: 'Colonel — not Lieutenant Colonel — Hooker, stay; I have use for you and a regiment for you to command.'"

HIS BRIGADE.

The regiment proved to be a brigade, which he established into a camp near Bladensburg, called "Camp Union." His discipline, instruction and presence quickly turned the volunteer recruit into the ways of a "regular."

Hooker's commission as brigadier general of volunteers reached him bearing date May 17, 1861, and in the autumn of that year he was placed in charge of the troops occupying

the approaches to Washington from the west bank of the Potomac and lower Maryland. His command, at first a brigade of New England regiments (comprising the 1st and 11th Massachusetts, the Second New Hampshire and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers) was subsequently enlarged into the famous Second Division, Third Corps, which in the spring of 1862 he first brought into line at the siege of Yorktown.

HIS DIVISION.

The two divisions of this corps, then commanded by Heintzelman (whose chief of staff, General Chauncey McKeever, is with us here to-day), became distinguished as the Red Diamond, or First Division, educated and led by the lamented Kearny, and the White Diamond, or Second Division, commanded by Hooker. Impetuous, skilful, and self-reliant, these three commanders, in campaign, were more frequently requesting orders to advance than reporting imaginary resistance. They uniformly sought the enemy.

WILLIAMSBURG BATTLE.

Thus, although not in the advance, the battle of Williamsburg (May 5, 1862), following the evacuation of Yorktown, was opened

by Hooker. This was a long sustained and pitched battle. It was begun, continued, directed, and indeed finally might have been lost under Hooker but for the opportune arrival of reinforcements in the afternoon.

"I attacked," said Hooker, in his testimony, in March, 1863, before the committee on the conduct of the war, "with my single division, a line of works stronger than the line across the peninsula at Yorktown."

A history of the battle of Williamsburg, and the part taken by Gen. Hooker in it, would require more than one chapter.

It was a sanguinary contest. The losses in Hooker's division were out of all proportion to the casualties of ordinary battle. Of the entire union loss, 2,228 men, 1,575 were from Hooker's division, and the balance chiefly from Kearney's division, which reinforced him in the afternoon.

The Third Corps Commander, General Heintzelman, wrote thus: "I cannot find words to do justice to the gallantry of General Hooker's division. The smoke and rain were driven by the wind into the faces of our men. Even the elements were combined against us. Notwithstanding the disheartening circumstance that our troops knew we had three divisions idle on the right, within

hearing of their musketry, they held the ground as long as they had any ammunition, with a fearful loss of life, against great odds in a fortified position, until General Kearny's division made a march of nine miles through rain and mud over a road obstructed by troops that were going to the right, where they were not wanted. I cannot find words to express my admiration of their gallantry."

But there are comrades present who do not need this testimony to recall the handsome Hooker, drenched with rain, dripping and bespattered, sitting impassively in the saddle, almost at the firing line, lest some event might escape him, and sturdily fixed in the middle of the miry road as though he alone could obstruct it against the enemy's advance.

At their approach he told the exhausted gunners at the pieces by his side where and when to fire. It was scarcely possible for a horse to live there; so in the flow of bullets both horse and rider soon went down. Besmeared with mud from hat to boot Hooker still commanded, and with a remount awaited the next onslaught. His last regiment was put in to stay it, and the rebels wilted back.

Presently again they came; the two little guns welcomed them with a charge of can-

nister, and became fouled and useless from the elements. They had to be withdrawn, and it seemed that Hooker was himself the line of battle, so slender was the force about him.

Indeed, that hour might have terminated his earthly career, but for the timely arrival of Kearny's column to resist this last charge. Riding up to Hooker, Kearny said: "Hooker, you know I rank you. No matter. Where do you want me?" "Go in there," said Hooker, as he calmly indicated the place. With that the picture changed; and you men who saw it need no artist to recall either scene fixed ineffaceably as it is in your vision.*

* It was during this engagement that rapid firing guns, then called machine guns, were first used in battle. There were two such guns under General Hooker's command. They were manned by a small company made up for that purpose by men detailed from the infantry regiments of the Excelsior (Sickles') Brigade. This little company had been carefully instructed and trained. Their guns used the same ammunition distributed for the infantry of that command (.58 calibre); and the cartridges were poured in bulk into a sort of hopper, that gave the affair an appearance resembling a large coffee mill on wheels. Indeed the soldiers commonly spoke of them, using also the name of the lieutenant commanding them, as "Bates' Coffee Mills." The gun barrels when mounted and attached for firing were set in a sort of swivel, that was handled by one man, who could deliver a continuous, horizontal fire from an

"Genl. H. E. Tremain, with compliments, W. C. Manning, Capt. 23d Infantry, U. S. A. (Sergt.-Major 1st Mass. Infantry.")

"This gun, now at Springfield Armory, Mass., is one of two which I believe to be the 'Coffee Mills' used by the 'Excelsior Brigade' at Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862. The other gun is at West Point. I believe these to be the first machine guns ever used in battle. W. C. M."

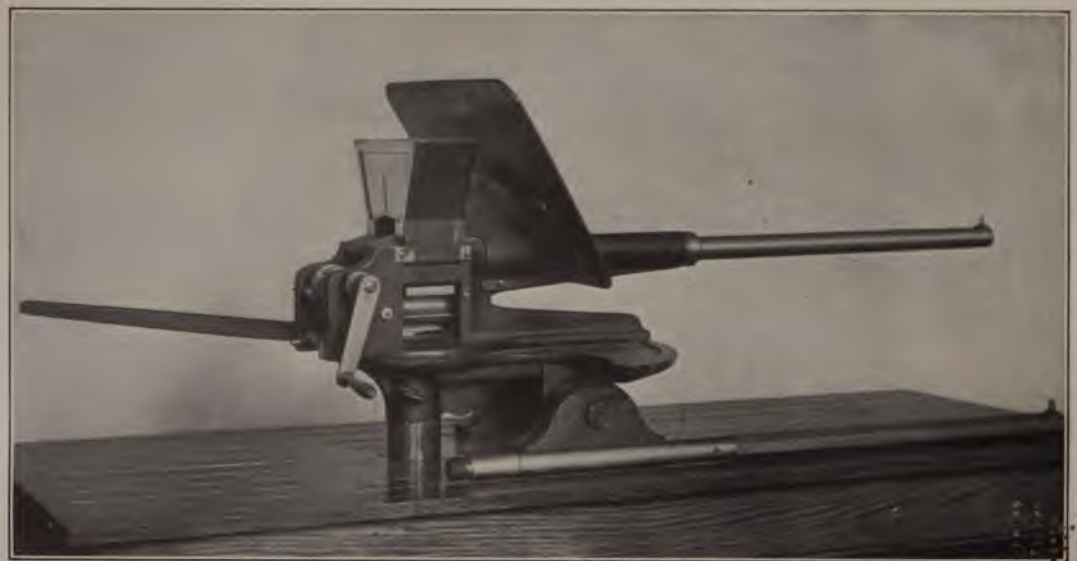
extreme angle at the left to an extreme angle at the right; and thus arrive at an effect corresponding to the musketry fire that could be delivered by a small battalion of muskets. The confidence of the men and officers familiar with these weapons was only excelled by the disfavor in which they were held by the regular officers of the artillery and ordnance department. In the emergency of the battle at Williamsburg these guns were brought into action under Hooker's immediate eye, where battalions of infantry that were not at hand were needed to avert a formidable advance of the enemy's reinforcements, at a critical hour in the battle, before the arrival of Kearny's division.

Notwithstanding the deadly work delivered by these guns they, being unsupported, were ordered to withdraw, which they slowly did, closely followed by the enemy. There was a heavy rain storm during the battle, and the rapid firing had heated the boxes and barrels, so that the guns had become temporarily useless. One also became stalled in the mud; and the barrel was quickly detached and brought away. The machine in this condition fell into the hands of the enemy. It is probable they did not know its value, for they did not take it away with them. It was found the next morning when our forces reoccupied the field of battle. That such excessive use, rapid firing, heated metal, and pouring rain, should render ammunition and guns as constructed in those days, useless in a prolonged combat, is in accordance with the experience of life; but, to those familiar with these particular weapons, and with this exigency which placed them at a most extreme test, there was no ground to condemn these guns as useless or unserviceable. They really were of great value in this battle; and their defects by no means irremediable. Nevertheless before the troops of this division moved away from the battlefield the survivors of the company that manned these guns were returned to their infantry regiments, and the guns themselves, by orders from the army commander, were sent to the rear, never to reappear during the war.

An extended search recently made through depots and arsenals of the regular army has finally located two guns that are believed to be the two guns of these unique "coffee mills." One is at West Point, and one is at the Springfield arsenal. Photographs of them are here reproduced.

These photographs are authenticated by the painstaking investigation of the late Captain William C. Manning of the regular army. He was present as a non-commissioned officer at the battle of Williamsburg, and satisfied himself that these were the first "machine guns" ever used in battle. He procured photographs of them, and sent them to General Tremain with the following note of authentication:

"*U. S. Military Academy, Office of Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery, West Point, N. Y., Feb'y 25, 1897. Capt. W. C. Manning, U. S. A. Dear Sir:* — In reply to your letter of the 21st, I have to say, that we have one of the "coffee mill" guns in the museum here. Its history is unknown to me, and we have no record, I am sorry to say, of where it was used, or how it came here. There is one just like it at the Springfield Armory, Springfield, Mass., which is stated by Capt. A. H. Russell, Ord. Dept., to have been used at the siege of Petersburg [mistake probably for 'Battle of Williamsburg.' H. E. T.] Its description is as follows: 'Short muzzle-loading barrels or chamber pieces, with an axial nipple at the rear, are used to hold the charges. A number of these are loaded and capped and are fed by means of a hopper on a fluted cylinder, which revolves and brings the charges in succession in rear of the long barrel, pausing long enough to allow the charges to be fired; a wedge-shaped block moving vertically in rear, forces each small chamber piece in turn, forward, against the rear of the barrel, to prevent escape of gas, and serves to support the recoil. But one lock is used, working through a slot in the block. After firing the chamber pieces are carried around to an opening which allows them to fall out. They can be reloaded and used again, indefinitely. A crank at the side operates the breech mechanism.' The calibre is 0.58



"This machine gun is in the museum at West Point, and another like it at the Springfield (Mass.) Armory. This photograph was taken in March, 1897, for Capt. W. C. Manning, 23d Infantry, U. S. A., by Lieut. E. Russell, 3d Artillery, U. S. A., with a view of ascertaining if these two guns are the so-called 'Coffee Mills' used by a detail of Sickles' (Excelsior) Brigade at battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862. A written description is sent herewith to Gen. Tremain with that purpose.

[Signed] W. C. MANNING, Capt. 23d Infantry, U. S. A.
(Formerly Sergt-Major 1st Mass. Vol. Infantry.)"

Williamsburg established Hooker as a leader of men. Its events can not here be described or discussed. A word from Hooker himself about it might not be out of place. His report says:

"History will not be believed when it is told that the noble officers and men of my division were permitted to carry on this unequal struggle from morning until night unaided, in the presence of more than 30,000 of their comrades with arms in their hands. Nevertheless it is true." Hooker's commission as major general of United States volunteers also dates from this desperate day.

So memorable is the day in the estimation of the Third Corps — which was the only corps continuously engaged on the Union side — that each recurring fifth of May is celebrated by the annual reunion of the "Third Corps Union," the association of surviving officers and men of that corps,

inch. I can't confirm your statement that machine guns were not used in battle prior to May 5th, 1862, from any record I have or know of, but think it safe to make that assertion; as I don't think any were used before that time, so far as I am aware.

I have asked one of the young officers to make for you a photograph of the gun, and will take pleasure in forwarding it as soon as I get it. Yours respectfully, (signed) L. L. BRUFF, Capt. Ord. Dept.

Here are the photographs of the guns with the certifications written upon their pictures:

and, chronologically, the first organization of the various army societies of that character.

The last of these reunions held during Hooker's life (at Delmonico's, New York, May 5, 1879), was attended by him, where, amidst great enthusiasm, Hooker was called to his feet, and, for the last time, talked in his own fresh and epigrammatic style to the surviving veterans who had followed his fortunes on that eventful day. It is one of the pleasant recollections of my life that I was honored as your presiding officer on that evening.

IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.

When the army had advanced up the peninsula, and its left was assailed in front of Richmond and driven from its camps, Hooker, whose troops had been retained in reserve, was brought up, and regained the lost ground in the battles known as Fair Oaks and Seven Pines (June 1).

Then came in succession the battles of Williamsburg Road of June 25, when seeing the spires of Richmond Hooker asked to advance toward them, an advance that might have shifted the battlefield from the bloody Gaines Mill of the next day. Afterward came what is now generally termed the

"Seven days' fight," Hooker's division participating in the battles of Glendale and Malvern Hills.

While the army rested at Harrisons Landing, Hooker's division made a reconnoissance to Turkey Bend, fighting successfully the second, though light battle of Malvern Hills, with the situation of the opposing forces reversed.

For this operation he was commended by General McClellan, his report stating that "General Hooker's dispositions were admirable, and his officers and men displayed their usual gallantry." This movement, Hooker maintained, if co-operated in as it had developed itself, could have placed the army of the Potomac at Richmond before the enemy in Pope's front could have returned to prevent it.

But Hooker, then a division commander only, was as loyal, obedient, and earnest in supporting his superior commanders, as he was sagacious and fearless in the leadership of his own men.

Before the army withdrew from Harrisons Landing, Hooker urged its commander to march again on Richmond, believing it could be taken. He told General McClellan, "That if we were unsuccessful, it would probably

cost him his head, but that he might as well die for an old sheep as for a lamb. I told him I knew of no better place to put an army than between Johnston, who was at that time in Pope's front, and the defenses at Richmond."

The peninsula, however, was abandoned. Hooker's division of Heintzelman's Corps was among the first to report to Gen. Pope, commanding the Army of Virginia, who immediately thereafter found the enemy between his army and Washington.

To Hooker and Kearny was assigned the task of restoring communication with the capital. A timid or vacillating march might have destroyed our army.

Hooker encountered the enemy at Bristoe Station, where ensued, Aug. 27, 1862, and was fought a hotly contested but successful engagement.

His division again fought intensely at the second Manassas (Aug. 29,) and at Chantilly (Sept. 1,) which battle turned Lee's apparently victorious columns away from Washington to the upper Potomac.

ANTIETAM.

What more natural than that Hooker should be needed there? Beside, the rem-

nants of his old division should recruit some strength, their losses on the peninsula having been exceptionally severe.

Assigned to the command of the First Corps, he arrived on the field in time to make the battle of South Mountain a success; and was entrusted two days later, at Antietam, with the responsible duty of leading the right wing in the grand flank movement which was the scheme of this engagement — an engagement which, however tenaciously fought, faithfully conducted and honorable in its results for the union arms, nevertheless, from the fruitless inactivity which followed it, has degenerated from a decisive historical victory into a bloody combat of the Civil War — an episode in its military annals.

Both at South Mountain and Antietam Hooker was incontestably a great leader. Wounded painfully in the foot at the close of the severest fighting in his front, who shall say that, had Hooker not been carried from the field, greater luster might have fallen to the Union arms?

The fact remains that there was no general continuance of the engagement, and no orders were given by the army commander looking to its continuance after Hooker had been placed in the hospital.

Three days after the battle General McClellan writing to "My dear Hooker," said that had you not been wounded when you were, he believed the result of the battle would have been "the destruction of the entire rebel army."

While recovering from this wound Hooker had no more faithful and sympathizing friend than President Lincoln, who was his frequent visitor.

In the arrangement by Burnside, on assuming command of the Army of the Potomac, of dividing it into three grand divisions of two corps each, Hooker was assigned to command the center grand division, composed of the Third Corps, then under Stoneman, and the Fifth Corps, under Butterfield.

FREDERICKSBURG.

Fredericksburg (Dec. 13-15) was fought and lost. Why? Oh! that is a bitter page in the army's history. It was not because of actual treason in high rank. Certain it is, however, that in the highest ranks there was not unanimous fidelity to Burnside. But if vague suspicion attached itself to Hooker, none know better than you, my comrades, that then, as always, Hooker was faithful.

True, circumstances had bereft him, of his

command, and he might have been impatient; one corps (Third) having been sent to the left wing at Franklin's crossing, and the other corps (Fifth,) which had remained with him near Burnside, soon had to be sent into Fredericksburg to reinforce the right wing.

So Hooker, loyal and true soldier that he was, went over with the Fifth Corps. But it was clear to him as to many others that events had already defeated the reasonable purposes of Burnside's attack.

Hooker's natural candor could not withhold from Burnside the opinion that further assault that evening was a sacrifice of life. But the commanding general "demanded that Marye's heights should be carried by storm, or in case of failure he would capture them on the following morning by leading in person a charge with 18 regiments of the Ninth Corps." (I quote from an address of Colonel Edward Hill, Sept. 21, 1892, to his comrades of the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps.)

Hooker, as usual, had personally inspected his whole front.

The brave assaults of his troops upon those impregnable heights at Fredericksburg have passed into history as one of the heroic and horrible episodes of the war. Notwithstand-

ing their difference of opinion, if Burnside had not posessed the utmost confidence in Hooker's manhood, generalship and personal fidelity he would not then have confided to Hooker's immediate command the troops of General Sumner's grand division, as well as of his own, in the delicate task of withdrawing the army from the right bank of the Rappahannock.

This duty, the highest post of honor and responsibility, in presence and under the guns of the enemy, was performed with masterful and successful tactics.

A second Fredericksburg was attempted, but defeated —"the mud campaign of Potomac history." Ineffectual service, resultless combats, heavy losses, drafts and large expenditures, with political indifference at home and apparent lack of zeal and confiding faithfulness among officers of rank, shifting of commanders, an unfixed military regime, and indeed desertion — sometimes at the rate of 500 a day — were telling upon the morale and strength of the Army of the Potomac.

HOOKER, THE COMMANDER OF THE ARMY.

It was in danger of destruction — but not from the enemy. On assuming its command, Hooker's restoration of the army was swift

and marvelous. The silent achievements of detail, discipline, *l'esprit de corps,* and the renewal of patriotism, of courage and self-confidence in that army, the difficulties encountered and the results attained in the first sixty days of Hooker's command of it, although thoroughly well known by all of its high officers, have never received adequate public recognition.

He was as sagacious in camp and in council and discreet in judgment as he was fearless in the conflict of arms. He made himself, also, personally known throughout the army, and, wherever known, his leadership was acknowledged by every rank.

Every private soldier who wished it visited his own home; every officer was freshly instructed in his special duties; the staff was weeded out, improved and strengthened; every man was imbued with new military ardor and patriotic zeal; candor, obedience, honor, fidelity and comradeship were somehow awakened; every soldier saw the President, his cabinet and other men of foreign and domestic renown; a personal interest in the success of the war and its conduct was incited; the cavalry was consolidated and organized as a corps, for the first time, on a basis best adapted for its useful service, and

won its first victory in that great cavalry battle of Brandy Station.

This organization of the cavalry was followed in other armies. A system of badges and standards designating corps, divisions and brigades was instituted, which fixed responsibility for stragglers and marauding, aided organization and marvelously increased the efficiency of the army.

Altogether, from disintegrating sections in January, the army of the Potomac, at the opening of spring, in 1863, became the choicest command that was ever marshaled under an American soldier. Hooker never ceased during his life to accord to his efficient chief-of-staff, Butterfield, who had labored so thoroughly and effectively in attaining this accomplishment, unstinted praise and commendation.*

* Regarding this rehabilitation of the army the following letter, extracted from a recent (1904) Butterfield Memorial Volume, is because of its facts sufficiently pertinent to be of interest here:

General Butterfield, Chief of Staff to General Hooker.

"NEW YORK, Jan. 28, 1904.

"*My Dear General Wilson:* — May I venture to pay a slight token of respect to my departed friend, General Butterfield, by recalling a single incident, or I may say achievement, in his distinguished career. That was when I first made his acquaintance. True, as a junior officer, attached to another command, I knew that General Butterfield was successive-

ly a brilliant and efficient brigade, division and corps commander in the Fifth Army Corps, while I was serving in the Third Army Corps; but it was as the chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac that I came to know him in person, and to appreciate his generalship. So much so, that in the ensuing year, when the fortune of war threw me temporarily near his command, I was offered and promptly accepted an *ad interim* service on his staff (3d Division, 20th Corps, Army of the Cumberland). My war-time acquaintance with him ripened into an enduring and mutual friendship, that made his demise come to me as a personal loss; and I wish I could pay a suitable tribute to his memory. Conscious of my inability to do so, may I recall the special and notable service to which I allude,— not always appreciated, perhaps, but only because not known by many of his friends and surviving comrades in arms.

Although he was not the commander of the Army of the Potomac, yet so far as a chief of staff can be awarded credit that naturally attaches to the commanding-general of the army, the work of General Butterfield, as chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac, while under the command of Major-General Joseph Hooker, is entitled to an exceptional place in the history of that famous army.

The conditions, early in 1863, when General Butterfield was called to that distinguished post, were truly lamentable. At home the enemies of President Lincoln and of the Union cause were active, and encouraging the fault-finding and fomenting dissensions. They had carried the November election in New York State against the Union party, although the latter was ticketed and supported by the war Democrats and Republicans. Many persons, even some in the army, believed that in some cases regular officers, holding commissions of high rank in the volunteer service, had no eager personal interest in bringing to a close a war that would reduce them to their regular army rank; and that sometimes untrained volunteer generals cared more for their political future than a zealous attention to military duties might permit.

The last call for troops had brought into the field new and untried regiments while yet the depleted ranks of the regiments that had borne the woes of a year of combats had, against all military protests, remained unrecruited. Officers, in many instances, who had gone home under various pretexts, had resigned because they easily secured commissions of higher rank in the new regiments, otherwise unfortunately officered by untrained or inexperienced men. The retreats, countermarches and untold sufferings of the much abused Army of the Potomac had been emphasized by the blunderings, or negligences, almost wilful, of generals high in command, at the sanguinary battle of Fredericksburg, and the unfortunate "mud march" the following month (January, 1863). Absentees were overstaying their furloughs, so that the reported "deserters" (for they did not really "desert" their cause) sometimes aggregated one thousand a day! The spirit of the army remained undaunted; but its *morale* and autonomy were — to put it mildly — quite below the necessities of offensive warfare against a vigilant, courageous and elated foe.

It was under these circumstances that General Butterfield was called to headquarters as chief of staff to the commanding general. True, General Hooker's appointment, by President Lincoln, as commander of the army, had awakened an enthusiasm among the troops that needed only to be fanned to run aflame. But this was not all that was needed to constitute a cohesive, reliable and effective army. Supplies and men and officers might be assembled, but all had to be remoulded into a reunited and forceful entirety. From the headquarter's staff to wagon drivers, from generals to corporals, duties had to be relearned and rehearsed; and each cog soundly fitted to its exact place in the great machine which was thenceforward to wheel into action as the new Army of the Potomac.

This was the task assigned to General Butterfield, and in less than three months it was silently and surely accomplished. First, the "headquarters" of the army became transformed from an habitual depot

Dan'l Butterfield
Maj Genl Arty

of delays to a model of neatness and dispatch in the transaction of public business. The staff itself was reorganized, and each department chief so specially instructed as to leave no doubt about what he was expected to accomplish, and how much or how little time he had to do it in. Each corps and division commander was charged, with specified particularity, as to the requisites essential to the utmost efficiency of his command. Reports and reports were swiftly called for, exposing necessities to be supplied, and abuses or neglects to be remedied. Generals, for instance, were compelled to learn, without guessing, how long it would take their commands or any part of them, marching with or without artillery, or trains, or furnished with supplies of all kinds for a stated period, to pass a given point; how extensive would be the column; what space would be required for its various parts; and innumerable other corresponding inquiries demanded instructive investigations. Regular officers, specially qualified as experts in their respective arms, were sent through the artillery, the cavalry, the infantry, the ordnance, quartermaster's, commissary and ambulance trains; and all departments and sections of the army were thus subjected to most rigid and frequent inspections. Reviews by batteries, regiments, brigades, divisions and corps, were incessant. The cavalry was reorganized, and for the first time consolidated into a single corps; taught to act independently, and to rely upon itself. An efficient secret service department was organized for the first time in that army. A system of flags and badges was instituted, the designs and colors of which told at a glance the corps, division and brigade to which anybody belonged,—a system fashioned after the red patch devised by the lamented Kearny for his own division, and so developed and applied by the new chief of staff that it was adapted to and adopted in all the Union armies for the rest of the war.

By a system of furloughs every man was given a chance to visit his home before the spring campaign. Men absent beyond their leave were given opportunities honorably to rejoin their regiments; and will-

ingly they returned by hundreds and by thousands, notwithstanding, in many cases, the discouragements of neighbors at home. It is a pity that there is no diary of all the patient and exacting labors of those short months, under the vigorous devices of this new chief of staff. He made every individual in the army sensitive to the spirit and the touch of the new commanding general.

By the time, at the end of the winter, that President Lincoln had separately reviewed every army corps, paraded as each one was for him in their proud rehabilitation, there was no man in the Army of the Potomac who was not as proud of his membership in it, as he was loyal to his duty, his President and his general.

It is in no sense detracting from the well-earned distinction due to General Hooker, the commanding general, for this service, to recognize that it was so successfully achieved under him by the persistent and sagacious efforts of his chief of staff. Nor is it unjust to his predecessors to affirm that hitherto that army had never before had that kind of a chief of staff. If proofs were wanting, it might be said that never before did the Army of the Potomac accomplish such concealed and extended marches as when in June, 1863, it abandoned the Rappahannock to surprise Lee at Gettysburg.

It was during a great part of this period of General Butterfield's service as chief of staff that I was almost daily at the army headquarters, finally serving there as aide-de-camp to the commanding general, until General Hooker was relieved from command on the eve of that supreme combat and decisive engagement, when I returned again to the Third Corps. And so it has happened that I have always felt that inadequate recognition has been historically awarded to our lamented friend for the distinguished and useful service he rendered to the army and the country in the comparatively brief period covered by his assignment as chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac. Yours very sincerely,

HENRY EDWIN TREMAIN.

Hooker's assignment to the command of this army had been accompanied by a letter from President Lincoln, which, though apparently, is not really a reflection upon Hooker, but rather a tribute to his candor, high-minded patriotism, capacity and good sense.

It is, moreover, an evidence of Lincoln's greatness and could have had but one author. On these accounts it may as well be read here:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, D. C., JAN. 26, 1863.

GENERAL — I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons; and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.

I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition,

and thwarted* him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders.

I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down.

Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now

* In this I think the President unconsciously did Hooker an injustice. Hooker had come to love Lincoln and was ardent to please him. This fatherly letter unquestionably had a marked influence on his career. That some officers high in rank under Burnside are open to this charge is a matter of common history. But, whatever were Hooker's faults, his opinions, or his expressions, he was by instinct and by education too much of a soldier to injure his cause or his commander by inefficient performances or disloyal deeds.

beware of rashness — beware of rashness; but, with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

That Hooker's first campaign as the army's commander should have been a reverse illustrates the fate of war. Perhaps Hooker took too much at heart Lincoln's admonition reiterated in this letter to "beware of rashness."

But Third Corps men who survived the field of Chancellorsville know that the blows there received were more than equalled by the blows delivered.

From that desperate conflict Hooker's army retired no more shattered than Lee's. Except in physical losses, the army of the Potomac resting in its old camp at Falmouth was, in less than a week, as strong and confident as when it crossed the Rappahannock and surprised Lee with 50,000 men at Chancellorsville.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

This is neither the time nor the place to enter upon the military discussion which has grown up concerning Chancellorsville. Let it suffice to say that every adverse criticism

is capable of a sound military response, and that the uninformed or incompetent critic need not be answered.

I do not believe that any of Hooker's generals intended infidelity to him; but it is only just to Hooker to say that up to his death he never relinquished the conviction that there was disregard of time and orders, with the consequent fatalities, in the left wing of his army, which Hooker necessarily ceased to direct in person after he had joined the wing he had sent to Chancellorsville.

When he reached there, also, he found that the right wing had not advanced to the points designated, and it was too late to change the lines. So he suppressed his disappointment, and did the best he could by immediately disposing his troops for the battle he had challenged.

In expectation of being attacked early Saturday morning, he rode the lines of his troops amidst their great enthusiasm. But it was a business ride for him, and neither a private nor a general remained in any doubt of what was then expected of him.

Hooker had forced the enemy to attack him: but why, Saturday afternoon (May 2, 1863), when the expected attack came, his

lines there collapsed, will always remain a mystery.

But Hooker's old division, under the noble Berry, with your Massachusetts brigade, incited by his presence, checked the rout with the close of day. Then followed the famous midnight attack of your (Third) corps, the consequent confusion to the enemy's lines and the death of their leader, Jackson.

Then came the sanguinary battle of Sunday morning (May 3), during every moment of which Hooker was intently listening for the expected sound of Sedgwick's guns, at Fredericksburg, at the sound of which he was ready, with 20,000 fresh troops, held near his headquarters for that purpose, to pierce Lee's lines and cut his army in twain.

But no sound of battle came from the left wing, and the furious contest before Hooker's eyes made it certain that his fresh troops would soon be required in his immediate front.

Quiet and dignified in manner, as was his wont amid the crash and din of battle, Hooker was awaiting the opportune moment to place his disengaged troops in the firing lines. Perhaps an army commander had no business to be exactly at that place, but if not,

where else could he possibly have been and remain of service?

At any rate, here and now was the crisis of the day, of the battle, and — as we see it now — of his career. But in less time than I can tell it, all was changed, and his apparently lifeless form was carried into the Chancellor House.

We instinctively put our fingers to our lips as a signal that the troops should not be informed. He was not mutilated, but stunned, unconscious by contusion from the shattered pillar of the veranda which fell upon him.*

Knowing, as Hooker did, that every man in the Third Corps was engaged in desperate battle, and entertaining, as Hooker did, the most abundant confidence in General Sickles and all his suggestions, I am sure that the request I was charged at that moment with renewing to him in the most forcible way I could would have been favorably acted upon except for this almost fatal missile.

* Relating to this circumstance a letter from the speaker written to his home May 7th, 1863, says: "* * * I saw Hooker once picked up for dead. I was just about to make a report to him when he fell; but he was only stunned by a round shot striking the pillar of the porch against which he was leaning. He soon recovered, however, and was all right again, although he suffered during the day. * * * "

Fortunately he shortly revived, asserted his large constitutional vigor, and rode among the troops on that ghastly plain.

Appreciating the gravity of all the circumstances, and of the results to the country should that morning's fight bring about a disaster — perhaps recalling Lincoln's "beware of rashness"— and observing the apparent exhaustion of the enemy's onslaughts, Hooker, lest he should sink again from the contusion, as he shortly did, confided the immediate disposition of the troops about him to the officer of highest rank among whose troops he was carried.

But there was no commanding general to renew the battle,* else the two wings of Lee's army could not afterward have united themselves at the ruins of the very house where Hooker fell.

Sad, indeed, is the moment in the crisis of a general engagement, with the existence of the nation in the balance, when the commanding general of its army should lie feeble and undone, helpless and prostrate from the shock of hostile missile. But this was Chancellorsville, and such was Hooker's fate.

Disabled thus, at the crisis — and how

* See in this volume the chapter on "Chancellorsville."

and why it was the crisis cannot be detailed in this place — Hooker, strictly speaking, should not be deemed exclusively responsible for the impotent conclusions of the fierce encounter so auspiciously begun. Chancellorsville understood is no riddle. The causes which turned it from a union victory to a union retreat are not among those which should dim the luster of our commanding general.

Hooker's grand physique did not long succumb. Before his army had rested in its camps he was on duty, and little was known of his personal escape. Indeed, he deprecated its mention.

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

Lee could not surprise Hooker, as Hooker surprised Lee by his presence at Chancellorsville. Shortly after Lee started for Pennsylvania, Hooker marched his army so that he had a shorter route than Lee, either to Washington or to Richmond. Had Lee's northern move been a feint he would have had to fight Hooker at the place of the latter's selection.

As it was not a feint, Hooker planned the concentration of the army at the place of the great Pennsylvania battle.

On one occasion, pointing on a map to Gettysburg, he exclaimed to his chief of staff: "There will be the battle."

Without the dispositions and marches of troops, as outlined by Hooker, and executed by his own and his successor's chief-of-staff, Gettysburg would not have been the place of meeting; without the spirit of Hooker, which pervaded the troops who sought the enemy, and drew him there into premature attack, and fought him so quickly that no battle elsewhere was then possible, who shall say what Gettysburg might have been?

Hooker was relieved prior to Gettysburg at his own request. Halleck had prevented the march of a body of troops at Harper's Ferry, which Hooker preferred to utilize in the field by abandoning that post, no longer useful.

Hooker had obtained from Lincoln, on accepting command, the assurance that Halleck should not interfere with his plans. He said he was sure that Halleck would interfere with him at a critical time, and so he had asked this assurance.

This interference of Halleck being regarded, therefore, by Hooker, as a breach of this condition, he promptly responded by a telegraphic request from Harper's Ferry,

where he had gone to make these dispositions, to be relieved; and General Meade the next day assumed the command. A few days afterward Harper's Ferry was abandoned, as Hooker in his day in vain had planned.

The march to Gettysburg was the carrying out of Hooker's campaign and ideas by the organization inspired and carried forward by his energies. The same staff Hooker had selected and advanced, guided and posted the troops, provided them with supplies and ammunition, and administered and nerved them.

"Everything was in place as he disposed it; nothing was changed in matter or spirit," is the remark of one who loved and trusted him, "except that in person Hooker was absent, while still present in spirit and inspiration — everywhere, from Oak Ridge to Round Top, from the Granite Spur to Culp's Hill."

His march to Pennsylvania was recognized by Congress, in a resolution thanking him for "the skill, energy and endurance which first covered Washington and Baltimore from the meditated blow of the advancing and powerful army of rebels, led by General Robert E. Lee."

No one man is the hero of Gettysburg.

Every soldier present there is a sharer in that honor. Hooker was not present, but he helped to win it. Let Hooker, then, share that honor also.

Let not Massachusetts cease to monument her stalwart regiments upon that or any other field until she shall accord to Joseph Hooker the enduring monument due to her foremost general in the conflict which Gettysburg represents.

HOOKER RELINQUISHES THE COMMAND.

Silently and sadly, as the army was marching to meet its enemy in the open fields of Pennsylvania, Hooker ceased to belong to the Army of the Potomac that he loved and commanded. Strange fortune of war.

There was something more than the professional soldier, the brilliant commander of men, the ambitious general, in this surrender of self and of station to the performance of a conscientious, unwelcome, patriotic duty.

"Myself and all other generals in the army," said Hooker to one officer, "had better be sacrificed than that there should be a want of harmony and cordial co-operation on the part of all concerned."

To another he voiced the sentiment that "individuals were of no account in this war

— each must do what the country calls him to do"; and with moistened eyes, in the privacy of his tent, he said to me: "General Meade is a good officer and a brave man, and will command this army well."

If malice, pique, rivalry, offended dignity, or ill-nature had been a present motive in that large soul, it would not have expressed itself thus. Lofty patriotism, success of the cause, high conception of duty, and the loyal performance of it conscientiously understood, and by efforts faithfully and fearlessly sustained — this was Hooker.

He was not a man of the mold his enemies asserted of him. At that critical hour a discordant sound from him, and there would have been no Gettysburg. But no such theme was possible to his composition. Soldierly duty and personal sacrifice sounded his attunement, and the army took it up.

In the light of the three bloody July days that immediately followed his departure, who shall deny that the Army of the Potomac was not then imbued with his illustrious example? The spirit infused by Hooker, and the influence of his leadership, never left the Army of the Potomac until it was mustered out of service under the shadow of the capitol.

A NEW COMMAND.

It is rare that an army commander thus retired into obscurity in the height of hostilities, should respond with alacrity when subsequently called by his government for service in a subordinate position. It was Hooker's high nature to serve his country wherever it should require his services.

In the stress of the Army of the Cumberland, at Chattanooga, it was necessary that Rosecrans should be succored, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were detached under Hooker from the Army of the Potomac for that purpose.

Officers of high rank and acknowledged leadership were essential to the movement. Not only was this body of men to be promptly transferred from the fields of Virginia to the capital of Tennessee, but they were to open up at the south of it a long line of communications through a country threatened by equally powerful forces of the enemy.

Celerity, discretion, boldness, and the highest military sagacity were required for successful co-operation with the besieged and starving army under Rosecrans.

This was accomplished under Hooker's command. How and by what means, and the

details of an experience which forms in itself a separate campaign, must be left to the historian. They can not be recited here. The swift movement by rail of this large body of troops from the banks of the Potomac to the Tennessee was one of the marvelous accomplishments of modern war.

IN TENNESSEE.

The battle of Wauhatchie, where the choicest corps of the enemy precipitated itself, in a night attack, upon Hooker's columns, wearied and exhausted by the day's marching and skirmishing, and the dispersement by the assailed command at night in a general engagement of an enemy which sought its destruction in order to close in upon the last defile by which Rosecrans' Army of the Cumberland could be circuitously approached, added renown to a trusted, but hitherto unfortunate, commander.

Under less skilful leadership, a failure of this movement, delay in delivering any battle or skirmish during the march from Nashville to Chattanooga, or default in accomplishing its plan, might have been unfortunate and disastrous in its results to the Army of the Cumberland and to the country. The Chat-

tanooga of 1863 might have repeated the Valley Forge of 1778.

These operations for Rosecrans' relief were declared by General Thomas in a general order (Nov. 7, 1863) to be "of so brilliant a character as to deserve special notice," and he announces that the column under Major-General Hooker "deserve great credit for their brilliant success in driving the enemy from every position which they attacked."

"The bayonet charge up a steep and difficult hill, over 200 feet high, completely routing the enemy and driving him from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by General Geary's command of greatly superior numbers, who attempted to surprise him (known as the battle of Wauhatchie), will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war."

On the reorganization of the Army of the Cumberland the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were consolidated, and with other troops formed the Twentieth Corps to which Hooker was formally assigned.

That Thomas and not Hooker was assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland might have been a source of discomfort to some men. Hooker displayed none. He

received and obeyed his orders with his usual spirit of loyalty to his superior officers.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Then came the battles of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, in the plan of which Hooker again was assigned a subordinate part. His was the duty of "demonstrating" against the impregnable Lookout Mountain, while the grand effort should be made by Sherman on the left to "carry" Mission Ridge.

All of Hooker's command, except one division, under Geary, had been withdrawn from him to participate in the forthcoming battle at Missionary Ridge.

Hooker felt his isolation and apparent uselessness in this situation. Eager to participate in the general engagement about to occur, and saying that he was accustomed to accompany his troops going into battle, Hooker applied for permission to join the largest part of his command, which had been detached from his immediate supervision to participate in the assault on Mission Ridge. This request was refused.

While the troops were passing through Hooker's camp to engage in the assault, the bridge they were using to cross the river

broke down and became useless. In this emergency, it was decided that in case the troops could not get over Hooker should assume command of all unable to cross.

It was expected that Osterhaus' division of the Army of the Tennessee and Cruft's division of the Army of the Cumberland would have been able to have crossed the pontoon bridge and so join the assaulting columns in front of Chattanooga. Indeed, the attack was deferred for that purpose.

It was under these circumstances that Hooker was directed to take these two divisions and his own and make a demonstration on Lookout Mountain, provided the bridge could not be repaired in time to cross for the assault, as contemplated.

This order reached Hooker about 6 o'clock in the evening before the battle. It proved impossible to restore the bridge in season, so between sunset and sunrise Hooker's plans were formed, troops disposed and everything made ready for the " demonstration " he was ordered to institute against Lookout.

It was not expected that the troops thus under Hooker's command should be able to accomplish anything more than to divert the enemy in favor of the grand assault upon his right.

True, Hooker was, if practicable, to gain the "point of Lookout Mountain"; but it is obvious, from the dispatches, that his winning the crest in battle was not in contemplation. Hooker's tent, however, had not been facing for weeks that grand old mountain in vain.

Its occupant had not been idle. He had studied the ground, the enemy's forces, defenses and their approaches; and when, at last, the opportunity to participate in the grand attack of the Army of the Cumberland was not to come to him, but instead thereof came orders that he should make a demonstration, a plan was quickly formed by him that contemplated carrying the mountain.

How a force was swiftly moved around its base and across its brow, under cover of the morning mists, and a heavy fire in front, is a story often told in prose, in verse, in household words and pictured in enduring art for the admiration of generations to come.

When at last the sun broke through the mists on the mountain sides, it was no figure of words that led a distinguished officer to report that Hooker's colors were "above the clouds."

His troops were on the summit of Lookout Mountain, and so were the enemy's retreat-

ing skirmish lines, when night closed the battle.

The troops on the Chattanooga plain below at the break of the next day were unable to discern which side held the summit, obscured as it was in the clouds of the early morning; when suddenly the sun's rays parted the mists and cast a pencil of light on the rocky crest. Then a broad beam of sunlight streamed over the mountain, and uplifting the curtain of clouds that rolled away from the summit shone brightly upon two blue-coated standard-bearers waving there the colors of the union.

A great shout went up from the plains of Chattanooga, every band played, men were hilarious with excitement, officers embraced each other in tears; and surviving participants are unable, to-day, to describe the scene with composure.

Even Hooker's superiors were surprised at the reports during the battle, and required confirmatory dispatches before accepting the first reports.

General Thomas dispatched him his "hearty congratulations upon your glorious success to-day, and desired that you convey his warmest thanks to the troop under your command for their valorous conduct."

Then at our left and across the valley,

but on the next day, as Hooker on our right descended into the valley and assailed the enemy's left, the impetuous soldiers of Thomas and of Sherman were thus able at last to break the rebel center on Mission Ridge, and the Army of the Cumberland then settled down into reposeful winter quarters.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Next came the campaign of 1864, from Chattanooga to Dalton, Resaca, and on to Atlanta. From May 2 to July 30 it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there was almost continuous fighting. Mill Creek Gap, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Cassville, Dallas, Pine Mountain, skirmishes on the Chattahoochie, and bloody collisions almost daily, brought the army near Atlanta. At Resaca and Peach Tree Creek the inevitable result of Hooker's actual personal leadership, when in contact with the enemy, was felt throughout the field.

At Snake Creek Gap, before the battle of Resaca opened, the Twentieth Corps, obedient to orders, was restrained from the attack, which Hooker would have precipitated twelve hours before the battle did actually begin. To the Twentieth Corps was afterward as-

signed the task of carrying the two redoubts which were to be stormed.

The exploits of this attack, conducted under Hooker's personal direction, will ever shine with lustre in the annals of the Army of the Cumberland.

Indeed, a narrative of Hooker's services in the western army would involve a history of the Army of the Cumberland from the time of Rosecrans to its arrival before Atlanta, ten months replete with that army's most arduous and successful endeavors, and in which his (the Twentieth) corps was always a most potential factor.

A few days before McPherson fell, occurred the heavy battle of Peach Tree Creek, Hooker's last fight, and in which Hooker's entire corps, as well as other troops were long and hotly engaged, so much so indeed, that at one critical hour in the afternoon some of his men lost heart, and his lines gave way, but fortunately where everything could be seen.

Riding slowly into the confusion with his customary quiet and deliberate manner, he said, with a deprecating gesture to his men: "Shame on you, my men. Why do you let those fellows drive you out. You can whip them — you know you can, and we will";

and in this strain of imperturbable persuasion, things were rallied and the day (July 20, 1864) became a red letter day in the brilliant history of the Army of the Cumberland.

The repulse of the enemy's desperate assaults of that day in attempting to forestall further progress towards the siege of Atlanta, witnessed the last general engagement in which all of Hooker's troops participated, and entitles Hooker to be ranked among the great leaders who brought about the fall of that stronghold.

Two days after Peach Tree Creek McPherson fell in one of the first battles near Atlanta, and Hooker with a rank as high as any officer under Sherman not already commanding an army, and who had himself commanded the Army of the Potomac, with the confidence of that army and acceptability to his superiors, naturally expected his ten months of continuous and brilliant service as a subordinate and faithful commander in the Army of the Cumberland, should be recognized by his assignment to command McPherson's Army of the Tennessee.

HOOKER REQUESTS TO BE RELIEVED OF HIS COMMAND.

On learning that Howard had been assigned to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, Hooker asked, July 27, 1864, to be relieved from duty, adding: "Justice and self-respect alike require my removal from an army in which rank and service are ignored."

On the same day Sherman had written to Washington of Hooker, saying: "He is welcome to my place, if the president awards it, but I cannot name him to so important a command as the Army of the Tennessee."

As long prior to this as December 28, 1863, Hooker had freely expressed himself to Secretary Chase in a letter giving the best description ever written of the Lookout Mountain fight and Hooker's relations to it, in this strain:

"If my services in this rebellion do not merit reward, they certainly have been such as should shield me from punishment. Many of my juniors are in the exercise of independent commands, while I am here with more rank piled on top of me than a well man can stand up under, with a corporal's guard comparatively for a command."

Yet he remained seven months longer in

the performance of as severe and responsible duties as fell to any officer in the western army.

Before he left that army Hooker's friends were all who knew him. Hooker's leadership, as one of its honored generals, was universally acknowledged. Why, at last, he asked to be relieved from duty in it will never be imputed to a desire to quit its service. It was the result of an honest conviction of an honest mind.

Hooker deliberately concluded that it was not intended in all quarters that he should be fairly treated. He was willing, he thought, to overlook many intentional offenses; but when the gallant and unfortunate McPherson fell, what more natural for Hooker to expect than that his rank, subordination, services and success should entitle him to be named as McPherson's successor.

Whether, in this respect, Hooker was right need not be discussed here. Let it be debated by men who think they would have acted otherwise. Suffice it to narrate, that General Howard (who had commanded the Eleventh Corps in Hooker's army at Chancellorsville) was placed in command of the Army of the Tennessee, subject to the approval of the president.

It has been stated on high authority that Lincoln telegraphed Sherman to appoint Hooker; and that Sherman reiterated his desire to have Howard appointed, and made his resignation a condition of General Hooker's appointment.

There is reason, on the part of Hooker's army associates, to believe that because of Halleck's enmity or other misfortune, some of the official papers that should have appeared in the printed series of official war records have disappeared, as significant gaps in the correspondence with Washington affecting General Hooker occur in more than in this one instance.

However, it is clear that Hooker firmly believed that he was no longer wanted in the western army. Had he notwithstanding even been asked to stay there, you and I believe he would have remained in any command to which his rank entitled him.

A NEW DUTY.

Hooker was soon afterward assigned to the command of the Northern Department, with headquarters established at Detroit, and held no further field command during the hostilities.

As General Hooker had loved and trusted

the Army of the Potomac, so he had afterward come to love the Army of the Cumberland, admiring and respecting that patriot and soldier, George H. Thomas, its commander, under whom Hooker served.

When Hooker's troops appeared in the Wauhatchie Valley and in a brief campaign unexcelled for skill and success relieved the besieged Rosecrans, General Thomas was commanding the Fourteenth Corps. Hooker had two corps (Eleventh and Twelfth) and perhaps he might himself have expected the command should Rosecrans be retired.

If so none knew it. He gladly served under Thomas, and his fidelity to what was expected of him, and what was accomplished by his own troops, is attested upon almost every page of the official record of the operations in which he participated with that army.

HOOKER'S PERSONALITY.

On being relieved, at his own request, of command of the Twentieth Corps, he was obliged in departing to ride through the bivouacs and lines of his troops, when a most remarkable spectacle was presented of the men rushing to his side as he passed along, to give him a fond farewell. An officer who witnessed the scene describes the husky voices

that said "good-bye" and the big tears that laved the sturdy face of many a weather-beaten veteran.

About 1867 Hooker had a paralytic stroke, resulting, as his doctors declared, from his Chancellorsville injury, and was for a long time an invalid.

He subsequently recovered sufficiently to go about with the aid of a servant, but he never regained the great physical strength and health which, if not his boast, was universally attributed to him.

Until the very last years of his life he retained the same freshness of complexion and youthful expression which marked his personal appearance.

A war correspondent (Mr. Noah Brooks) recently (January, 1895, Century Magazine), writing of him as when commanding the army (1863), says: "He was by all odds the handsomest soldier I ever laid my eyes upon. I think I see him now — tall, shapely, well dressed, though not natty in appearance; his fair, red and white complexion glowing with health, his light blue eyes sparkling with intelligence and animation and his auburn hair tossed back up his well-shaped head. His nose was aquiline, and the expression of his somewhat small mouth

was one of much sweetness, though rather irresolute, it seemed to me. He was a gay cavalier, alert and confident, overflowing with animal spirits and as cheery as a boy."

You, comrades, have his counterpart indelibly pictured in your memory. Tall, well proportioned, dignified, kind, yet commanding in demeanor, graceful in motion, firm of step, of engaging manner, affectionate in disposition, and with a frank, terse and epigrammatic style of conversation, Hooker was altogether, one of the most accomplished officers and imposing soldiers that ever wore the uniform of the American army.

Undoubtedly, Hooker in conversation indulged in criticizing military affairs and men, but never with ill-nature or with a captious or insubordinate spirit. His patriotic zeal was of the most intense type, and in his sincerity of conviction that the military strength of the enemy was overmatched by the forces at the disposal of our own generals or the operations under discussion, he was sometimes impatient for the results he earnestly hoped for.

Besides he candidly believed that the expression and discussion of his own views would be of value to our cause, and they generally were. What he would say, too, was

not said at random, but usually as a conclusion of his vigorous intellect and after due consideration.

To his superiors, as well as with equals in rank, he was ready with useful suggestions, not inconsiderate or impulsive, but carefully thought out.

But no matter what his own opinions, he was too thoroughly a soldier to let his own views intercept the execution with irreproachable fidelity and acknowledged skill of any and every instruction confided to him by his superior commander.

Of this, his conduct under Burnside at Fredericksburg, as just described, is an apt illustration. Speaking of the final attack, which, after previous attacks had failed, he had deprecated, he testified before the committee on the Conduct of the War that: "But if I was ordered to make the attack, I was perfectly willing to make it; for it made no difference what became of me. I made the attack, and such an attack as I believe has never before been made in this war. . . . No campaign in the world ever saw a more gallant advance than Humphreys' men made there. But they were put to do a work that no man could do."

Strange to narrate, Hooker's most notor-

ious criticisms (and they are amply recorded either in official dispatches or sworn testimony taken by the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War) of battles and campaigns have already come very largely to correspond with the conclusions of subsequent military writers and the trend of military history.

Public estimates of Hooker's character, it is true, have greatly differed. He has been condemned and praised by military critics. Generally those who have condemned have been without adequate knowledge to warrant sentence of condemnation.

Generally those who have praised have been those who best knew and understood his career. Allowance, too, must be made of the different attitudes from which his critics looked upon this man.

He undoubtedly had his defects in the strategy of war. It is, however, more of a task to detail them with great effort than it is to point to his accomplishments in his profession. Whether in command of a brigade division, army or corps, he excelled in organizing and educating his soldiers to the point of highest military efficiency.

His bearing and bravery, his leadership of men in battle, if it ever ceases to be history,

will still repose as a tradition as long as there is an American army. He was instinctively a general and wherever he was upon the line of battle he was instinctively a leader.

It was impossible for him to remain at the rear in action cool and indifferent to the immediate contest, and caring only for the general result: he was always at the front to see with his own eyes the movements of his troops and of all other troops dependent on them.

However public estimates may differ, the personal friends of General Hooker never differed in honoring him with a quick, ardent and fiery nature — faithful in friendship, but not bitter in hates: always generous, ever ambitious, but chiefly to end the war, and constantly a sharp critic of his fellow generals — not because of a vain and captious disposition, but in the true spirit of a patriotic urgency in the service to which he belonged.

"I have never fought without good purpose," Hooker said on one occasion. "When I have decided to fight, I have done so with all the vigor and strength I could command."

The name of "Fighting Joe Hooker" is not a comprehensive description of the man, his traits, or his capacities. It was rather

a popular but deserved tribute to a restless nature, serving under orders to antagonize the enemy.

His sterling courage, his constant presence under fire, his magnificent personal bearing in the height of his physical strength, his unfailing courtesy to those under him, his genial kindliness to the plainest soldier, will never be forgotten by those who served with him.

Let Massachusetts with just pride in the name of Joseph Hooker honor her noble son, and present his illustrious and patriotic career for the emulation of her generations.

XIX.

EXCURSION MAY 2 AND 3, 1863.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

SOME CURSORY OBSERVATIONS ABOUT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The following article by the editor of this volume is reprinted here:

(From the New York Daily Times of June 3, 1867.)

The memory of the thousands whose life-blood ebbed on the sanguinary field of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863; justice to the living who recall the carnage of those days as of yesterday; and historic truth, demand that the attempts to write the history of this eventful battle, shall receive every possible assistance. Such considerations induce a few words concerning the articles in the New York "Times" of April 10 and 11, 1867, entitled "Chancellorsville." The same reasons give value to the questions of your esti-

mable correspondent, "Veteran Observer," whose attempts at military criticism, however, tempt one to doubt his polemical abilities in distinguishing between fact and fiction.

The writer of the article first referred to seems to be inspired with a commendable faithfulness; but withal he is in some things quite in error. The studious reader cannot fail to observe that he has drawn largely for his military criticisms of Chancellorsville from the volume recently published by two rebel engineers (one announcing himself as an ex-staff officer of Jackson), whose work is by no means entirely accurate or complete, while it is valuable for its maps and some other data it essays to supply. Dr. Guernsey relies too much upon this book when he takes from it the figures of Hooker's effective strength. These figures may be correct as indicating the total present; but the column in the official reports of 'present for duty,' which is usually a very small per cent. above the actual effective strength, would show the numbers there attributed to Hooker's columns as being slightly in excess of his real strength. However, this is quite an unimportant matter. There is no material fact stated by the writer of the articles in ques-

tion which has not been already more fully discussed in Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," a publication not inappropriately termed by one caustic critic, "A Panegyric on General Lee, or History of the Army of Northern Virginia."

Your correspondent, "Dutton," in the "Times" of May 11, graphically describes in a few words some scenes in this great battle which no unofficial publication has hitherto touched upon.

In Dr. Guernsey's first article, the following extract deserves special attention, lest its statements — apparently culled from the rebel writer already referred to — shall ever hereafter be received as unquestioned history:

"Hooker, before daylight on Sunday morning, gave an order which really lost the battle of that day — the main action at Chancellorsville. Sickles had occupied a cleared hill, known as Hazel Grove, a little out from the main line, and therefore somewhat exposed to assault. But its position was such that from it artillery could enfilade the whole Union centre, held by Slocum, without the possibility of a reply. Sickles was ordered, against his judgment, to abandon this. Stuart appreciated the importance of this position, and occupied it at

once with thirty guns, afterward increasing the number to forty or fifty. Then, soon after dawn, with his 27,000 men, he attacked Sickles and French, who had about 22,000."

All of which is a very pretty story as illustrating the unwonted sagacity of a new rebel leader, but which, as a matter of fact, is full of error.

The writer of the foregoing extract has correctly appreciated that the action of Sunday was the main battle of Chancellorsville; and in correcting what are believed to be inaccuracies, it may as well be added that some important facts — proper to be stated in order to arrive at a correct appreciation of the events of that day — have been altogether omitted, probably because they were deemed to be mere matters of incident.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Going back, then, a few hours before Sunday morning — for this is necessary by way of explanation — the general position of the Union army is not inaccurately described as with 'the right facing westward held by Sickles' corps and French's division of Couch; the center facing south, by Slocum's corps and Hancock's division of Couch,' with

Meade's and Howard's corps in reserve, and Reynolds' marching up.

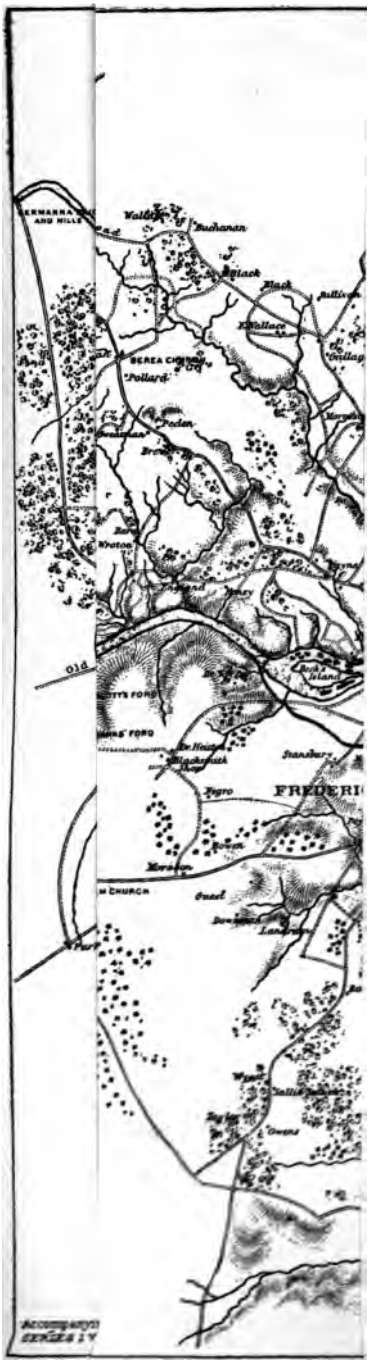
It should be noted here, that while this was the general line assumed, that part of Sickles' corps spoken of was only one division, commanded by the lamented Berry, who had been acting under the immediate supervision of General Hooker during Saturday afternoon, in redeeming the rout of the Eleventh Corps. Sickles' corps, however, comprised two other large divisions, which, with a brigade from Howard and another from Slocum, had been operating quite independently under Sickles' personal direction, in pushing forward to attack Jackson's flank as he marched toward Hooker's right. It was during these operations that the Eleventh Corps was driven in and night approached.

The road by which Sickles had left the plank-road was in turn occupied by the enemy, who, pressing straight on toward Hooker's headquarters, were being held in check by Berry, and by Pleasonton with his handful of cavalry, and batteries hastily gathered from a reserve artillery park, as is most truthfully described by your correspondent, 'Dutton,' as well as in the testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (Volume 1). Before any considerable

force of Sickles' divisions, under Birney and Whipple, could be marched back to the position so handsomely defended by Pleasanton, the evening was well spent, and the enemy having encountered a solid front, had ceased to press any further their already decided advantage.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

Thus matters stood at about 9 or 10 o'clock Saturday evening. While the general line assumed by Hooker, 'as taken up during the (Saturday) night,' might have been 'every way stronger than that before held,' certain it is that at least 10,000 men, comprising the veteran division of Kearney (under Birney) and another under Whipple, formed no regular part of such a line, but were with Sickles crowded in a clearing (called by some writers Hazel Grove), happily preserved from the enemy by the ready presence of Pleasonton. This force, without the advantage of any road by which easy communication might be had with Hooker's headquarters, and with the enemy on three sides of it, projected like an irregularly-shaped arm or wedge beyond the newly-established line of the army; and how, under these circumstances, this force should be disposed


Buchanan
Black
Pollard
Wraton
Old
Stansbury
Fegro
Owens

and what was to become of it when daylight should show its helpless attitude to the enemy, was for the commanding general of the army to decide. Should it remain as it was until after daylight, defeat — perhaps destruction — seemed its inevitable portion; and this, following so closely upon the disastrous events of Saturday, might entail everlasting dishonor upon the Army of the Potomac. Should it attempt to retire after dawn, it must do so under a heavy attack of the enemy, already massing, as if for the very purpose. To withdraw during the night seemed impracticable, for with difficulty did a few cavalry grope their way to the main lines. There was scarcely a bridle path by which to communicate with headquarters, much less any road practicable for the artillery. There were runs to be crossed, though the distance was not great, and there were many guns to be withdrawn.

One mode of relief, however, suggested itself; and that was by a bold, half desperate undertaking to drive back the enemy, and if not, to secure a road to retire upon, at any rate to gain more space in which to manoeuver. This plan, on being suggested to General Hooker, was approved, and Sickles was authorized to make a night attack, and to re-

gain, if possible, the plank road. This most hazardous enterprise in its conception and execution challenges admiration.

While the right of the main army perpendicularly crossed the plank road facing westward, the center facing south, etc., the detached troops of Sickles were quietly formed for an attack in an independent line as nearly as practicable parallel to the plank road and facing north, massed at the same time as regularly as the limited space would admit of, with Birney on the right and Whipple on the left and rear.

The details of opening the attack were entrusted to the gallant Birney, who formed three lines for one charge, and still others as supports. Bayonets were to do the work, and, lest an accidental discharge should alarm the enemy, the caps were removed from the musket of every soldier in the attack. Jackson's men were within a few rods of the Union lines. Not a fire had been lighted nor a blanket unrolled; not a loud word could be spoken, nor yet must any eye be closed in sleep. Commands were whispered, canteens fastened or cast off, lest they should rattle, and officers watched the kindly obscuring clouds, in fear that the moon might scatter them and betray the secrets of the

night. A distant shot from some stray picket along the main lines of the army, now and then broke through the stillness of the night — a calm betokening a storm.

By late in the evening,— it is difficult to fix the precise hour of night operations, except relatively to each other,— everything was ready, and noiselessly the attacking lines advanced toward the enemy who were resting along the plank road. Gathering up the skirmish lines as reached, the whole body, lost in the woods, continued forward. The rustling of dry leaves, and the cracking of old twigs under the steady feet of thousands, might have aroused a more suspicious foe. Not a shot is fired. The advancing lines meet the enemy's pickets, whose random shots as they retire, fire a note of warning. There is no halt, but the pace is quickened, and in a few short moments the foes have met. "Hurrah! hurrah!" of clear and unmistakable Union tenor, is scarcely heard ere the sounds of cheering are engulfed in powerful volleys of musketry; and now is night made hideous with war. Slocum and Berry from the right pour in lead and shot and shell — Birney's men in mass are among the enemy, and a second and a third line closes upon the

first. Resistance was death. The soldiers knew their ground; many of them had slept there the night before. They removed every obstacle until the plank road was seized by their advance and communication thoroughly re-established. A few wild, fruitless attacks of the enemy sought to dislodge them, but in less than half an hour from the firing of the first shot each party rested.

The night attack — always dangerous — was thus entirely successful, and Jackson's veterans were surprised by troops who bivouacked, formed and marched to the onset from within speaking distance of their own front. No published account is inconsistent with the belief that it was during this brief but successful night attack that Jackson himself received his mortal wound, and in this connection the writer believes that he has evidence most trustworthy which, already thoroughly sifted, warrants his unconditional refutation of the oft-repeated assertion, and carefully cherished "Confederate" theory, that Jackson was accidentally killed by his own men.

Although the movements just described did not give the plank road itself as a secure passage for Sickles' artillery and troops (he had no trains) to rejoin the main lines, yet

it gave him space and opportunity to cut a road which might answer the same purpose.

This was soon accomplished; these facts were reported to Hooker's headquarters; and further instructions requested. This report was regularly made in the dead quiet of the night, to the staff officer on duty at that time at Hooker's headquarters, and whose business it was to receive and to attend to such reports. This officer did not deem so important a matter of sufficient moment to disturb General Hooker from the short repose he had sought, and the officer bearing the report was directed by General Van Allen to wait. The night was fast speeding; hours were precious, and here was a blunder. General Van Allen had but a short time previously arrived at the front, and without experience or qualification he had been allowed to assume the duties of acting chief-of-staff in the field to the commanding general, displacing a brilliant and capable officer — though much junior in rank — who had been Hooker's confidential aide-de-camp in all his campaigns.* Of this same brigadier Secretary Stanton on May 2, telegraphed to General Hooker:

"We cannot control intelligence in relation

*Capt. Wm. L. Candler, of Boston, Mass.

to your movements while your generals write letters giving details. A letter from General Van Allen to a person not connected with the War Department describes your position as entrenched at Chancellorsville. Can't you give his sword something to do, so that he will have less time for the pen?

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON."

"Sent 11 A. M."

General Van Allen's connection with the Army of the Potomac was shortly terminated.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Toward morning General Van Allen was finally prevailed upon to carry to Hooker the messenger's report, when Sickles was sent for in person with all speed. After explaining more fully the position of affairs the latter received orders to withdraw his troops and to conform his dispositions to the newly established lines of the army, where it was evident the battle of the next day must be fought.

Before this order could be executed the night was gone, and daybreak showed our retiring columns to the enemy. The latter in a short time vigorously attacked them, and from their rear guard to the main lines the battle soon became general.

By this time, however, Sickles had united the greater part of his three divisions, and had personally assumed command of the entire right of the field of action. The left of his line joined Slocum's, but his right was "in the air." French and Meade, who were still further to the right, and not engaged, were too far at the rear to be of any immediate service.

This was the state of affairs on Sunday morning, at the time of the general and severe engagement properly called 'Chancellorsville,' and these are some of the attending circumstances in addition to those contained in the narratives in the 'Times' of April 10 and 11 and May 11. The sturdy Berry and the gallant Whipple, who there fought their last battle, and the lamented Birney, who soon followed them to peace, might, were they living, supply many important omissions in the written history of the battle of Chancellorsville. But the record must be completed by other means.

The foregoing narrative is not consistent with the assertion that 'Hooker, before daylight on Sunday morning, gave an order which really lost the battle of that day,' etc., etc., etc., as stated in the first paragraph above quoted.

I have no intention to attempt a criticism on the able review of the Chancellorsville campaign published in the "Times" of the 10th and 11th. To many of the writer's opinions I subscribe. It is refreshing that the subject should be ventilated; justice could not be done to it in the turmoil of war. If any error is corrected before it becomes written as undisputed history, or any omission of fact supplied, the purpose of this article will have been accomplished. With this view, while on the subject, permit a few words to be added as to the events in that campaign immediately subsequent to those already described.

The testimony taken by the Committee on the Conduct of the War shows that on Sunday morning, during the battle of Chancellorsville, after the happening of the accident to General Hooker — which is often justly assigned as one of the two causes of the failure of the Chancellorsville campaign — the active fighting was suspended. The enemy were unable to press the dearly bought advantage which the morning's contest had given them, and their attacks were met by counter charges which cost them lives, prisoners and colors. This was before the final retirement of the troops to the line afterward

assumed to the rear of the Chancellorsville plank road, and while the Chancellor House was burning from the effects of shot and shell. So exhausted were the enemy that their main attack had entirely ceased, their lines broken up, and it was with apparent difficulty that any front was preserved to his defiant foes. To be sure the junction of Lee with Jackson's troops, (now commanded by Stuart,) which occurred at about this time, was a military success, but comparatively valueless if the attack could not be successfully continued. Lee kept up a demonstration in the immediate front which faced south — commanded by Couch and Slocum; but the troops of Jackson had lost their vigor, and in their part of the field discontinued the action. Their advance on the plank road had gained only a few hundred yards since the battle began, and that at the cost of thousands of lives. Now was the time to turn and to attack them; and there was not a private soldier on the field who would not have told his general to do so, had he been consulted.

HOW THE BATTLE CLOSED.

The troops in position to make any such attack, however, were only those of the Third

Corps, which had already lost nearly one-third of its numbers; and they having been engaged all day were without a round of ammunition. Nevertheless, they were formed for attack, with the intention on the part of their commander of attacking with the bayonet alone if the ammunition did not speedily arrive, and relying upon the assistance of troops to the right and left, who were comparatively fresh, and one corps (Meade's) hitherto disengaged.

Reports of the state of affairs were transmitted to General Hooker, and the coöperation of these corps requested to be ordered. Unfortunately at this time General Hooker had been obliged to succumb to the effects of the contusion he had received early in the day, and which hitherto he had not believed had disabled him. But he had been obliged to yield to the demands of nature, and when this report and request were brought to him he was about to seek repose in a tent hastily pitched near General Meade's headquarters. The course suggested, however, seemed to him so obviously proper that, suffering from extreme physical pain, he merely remarked to the officer who brought the communication to give it to General Meade, presuming it would meet with proper attention. General Hooker

then sent a staff officer to General Couch to say that he desired to confer with him. Were the gallant and chivalric Dahlgren now living, these details might be further particularized. Meanwhile, General Couch had been apprised of the proposed attack and the desired coöperation, but his troops being yet slightly engaged, he did not wish to become seriously involved in other quarters without General Hooker's instructions, suggesting that Meade's troops were more available. General Meade, who, being near Hooker's tent, was well informed of his condition, declined to change his dispositions or to assist in any new attack, unless ordered to do so by General Hooker. But it was urged upon him that the latter was unable just at present to give any specific orders and that he had already directed the matter to his (Meade's) attention. General Meade then insisted upon orders from General Couch, who was his senior, and declined positively to coöperate in any proposed attack unless such orders were given him. It was urged upon General Meade that his troops were fresh, and that before General Couch could be communicated with, or could be fully apprised of the general condition of affairs, the opportunity presented might be lost, and new dispositions made by

the enemy. But General Meade sat quietly on his horse outside of Hooker's tent, and declined to renew the fight. The distance between where Hooker and Meade were and where Couch was, might have been about half a mile, and staff officers of Hooker and other generals galloped back and forth with the communications of which the foregoing are the substance.

Meanwhile, precious time was lost. No attack could be made successfully without thorough coöperation, and by the time Couch was ready to take the formal command, the battle had quite ceased, and the new second line ordered to be assumed — as it was afterward occupied by the army for the two succeeding days.

The occurrences of the two subsequent days are quite fully described in the testimony of different officers examined on the subject before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

The foregoing may serve to explain the statement of Dr. Guernsey in the 'Times' of April 10, 1867, and perhaps also to fix the responsibility for the failure he implies in saying that 'no one could or would assume the responsibility of sending assistance to Sickles, although the two corps of Reynolds

and Meade were within half an hour's march, and wholly unengaged. Half of either of them sent to Sickles would have defeated Stuart.'

To this statement and the foregoing narrative who will take exception?

[*Signed by*]
AN OFFICER AND AN EYE WITNESS.
[H. E. T.]

THE ACTION OF THE CAVALRY.

In connection with the foregoing reprint another article from the series of articles of which the foregoing is a part, upon the same subject, which were running about the same period in the New York "Daily Times," is here reprinted; not only because of its intrinsic interest, but because its writer, as I discovered after its publication, was one of the most reliable, well informed and gallant cavalry officers in the army, viz., my comrade and friend Colonel Clifford Thomson, who was awarded the Congressional "Medal of Honor" for "distinguished gallantry at this battle."

The following article is from the New York "Daily Times" of May 11th, 1867:

THE CAVALRY AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

In the "Times" of April 10 and 11, Mr. A. H. Guernsey, in two well-considered articles, gives a concise account of the battles of Chancellorsville. Like nearly all others, however, who have written of the great battles of the late war, he fails to do justice to the services rendered by the cavalry. While Gen. Hooker, commander of the Army of the Potomac, during the Chancellorsville campaign, has honestly admitted that at the crisis of affairs during that week, the cavalry, under Gen. Pleasonton, saved the army from annihilation, Mr. Guernsey sums up their services by saying merely, "the cavalry rendered effective service." Mr. Greeley, in his "American Conflict" turns off the cavalry in terms nearly as brief. Considering the important service rendered by the mounted troops in this memorable campaign historians have treated them rather cavilierly, and I beg the privilege, in this article, of making them some amends.

Immediately before entering upon the Chancellorsville campaign Gen. Hooker detached all his cavalry, with the exception of one brigade commanded by Gen. Pleasonton, for a grand raid to be made upon the enemy's lines of communication. This raiding party

was commanded by Gen. Stoneman, and, as has been most truthfully said, failed to produce any effect whatever upon Gen. Lee's army. To fit out this expedition Gen. Pleasonton, who was a division commander, had been robbed of one-half his command and left with but three small regiments of cavalry — the Sixth New York and Eighth and Seventeenth Pennsylvania, and two light batteries of horse artillery — Pennington's regular battery and Martin's volunteer. It was expected that the "Stoneman raid" would cover with glory all the officers who participated therein, while those who were left behind should ingloriously stagnate in guarding wagon trains and performing orderly duty. The result proved that those who went for wool came back shorn, while those who remained behind reaped a full harvest of honors. When the army moved the three regiments of Gen. Pleasonton's command were divided, the Sixth New York leading Gen. Slocum's column as advance skirmishers, the Eighth Pennsylvania leading Gen. Meade's column, and the Seventeenth doing similar duty for Gen. Howard. Each of these regiments, as the columns advanced by different routes into the enemy's country, did considerable skirmishing, and captured a large number of prisoners. The Sixth New York, at Germania Ford, after a fight to secure the

crossing, brought in an engineer officer and 125 prisoners. When the three columns united at Chancellorsville House the cavalry was restored to Gen. Pleasonton, and under his orders reconnoitered the several roads converging to that point. The Sixth New York having been sent in the direction of Spottsylvania Court House, proceeded farther than was intended, and in the evening was surrounded by Fitz Hugh Lee's entire brigade, and fearfully cut up. Col. McVicar was killed, and five other officers and fifty men were reported missing. The other regiments were skirmishing in front of the army almost constantly, losing heavily in men and horses, and inflicting corresponding damage upon the enemy.

The brilliant feature of their service, however, was rendered on Saturday afternoon. Gen. Sickles, occupying a position near the right of the line, seeing Stonewall Jackson's flank movement, and being under the impression that it was a retreat of the rebel army, asked for and received Gen. Pleasonton's cavalry to aid him in the "pursuit." The cavalry, with its two batteries, arriving upon the ground, halted for a few moments on an elevation in the open fields in rear of Gen. Sickles. The Sixth New York was in the act of deploying as skirmishers into the woods when heavy firing on the right gave the first

intimation of Stonewall Jackson's attack on the Eleventh (Gen. Howard's) Corps. How this corps broke and fled in utter and complete rout is a matter of history. When the stampede commenced an officer, representing himself to be an Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Howard, galloped up to Gen. Pleasonton and asked for a regiment of cavalry to arrest the stragglers and aid in reforming the lines. Gen. Pleasonton dispatched Major Keenan, with the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry to perform this duty, instructing him to charge the head of the advancing column of the enemy, and to delay his movements by any and all means, and at any cost. As Major Keenan started upon this hazardous enterprise, panic-stricken fugitives from the Eleventh Corps came flying back through the position occupied by Gen. Pleasonton. Artillery, infantry, ambulances, caissons, horses, baggage-wagons rushed to the rear in the wildest confusion, in their flight upsetting Gen. Pleasonton's guns, and stampeding his horses. Gen. Pleasonton forthwith put his batteries in position, facing directly to the rear, double-shotted them with canister, and then while awaiting the appearance of the enemy, devoted his attention to arresting the flight of the fugitives. With the assistance of his staff officers, he succeeded in stopping, and placing in position ten pieces of artillery, which, with his own,

made twenty-two guns. While he was doing this, Gen. Sickles had ridden back from his corps to learn the cause of the firing in his rear, and seeing at a glance that his command was in imminent danger, he asked Gen. Pleasonton to do what he could to check Jackson's advance until he could bring the Third Corps back to hold that point, which, at that moment, was the key to the whole position of the Union army. That little elevation once in Stonewall Jackson's possession, he could not only throw shells into Gen. Hooker's headquarters in the Chancellorsville House, but from the rear could open an enfilading fire upon the entire army. To hold this important position, Gen. Pleasonton had the 22 guns mentioned, supported by about 100 men of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who were new to the service, and the remnant of the Sixth New York, which had speedily returned from its wild-goose chase in the woods. This little band had not long to wait for the enemy's appearance. Major Keenan had not time to reach the plank-road by which the cavalry, a short time before, had entered the field, when he found himself confronting the advance of Jackson's column. The order to "charge" was scarcely issued by him when his gallant troops were in the midst of the enemy, and a portion had cut their way through to the plank-road in safety.

Major Keenan and several of his officers and men were killed in this brilliant charge. The enemy scarcely felt this blow upon its advance, but speedily issued from the woods and commenced to form a line of battle at the edge of the opening, preparatory to charging Gen. Pleasonton's guns. As they swarmed out of the woods, flushed with their easily-acquired victory over the Eleventh Corps, they shouted and yelled like so many devils, while re-forming their ranks scarcely 200 yards from our position. Gen. Pleasonton had trained his double-shotted guns low, so as to give the rebels the full benefit of their contents, and was about to give the order to fire when an artilleryman at one of the guns shouted, "General those are our troops, I see our troops; I see our flag in the line!" The General turned hastily to a young staff officer and said: "Mr. Thomson, ride out there and see who those people are." The Aide-de-Camp did as directed, galloping out from between our guns, directly toward the dark line of howling rebels, so dimly seen in the closing darkness against the dark background of the woods behind them. Sure enough, the Stars and Stripes were waving from two or three points on the line, and the Aide, unable to distinguish the uniform of the troops, rode to within fifty yards of them, while from all along the rebel line the cry

went forth, "Come on, we're friends." He was soon stopped, however, by a volley from these pretended friends, and speedily turned his horse in the opposite direction, having received four bullets on his sabre scabbard and saddle. Before he had fairly turned his horse to ride back, Gen. Pleasonton had given the order to fire, and those twenty-two guns belched forth their charges of canister, carrying death and destruction to the rebel ranks. Three times those howling troops charged, determined at all hazards to carry that position; but no men could withstand that terrible hailstorm of shot, concentrated on their lines at so short range. For half an hour this cannonading was kept up, the darkness and the smoke having rendered it impossible to see the effect it created. But as the rebel bullets ceased to fall among the gunners and their supports, the order to cease firing was given and a small detachment of cavalry sent out to reconnoitre. They speedily returned with the report that the only rebels they could find within a half of mile were the dead and wounded.

It was thus that the Army of the Potomac was saved from destruction on that eventful Saturday evening. The time thus gained had enabled Gen. Sickles to bring his brigades back to hold the position, and as soon as his troops arrived they were sent forward and

occupied the woods whence the rebels had so lately emerged for their attack. Singularly enough the Aide-de-Camp whom Gen. Pleasonton had sent out to "see who those people were" had returned in safety through the fire of friend and foe. That night the troops upon that little open space lay upon their arms, the uncertainty of the situation forbidding the closing of an eye, or the straggling of a man. Three or four times during the night a brisk firing on the picket line brought every man to a "ready," and once the enemy attempted to edge in between them and the remainder of the army. The speedy repulse they then received from the infantry prevented a second attempt. Before dawn on Sunday morning, Gen. Pleasonton's command, its ammunition exhausted, was ordered to the rear to replenish, and shortly afterward Gen. Sickles fell back to the "second line" which had been marked during the night.

The subsequent services of the three regiments of cavalry during that campaign, if not brilliant, were arduous. They were employed in picketing the various roads, and had numerous small skirmishes. It is reported that previous to Chancellorsville Gen. Hooker had said that he had not seen "a dead cavalryman during the war," but afterward he admitted that no troops could do better service than the cavalry when given the op-

portunity. The failure of Gen. Stoneman to fulfill the duty assigned to him resulted in his being superseded in command of the cavalry corps by Gen. Pleasonton. In addition to this recognition of the latter's services he was appointed a Major-General of Volunteers.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War, after having taken all the testimony they could gather regarding the Chancellorsville campaign, in closing their report, step outside the limits of their duty to pay the following compliment to Gen. Pleasonton:

"The giving way of the right (the Eleventh Corps) left Gen. Sickles in a very exposed and critical position. The enemy, under Jackson, continued to advance after the panic-stricken troops until checked by Gen. Pleasonton, who had collected and brought into position some artillery for that purpose. Although a cavalry officer, he handled the artillery with exceeding great judgment and effectiveness. His skill, energy, daring and promptness upon this occasion contributed greatly to arrest the disaster which for a time threatened the whole army. His conduct upon this and many other occasions marks him as one of the ablest Generals in our service, and as deserving of far higher consideration than, from some cause, he appears to have received."

Such praise, from a source more given to fault-finding than to commendation, could only have been awarded upon a full knowledge of the facts. I have been induced to write the above from having observed that historians generally, as I before remarked, have either entirely overlooked the cavalry or turned them off in a few words. The truth is, that the mounted troops had harder service and more fighting than any others. I asked one historian, who was a correspondent with the army during the war, why he had not done justice to the cavalry in his book. His reply was, that "they were always so far to the front and so near the enemy, that it was inconvenient and dangerous to be with them long enough to find out what they were doing."

"DUTTON." *

* No. 108. *Report of Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, U. S. Army, commanding Third Army Corps.*

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,
May 20, 1863.

General: — I have the honor to transmit the following report of the operations of this corps during the recent movements of the army:

On the afternoon of Tuesday, April 28, five of my batteries (Seeley's, Huntington's, Dimick's, Randolph's and Lewis's) were ordered to report to Brigadier-General Hunt, chief of artillery, and during the night were placed in position as follows: Seeley on the river bank at the bridgehead, covering Sedgwick's crossing; Huntington on the crest to the right and rear of Franklin's crossing; Dimick, Randolph, and Lewis in reserve between the railroad and Lacy house.

The infantry and remaining artillery broke camp

about 4 P. M., and, marching about four miles down the river, took position between Sedgwick's and Reynolds' crossings, and within supporting distance of either. The troops of all arms moved forward with the greatest alacrity and ardor. I reported to General Sedgwick about sunset.

On the morning of the 29th, in obedience to orders of Major-General Sedgwick, my command moved nearer the upper bridges, which had meanwhile been successfully laid by the engineers, where I occupied the ground previously held by the Sixth Corps, one division of which (Brooks') had crossed to the south bank, near the mouth of Deep Run, early in the morning.

On the morning of the 30th, in compliance with General Newton's wishes, sanctioned by Major-General Sedgwick, I placed my artillery in battery on the north bank of the river, to protect the bridges and repel any attack upon Brooks, who remained on the south side.

At 1 P. M. I received orders from the general-in-chief to march my command to the United States Ford, and report to him at or near Chancellorsville, concealing my movement from the enemy and moving expeditiously, so that the heads of my column should pass the bridges not later than 7 o'clock on the following morning, May 1.

Putting my command in three columns, the artillery following divisions, I marched on parallel lines through ravines and on roads masked from the enemy to Hamet's, that is to say, the intersection of the Warrenton pike with the United States Ford road. There we bivouacked, and at 5 A. M. marched to the ford, which Birney crossed at 7 A. M., Whipple and Berry following, well closed up.

Not observing any force besides the Engineer Battalion on the south side, I left one of Berry's brigades (Mott's) and a battery (Seeley's) to cover the bridges and my trains, which were parked near the north bank, and pushed ahead with the rest of my column to the front, where I had the honor to report at 9 A. M. to the commanding general, at Chancellorsville. In compliance with orders then re-

ceived, I massed my forces in the forest, near the junction of the roads leading to Ely's and the United States Fords.

About noon, my attention was directed by the general-in-chief to a demonstration of the enemy's cavalry on our right, in the direction of the United States Ford, and at the same time I was ordered to send a brigade and a battery to Dowdall's Tavern, on the Plank road. Graham's brigade, of Birney's division, and Trumbull's battery were at once moved to that position, with orders to picket well out and to connect with Whipple, toward the United States Ford, who was directed to connect by outposts with Berry, who, in turn, reached the river. Graham soon reported that Major-General Howard occupied the tavern as his headquarters; that General Howard picketed on our right and to the rear, and that, as he had no orders to move and needed no assistance, General Howard suggested there might be some mistake in Graham's order, and meanwhile directed him to halt near the tavern and wait further orders. Berry and Whipple established a line of outposts, with strong supports, from the Plank road to the United States Ford.

At 4 P. M. the general-in-chief directed me to bring forward my whole command, except Mott, who still protected the ford, and get rapidly into position parallel to the Plank road at Chancellorsville. Graham was recalled at once, Whipple's and Berry's outposts were withdrawn, and, with celerity and precision of movement never surpassed, Birney, with Ward's and Hayman's brigades, formed in two lines, and Berry's and Whipple's were massed in columns of battalions in the open ground north and to the right of Chancellorsville, the rear of the column covered by the woods. Graham had barely reported to me when I sent him, under a brisk and well-directed artillery fire, to support Major-General Slocum, who was apprehensive about his position at Fairview. Toward sunset, Birney, with Ward's and Hayman's brigades, moved up the Plank road near the junction of the left flank of the Eleventh Corps with the right of the Twelfth Corps, and within supporting distance. Find-

ing the right of Major-General Slocum's (Twelfth) weak, Birney, with two brigades, bivouacked in the rear of Slocum's line, throwing out the Twentieth Indiana and Thirty-seventh New York to the front, where they replaced two of the regiments of Williams' division of the Twelfth Corps. In order to gain some advantageous ground, a strong line of skirmishers was advanced, who quickly dislodged the enemy from the cleared fields and houses in front, giving us the high and commanding position he had been holding. Berry's and Whipple's divisions bivouacked at Chancellorsville; Berry's artillery was held in reserve near the junction of Ely's and the United States Fords roads.

During the night, with the approval of the general-in-chief, General Birney was ordered to occupy at daybreak a portion of the front line on the left of Major-General Howard (Eleventh Corps), extending from the Plank road southwesterly through the Wilderness and connecting with the right of Major-General Slocum (Twelfth Corps), thereby relieving portions of the troops of each of those corps and enabling them to strengthen materially their lines. Accompanying the general-in-chief at sunrise on Saturday in a tour of inspection along our lines on the right flank, I found General Birney, who had also brought up Graham's brigade and Clark's, Randolph's and Turnbull's batteries, making his dispositions with admirable discernment and skill, holding the crest along Scott's Run, from the farm-house on the left toward Dowdall's Tavern. It is impossible to pass over without mention the *irrepressible enthusiasm of the troops for Major-General Hooker*, which was evinced in hearty and prolonged cheers *as he rode along the lines* of the Third, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps.

On returning to general headquarters, I was directed to make a reconnaissance in front and to the left of Chancellorsville. Major-General Berry was requested to detail for this duty two reliable regiments, led by circumspect and intrepid commanders. The Eleventh Massachusetts, Col. William Blaisdell commanding, moving out to the left, toward Taber-

nacle Church, and the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, Col. B. C. Tilghman commanding, in front, gallantly pressed back the enemy's pickets and skirmishers until he was discovered in force. A detachment of Berdan's Sharpshooters, from Whipple's division, accompanied each regiment. A number of prisoners and full reports of the enemy's dispositions were among the satisfactory results of this brilliant reconnaissance. Colonel Blaisdell was not withdrawn until night, when he received the emphatic commendation of Major-General Hancock, from whose front the advance was made.

My attention was now withdrawn from Chancellorsville, where Berry and Whipple remained in reserve, by several reports in quick succession from General Birney, that a column of the enemy was moving along his front toward our right. This column I found on going to the spot to be within easy range of Clark's battery (about 1,600 yards), and Clark so effectually annoyed the enemy by his excellent practice that the infantry sought cover in the woods or some other road more to the south, while the artillery and trains hurried past in great confusion, vainly endeavoring to escape our well-directed and destructive fire.

This continuous column — infantry, artillery, trains, and ambulances — was observed for three hours moving apparently in a southerly direction toward Orange Court-House, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, or Louisa Court-House, on the Virginia Central. The movement indicated a retreat on Gordonsville, or an attack upon our right flank — perhaps both, for if the attack failed the retreat could be continued. The unbroken mass of forest on our right favored the concealment of the enemy's real design. I hastened to report these movements through staff officers to the general-in-chief, and communicated the substance of them in the same manner to Major-General Howard, on my right, and also to Major-General Slocum, inviting their co-operation in case the general-in-chief should authorize me to follow up the enemy and attack his columns.

At noon I received orders to advance cautiously

toward the road followed by the enemy, and harass the movement as much as possible. Immediately ordering Birney to push forward over Scott's Run and gain the heights in the Wilderness, I brought up two battalions of sharpshooters, under Colonel Berdan, to be deployed as skirmishers and as flankers, so as to get all possible knowledge of the enemy's movement and of the approaches to his line of march. At the same time I communicated again with Major-Generals Slocum and Howard, and was assured of their prompt co-operation.

Two bridges having been rapidly thrown over Scott's Run, Birney's division, the Twentieth Indiana leading, pressed forward briskly, meeting considerable opposition from skirmishers thrown out by McLaw's division of the enemy's forces, which was found in position to cover the enemy's movement. I then directed Whipple to come up within supporting distance. Reaching the iron foundry, about a mile from his first position, Birney's advance was checked by a 12 pounder battery of the enemy, which, at short range from Welford's house, near the road, poured in a destructive fire. Livingston's battery was sent forward and put in position between the foundry and the front, and soon silenced the enemy's battery. This battery was afterward relieved by Randolph's and effectually held this important point, upon which the success of the movement depended. Ascertaining from a careful examination of the position that it was practicable to gain the road and break the enemy's column, I so reported to the general-in-chief, adding that as I must expect to encounter a heavy force and a stubborn resistance, and bearing in mind his admonition to move cautiously, I should not advance farther until the supports from the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps closed up on Birney's right and left.

The considerable interval on the left, between Birney's and Williams' division, of Slocum's corps, yet remaining unoccupied, and, suffering from a galling fire of musketry in that direction, I was compelled reluctantly to draw largely upon my reserves (Whipple) to enable me to connect on the left with Slo-

cum. Barlow's brigade (of the Eleventh Corps) having got into position on the right, I was again in readiness for a farther advance, which was gallantly maintained by the sharpshooters, supported by the Twentieth Indiana and Fifth Michigan.

From this advance, 300 prisoners were soon reported to me, besides nearly 100 previously captured at the foundry by the sharpshooters. Hayman's brigade soon gained the road, supported by Graham and Ward, the latter keeping up communication on the right and rear, at the foundry. The road gained, Randolph's battery was advanced and poured a destructive fire on the retreating column of the enemy. The movement was successfully completed.

Brigadier-General Pleasonton, with three regiments of cavalry (the Sixth New York, and Eighth and Seventeenth Pennsylvania) and Martin's battery of horse artillery, had already reported to me, and was moving over the hill through the woods toward the foundry, but not deeming it quite time for the effective employment of cavalry in the attack, in compliance with my suggestion, General Pleasonton returned to the opening near Scott's Run, formed his command, and waited until the way could be cleared for his operations.

Returning to the front, I found every indication that looked to a complete success as soon as my advance could be supported. The resistance of McLaw's division had almost ceased, and although our scouts reported a considerable force on the right and in front, it was evident that in a few minutes five or six regiments would be cut off and fall into our hands. Regarding the moment opportune for the advance of General Pleasonton with his cavalry and horse battery, I was about to dispatch a staff officer to bring him forward, when it was reported to me that the Eleventh Corps had yielded the right flank of the army to the enemy, who was advancing rapidly, and, indeed, was already in my rear. I confess I did not credit this statement until an aide-de-camp of General Warren, of General Hooker's staff, confirmed the report, and asked for a reg-

iment of cavalry to check the movement. The Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry was immediately sent by General Pleasonton, and brilliantly was the service performed, although with fearful loss. I had only time to dispatch staff officers to recall Birney and Whipple, when the enemy's scouts and some dragoons disclosed themselves as I rode toward the bridge across Scott's Run for the purpose of making disposition to meet and arrest this disaster. Meeting General Pleasonton, we hastened to make the best available disposition to attack Jackson's column on their right flank.

I confided to Pleasonton the direction of the artillery — three batteries of my reserve — Clark's, Lewis's, and Turnbull's and his own horse battery. The only supports at hand comprised two small regiments of cavalry (Sixth New York and Seventeenth Pennsylvania) and one regiment of infantry (One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania, of Whipple's division). Time was everything. The fugitives of the Eleventh Corps swarmed from the woods and swept frantically over the cleared fields, in which my artillery was parked. The exulting enemy at their heels mingled yells with their volleys, and in the confusion which followed it seemed as if cannon and caissons, dragoons, cannoneers, and infantry could never be disentangled from the mass in which they were suddenly thrown. Fortunately there was only one obvious outlet for these panic-stricken hordes, after rushing between and over our guns, and this was through a ravine crossed in two or three places by the headwaters of Scott's Run. This was soon made impassable by the reckless crowd choking up the way. A few minutes was enough to restore comparative order and get our artillery in position. The enemy showing himself on the plain, Pleasonton met the shock at short range with the well-directed fire of twenty-two pieces, double-shotted with canister. The rebels pressed up the Plank road rapidly, and, as General Pleasonton justly observes in his report, herewith transmitted:

> They advanced in silence, and with that skill and adroitness they often display to gain their

object. The only color visible was an American flag with the center battalion. To clear up this doubt my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Thomson, First New York Cavalry, rode to within 100 yards of them, when they called out to him, "We are friends; come on!" and he was induced to go 50 yards closer, when the whole line, in a most dastardly manner opened on him with musketry, dropped the American color, and displayed 8 or 10 rebel battle-flags.

Lieutenant Thomson escaped unhurt, and our batteries opened on the advancing columns with crushing power. The heads of the columns were swept away to the woods, from which they opened a furious but ineffectual fire of musketry. Twice they attempted a flank movement, but the first was checked by our guns, and the second and most formidable was baffled by the advance of Whipple and Birney, who were coming up rapidly, but in perfect order, and forming in lines of brigades in rear of the artillery, and on the flanks. My position was now secure in the adequate infantry support which had arrived; the loud cheers of our men as twilight closed the combat vainly challenged the enemy to renew the encounter.

While these movements were in progress on the flank, the First and Second Brigades of the Second Division (Berry's), which had been held in reserve at Chancellorsville, were ordered by the general-in-chief to take a position perpendicular to the Plank road and check the enemy's advance.

Captain Poland, General Berry's chief of staff, led the Excelsior Brigade into the woods to the right of the road, except the Fourth Excelsior, Major Burns commanding, which was placed on the edge of the timber to the left.

The First Massachusetts, Colonel McLaughlen, was detached from the First (Carr's) Brigade and posted on the left of the Second (Excelsior) Brigade, prolonging the line to the Plank road.

The remaining regiments of Carr's brigade (First) formed a second line 150 paces to the rear.

These dispositions were made without the steadi-

ness of these veteran troops being in the least disturbed by the torrents of fugitives breaking through their intervals. The regiments of the first line, covered by their skirmishers, immediately threw up a strong breastwork of logs and abatis.

Prisoners captured (among them an aide of General Stuart's, who had come forward with a party to remove a caisson left by the Eleventh Corps) disclosed to us the enemy's lines of battle, about 300 yards in front, in the woods.

Osborn, Berry's chief of artillery, during these dispositions of the infantry, placed Dimick's and Winslow's batteries on the crest of the hill, perpendicular to the road and 300 or 400 yards in rear of the line of battle. A section of Dimick's was thrown forward on the Plank road, near the infantry.

These admirable dispositions, promptly made, the splendid fire of the artillery, and the imposing attitude of an iron wall of infantry co-operated with our flank attack to check the enemy's advance, which was effectually accomplished before dark.

General Berry, having established his front line, dispatched an aide and patrols to the right of our position, in search of the troops who were supposed to protect that flank or connect with it. These efforts were futile. Report was made to the commanding general of the fact, and information obtained that the Second Corps would connect with our right. At 9 P. M. General Hays, of the Second Corps, reported to General Berry with a brigade, which was placed obliquely in rear of the second line (Carr's brigade) and facing toward the left.

After dark the enemy's line could only be defined by the flash of his musketry, from which a stream of fire occasionally almost enveloped us. As often as these attacks were renewed, generally with fresh troops, and aided by his artillery, they were repulsed by our guns, now directed by Randolph on the flank and by Osborn in front. Ascertaining the enterprise of cutting us off from the army to be hopeless, the enemy sullenly withdrew to the line of rifle-pits and breastworks formerly held by the

Eleventh Corps. Several of our guns and caissons were immediately recovered from the woods the enemy had occupied, and, again to quote the felicitous observations of General Pleasonton:

> "Such was the fight at the head of Scott's Run — artillery against infantry at 300 yards; the infantry in the forest, the artillery in the clearing. War presents many anomalies, but few so strange in its results as this."

I now hastened to open communication with General Slocum on my right and with headquarters at Chancellorsville — the last communication which I had received from the general-in-chief having been the order to assail the enemy on his right flank and check his advance, which was conveyed to me about 5 P. M., adding that I must rely upon the force I had, as Berry's division, of my corps, could not be spared from the front. To open communication, I sent Lieutenant-Colonel Hart, assistant adjutant-general, and a small mounted escort, detailed by General Pleasonton, first taking the precaution to be sure that no orders, communications, or memorandum of the countersign should compromise us, if capture resulted in the search of his person. Colonel Hart, taking the route through the ravine and by Fairview, performed this duty with his usual address and zeal, and brought me orders to hold my position.

Colonel Hart was instructed to report to the general-in-chief that a portion of Whipple's ammunition (mule) train, some of the caissons of his batteries, and two or three of his cannon were in the woods occupied by the enemy between my line of battle and the road, and that to recover these, as well as the line of the Plank road, I would, with his sanction, make a night attack, if supported by Williams' division, of Slocum's corps, and by Berry's division, of this corps, now forming a connected line. About 11 o'clock I received, through Colonel Hart, permission to make this advance, and immediately confiding the dispositions on the flank to General Birney, and in front of Major-General Berry, directed the attack to be made on the flank in two

lines of battle (with the bayonet), supported by heavy columns.

Colonel Hart was sent to communicate with Major-General Berry and General Williams, who intervened between Birney's right and Berry's left, Berry's lines crossing the Plank road in the woods in front of Fairview. Colonel Hart having reported to me that Berry and Williams were ready, at midnight I ordered Birney to advance.

It is difficult to do justice to the brilliant execution of this movement by Birney and his splendid command. Ward's brigade formed the first line; Hayman's second, about 100 yards in the rear, pieces all uncapped, and strict orders not to fire a musket until the Plank road and earthworks were reached, the movement to be by the right of companies. On the left a wide road led through the woods perpendicular to the Plank road, on which the Fortieth New York, Seventeenth Maine, and Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers were pushed forward by column of companies at full distance.

The night was very clear and still; the moon, nearly full, threw enough light in the woods to facilitate the advance, and against a terrific fire of musketry and artillery, some twenty pieces of which the enemy had massed in the opening (Dowdall's) where General Howard's headquarters had been established, the advance was successfully executed, the line of the Plank road gained, and our breastworks reoccupied.

I commend to the particular notice of the general-in-chief the high praise bestowed by General Birney upon Col. Thomas W. Egan, Fortieth New York, for the energy and dash which he threw into this attack. All our guns and caissons and a portion of Whipple's mule train were recovered, besides two pieces of the enemy's artillery and three caissons captured.

Thrown into hopeless confusion upon his right flank, the enemy advanced upon the front of the second division (Berry's) in connected lines on the right and left of the road, but was repulsed in less than thirty minutes by the combined and effective

fire of infantry and Dimick's and Osborn's batteries, excellently posted on and near the road.

At about 2 A. M. the Third (Mott's) Brigade arrived from the ford, from whence it was ordered before dark, and was placed in reserve in two lines to the left of the Plank road, in the rear of the right of General Williams' division and in front of the division artillery, the right of each line resting on the road.

At daylight on Sunday morning, I received orders from the general-in-chief in person to withdraw from my position on the flank, and march my command by the most practical route to Fairview, and there occupy the new line of intrenchments along the skirt of the woods perpendicular to and on either side of the plank road, my artillery to occupy the field-works on the crest of the hill, in the rear of the lines of battle. Major-General Berry I found already in position in the front line, with the Second Division, connecting on his left with Williams' division (Twelfth Corps.) An examination of his dispositions left me nothing to desire. General Whipple commenced the movement from the Wilderness by the left flank, preceded by the artillery of his own and Birney's divisions, except Huntington's battery, which was well posted on the right flank, to cover the withdrawal of the columns. Birney followed in good order. When the rear of his column (Graham's brigade) had descended the ravine, the enemy assailed Graham fiercely, and charged Huntington's battery, but were handsomely repulsed. Directing a battery to open fire from the crest of a hill to the left of the Fairview house, and a brigade to be formed in column of regiments within supporting distance of Graham, he was withdrawn in good order, although not without considerable loss. Huntington's battery, of Whipple's division, swept with a most destructive fire the plain on which the rebels deployed for their attack on Graham. In withdrawing over the branches of Scott's Run, this battery lost some of its horses and material.

Along the heights in front of Fairview, commencing near the Plank road on the right, were Dim-

ick's and Osborn's batteries; near the dwelling, Randolph's and Clark's were posted; on the extreme left of the crest, Seeley, Lewis, Livingston, and Puttkammer in reserve. Huntington was sent to the ford. The Third (Mott's) Brigade, Second Division, after the retreat of the Third Maryland Regiment, moved forward to the breastwork, by command of General Mott, and drove the enemy back upon himself with incalculable slaughter. The Fifth New Jersey advanced into the woods beyond the line of breastworks, capturing many prisoners and colors. The Seventh New Jersey on the left vied with the Fifth in repelling the rebel masses. Graham's brigade (the One hundred and fourteenth, Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-eighth, One hundred and fifth, and One hundred and forty-first Pennsylvania Infantry) was almost immediately sent to the front to relieve one of General Slocum's brigades, which was reported to me to be without ammunition. The First Brigade (Colonel Franklin commanding), of Whipple's division, in two lines (the One hundred and twenty-fourth and Eighty-sixth New York and One hundred and twenty-second Pennsylvania), supported Berry on the right of the Plank road most gallantly. The battery on the left of the road and in rear of the line having been withdrawn, these regiments relieved the front line on the left of the road, and by a brilliant charge drove back the enemy, who were coming down the road and over our breastworks. It was in this charge that the intrepid Lieutenant-Colonel Chapin and Major Higgins were wounded, the former mortally. The Second Brigade, Colonel Bowman commanding (the Twelfth New Hampshire, Colonel Potter; One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Crowther commanding, and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Opp commanding), formed the third line in front and to the left of the batteries at Fairview. These troops behaved with the utmost gallantry, and were boldly led, maintaining their ground to the last under the most adverse circumstances. Their loss was necessarily severe. Besides Lieutenant-Colonel Crowther, who was killed, Colonel Potter, Lieuten-

ant-Colonel Maish, and Major Savage, of the Twelfth New Hampshire, and Major Jones, One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania, were all dangerously wounded.

The sharpshooters, under Colonel Berdan, supported the First Brigade on the right, throwing out a strong line of skirmishers to the front in the woods. These splendid light troops rendered the most effective service. Major Hastings was severely wounded while upon this duty with his battalion.

The vigor and tenacity of the enemy's attack seemed to concentrate more and more upon my lines near the Plank road and on my left flank. As fast as their lines were broken by the terrible fire of artillery and musketry, fresh columns were deployed. My last reserve (Ward's brigade, of Birney's division) had been sent to support Berry, on the right of the Plank road, but that heroic commander had fallen in the thickest of the fight, while Ward was on his way, who failed to get into position before the enemy had turned Berry's left flank, which was held by the Third Maryland, of the Twelfth Corps.

Thirty cannon, in a commanding position and admirably served, inflicted terrible blows upon the enemy. Often repulsed by the concentration of this fire, and by repeated charges of infantry, his unexhausted reserves enabled him to press forward rather in crowds than in any regular formation.

My last round of ammunition having been expended, except canister, which could not be used on account of the position of our own troops, the artillery retired toward Chancellorsville and took a new position. The infantry, except that portion of the Second Division which General Revere without authority led to the rear, was then re-formed under my own supervision, and while being supplied with ammunition took up a second position on the plain in the rear of Fairview, the front line occupying the artillery breastworks.

It was here that the First Brigade (Franklin's) of the Third Division, vied with the Third Brigade (Mott's), Second Division, in its repeated assaults upon the enemy. Charge after charge was made by this gallant brigade, under Colonel Sewell, Fifth New

Jersey, upon whom the command devolved (after the loss of General Mott and Colonel Park, Second New York Volunteers, wounded), before it was withdrawn, terribly reduced and mutilated, from the post assigned it. Its stern resistance to the impulsive assaults of the enemy, and the brilliant charges made in return, were worthy of the "Old Guard." No soldier could refuse a tribute of admiration in remembrance of the last charge made. A small body, for a regiment, drove the enemy out of the rifle-pits near Fairview before withdrawing, and returned with 40 men, whose sole reliance in this charge was in the bayonet, every cartridge having been expended moments before.

Finally, retiring to Chancellorsville, I re-formed in three lines on the right of Major-General Hancock, of Couch's corps; Lewis' battery, four pieces of Seeley's, and a section of Randolph's under Lieutenant Bucklyn, took position about half-way between Chancellorsville and Fairview, and although exposed to a terrible fire, were effectively served until not a round of ammunition was left. The severe loss in men and horses now rendered the withdrawal of my batteries imperative — Seeley, as he fell back, bringing with him all the harness from 30 or 40 of his dead and wounded horses, leaving no trophy of his battery on the field, except the memorable loss it had inflicted on the enemy.

Graham's (Pennsylvania) brigade had gallantly held the left for two hours, driving the enemy with the bayonet out of some barricades he had taken early in the action. The right giving way toward the Plank road, General Birney, in person, led a portion of Hayman's brigade to the charge, driving the enemy back in confusion, capturing several hundred prisoners, and relieving Graham from a flank movement of the enemy, which exposed him to great peril, when he withdrew in good order.

After the fall of the lamented Berry, some confusion occurred in the withdrawal of the Second Division, owing to the assumption of command by Brigadier-General Revere, who, heedless of their murmurs, shamefuly led to the rear the whole of the

Second Brigade and portions of two others, thus subjecting these proud soldiers for the first time to the humiliation of being marched to the rear while their comrades were under fire. General Revere was promptly recalled with his troops, and at once relieved of command.

Although the stubborn resistance made by the Second Division to the heavy column of the enemy could not, unsupported, have been protracted much longer for the want of ammunition, there is no doubt that part of my line was needlessly exposed by the premature and hasty retirement of the Third Maryland Regiment, which had at daybreak relieved the Fourth Excelsior, on the left of the Plank road. The enemy seized the advantage instantly, and, penetrating my line in the center, near the road, exposed the wings to a fearful enfilading fire. If Ward had not unfortunately failed to get into position, this might have been averted for some time, at least. The claim of Revere to command, added to the hesitation of Colonel McAllister, of the Eleventh New Jersey, to recognize the orders of Captain Poland, chief of staff, lost us precious moments of time, and before I could reach that part of the field from the left, where I was then occupied, the position had been yielded by the infantry, the artillery having a few minutes before exhausted its ammunition and retired.

The front line near the Plank road early in the morning comprised, beginning on the left of the road, the Third Maryland (Twelfth Corps), First Massachusetts, Fifth Excelsior, One Hundred and Twentieth New York, the Second, First, and Third Excelsior, and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania (Second Division, Third Corps). This line gallantly resisted the assaults of the enemy for more than an hour, when its left was turned, and Colonel Stevens, of the Second Brigade, in the absence of General Revere, changed front to repel the advance of the enemy on the flank. Before the movement was completed, this brilliant officer fell, mortally wounded. Captain (H. J.) Bliss and several men who approached to remove him from the field were wounded. Then fol-

lowed a fierce hand-to-hand struggle for the colors of the regiment (the Third Excelsior); they were seized by the enemy, but every rebel who touched them was either shot or bayonetted, and the brave Stevens saw his colors proudly borne to the next position assigned to the regiment.

With the exception of his artillery, which sustained its fire and advanced toward Fairview, there was nothing like ardor — indeed, there was every indication of exhaustion — in the advance of the enemy after occupying our lines at Fairview.

I took at least 400 prisoners, including many officers, as I retired slowly upon Chancellorsville. There was no serious demonstration by the enemy's infantry on my artillery or supports after it had taken a second position near the brick mansion which had been occupied as the headquarters of the general-in-chief until it was set on fire by the enemy's shells. *It would not have been difficult to regain the lost ground with the bayonet, as I proposed to do, but the attempt was not deemed expedient (for the want of supports to hold it) by the senior officer present upon that part of the field, upon whom the direction of operations in front had devolved in the temporary absence of the general-in-chief.*

In conformity with orders, I marched my command in several columns, by the flank, to the junction of Ely's and the United States Fords roads, taking position as supports to General Meade. These dispositions were afterwards changed by order of the general-in-chief, by whose direction I moved to the front of the new lines near the white house, connecting with General Meade on the right and General Couch on the left. Here we intrenched, and, after throwing forward strong lines of supports for the artillery in my front (thirty cannon in position, under the direction of Captain Randolph, my chief of artillery), I massed my reserves in the woods in columns by divisions, opening *débouchés* in all directions. These works were begun under an annoying fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were soon handsomely driven by Berdan, to whom the outposts were confided, but not until the brave and accom-

plished Brigadier-General A. W. Whipple, commanding Third Division, had fallen, mortally wounded, while directing in person the construction of field works in his front.

These dispositions continued until Wednesday morning, a deluging rain-storm intervening, which caused a great and sudden rise in the Rappahannock and its tributaries, endangering our bridges and making the roads impracticable for trains. The supply of rations had become so reduced as to render an advance impossible without our trains.

During Tuesday afternoon and night, my pioneers, under the energetic direction of Captain Briscoe, aide-de-camp to General Birney, made a road two rods wide, through three miles of forest, to the United States Ford.

At daylight I was ordered to follow the artillery simultaneously with the Fifth and First Corps, these to be followed by the Second Corps as fast as the covering column closed in on its left, and this corps in turn to be followed by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps in the same order. This movement was thrown into some confusion and its success imperiled by the premature withdrawal of the pickets of the Fifth Corps and the premature movement of the Second and Eleventh Corps, the former taking my bridge, on the right, and crossing the river in advance of my First Division.

My command having been withdrawn in good order, Colonel McLaughlen, First Massachusetts Infantry, general officer of outposts, reported to me near the ford with the outpost detail, and my column, after passing without confusion or loss to the north side of the Rappahannock, moved to the old camps at Boscobel and Bellair, which they reached during the afternoon of the 6th.

Herewith I have the honor to transmit nominal and tabular returns of casualties, together with the reports of division and brigade commanders and the chief of artillery. In none of the sanguinary combats in which the troops of this corps have been engaged have they had better opportunities than on Saturday and Sunday, May 2 and 3, to inflict great

injury upon the enemy and to render signal service to this army and the cause. Soldiers and commanders performed their duties with ardor, alacrity, and devotion. As long as the history of this war shall be read, conspicuous upon its pages will be the record of the achievements and the sacrifices of the Third Army Corps in the battles of the Wilderness and of Fairview. The most difficult and painful of duties remains to be performed — an appropriate tribute to the fallen and the just commendation of those most distinguished for good conduct. Such losses as those of Berry, Stevens, McKnight, Lancaster, Crowther, and Dimick, are irreparable. It is a consolation to know that they and their noble associates among the dead did not fall unrevenged, for in the loss of Jackson and Hill, and the flower of the Rebel Army on Saturday and Sunday, the enemy learned to respect the prowess of the Third Army Corps.

I shall fail in giving adequate expression to the obligations I feel toward division, brigade, regimental, and battery commanders. The gallantry of Whipple was gracefully acknowledged by his promotion before his wound proved to be mortal. The dashing leadership of Birney has already received a like recognition. The chivalrous Berry proved but too soon how well he had deserved the highest rank in our service, and I trust that Pleasonton's brilliant conduct on Saturday — calm in the midst of tumult, and full of resources when others yielded to the pervading dismay — may be the occasion of his deserved advancement. General Carr, commanding Second Division, temporarily; General Graham, commanding Third Division, temporarily; General Mott, of the New Jersey brigade (who was seriously wounded); Colonel Sewell, who succeeded to the command; Colonels Bowman and Berdan, commanding brigades in the Third Division; Colonel Potter, Twelfth New Hampshire (dangerously wounded); Colonel Blaisdell, Eleventh Massachusetts; Colonel Egan, Fortieth New York; Colonel Ellis, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York; and Colonel Tilghman, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania (dangerously wounded), deserve

especial mention for the gallant and skillful handling of their several commands.

My artillery was served with such uniform ability and power that to discriminate among the battery commanders is not a little embarrassing. I must refer you on this subject to the report of Captain Randolph, than whom it would be difficult to name a more accomplished, judicious, and energetic chief of artillery. Osborn and Clark, chiefs of the First and Second Divisions, sustained their reputations as cool and reliable officers. Lewis established a high name for his battery; Seeley was pre-eminent as usual; Dimick won the applause of commanders and comrades by his heroic conduct, and there is nothing in war more splendid than the exploit of Lieutenant Sanderson, of Battery H, First U. S. Artillery, who advanced with a limber through a storm of musketry, disdaining death, and withdrew the last gun of his battery from the grasp of the enemy.

In compliance with orders, I shall forward at an early day a list of recommendations for brevets and promotions.

The staff departments, upon which so much depends, present no ordinary claim to consideration. The medical director, Dr. Sim, already distinguished for unsurpassed zeal and ability, was ever at his post and always efficient.

The ambulance corps, under the direction of Lieut. J. R. Moore, deserves the very highest praise. More than 2,000 of my wounded were in the hospitals at Potomac Creek, 15 miles from the front, on Tuesday, May 5. (Lieutenant Webster joined in season to take charge of the removal of the wounded under the flag of truce.)

The chief commissary of subsistence, Lieutenant-Colonel Woods, discharged all his duties satisfactorily. Captain (Harrison D. F.) Young, chief ordnance officer, always prompt and foremost, was reluctantly compelled by indisposition to remain with his trains in the rear.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Hayden, inspector-general; Captain Randolph, chief of artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel (Orson H.) Hart, assistant adjutant-general;

Major Tremain, aide-de-camp; Captain Fry, aide-de-camp (seriously wounded); Captains Briscoe and Fassitt, of General Birney's staff; Lieutenant W. C. Banks, deputy provost-marshal; Lieutenant Moore, ambulance officer and volunteer aide-de-camp; Lieutenant (Jeannotte) Macduff, aide-de-camp, and Mr. T. M. Cook, a civilian who volunteered his services early on Saturday, I am under the greatest obligations for the gallantry, intelligence, and zeal with which their laborious and important duties were performed.

Captain George E. Randolph, chief of artillery; Major H. E. Tremain, aide-de-camp; Lieutenant-Colonel Julius Hayden, inspector-general (major Tenth U. S. Infantry), and Captain T. W. G. Fry, commissary of subsistence and aide-de-camp, are earnestly recommended for brevets.

The fall of Berry and Whipple deprived them of the opportunity of doing justice to the conspicuous merit and gallantry of their respective staffs. I am sure that I only give expression to the feelings of these commanders while they lived when I commend to the notice of the general-in-chief the distinguished conduct of Captain (John S.) Poland, inspector-general and chief of staff of the Second Division, and of Captain Le Grand Benedict, assistant adjutant-general of the Second Division; also of Captain (Henry R.) Dalton and the other members of General Whipple's accomplished staff. I shall have the honor again to solicit attention to their claims when forwarding in detail my list of recommendations for promotions and brevets.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. E. SICKLES,
Major-General Commanding.

Brig. Gen. S. Williams,
Asst. Adjt. Gen. Army of the Potomac.

TESTIMONY OF THIRD CORPS COMMANDER BEFORE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

The following is an extract from the "TESTIMONY OF MAJOR GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES," delivered "Washington, February 25, 1864," before the "Joint

Committee on The Conduct of the War," "Second Session, Thirty-Eighth Congress," as reported 1865 by that committee in its Volume 1, pages 7 to 11:

* * * * * * *

The next important movement of which I have personal knowledge was made on that Saturday night. [May 2, 1865.] I had the authority of General Hooker for making a night attack upon Jackson's force. I was ordered by General Hooker generally during the day to avail myself of every opportunity to attack and harass Jackson's movement, and my position was such as enabled me to attack him on his right flank. I can furnish the committee with a plan of the battle, and a topographical sketch of the field and the position of the troops, which will enable them to understand more clearly all these movements. I have not that with me now. In furtherance of these instructions of General Hooker, when night came and the effects of the stampede had been removed, I did not feel at liberty to make a night attack without getting his special authority to do so. Upon reporting to him the position which I held, and Jackson's position, he ordered me to make a night attack, and directed General Slocum, who was on my right, to support it if necessary. The attack was made precisely at midnight by a brigade, or rather more than a brigade; General Ward's brigade, with the remaining part of General Birney's division, in support. It was admirably conducted under General Birney, and was in all respects successful. It was made entirely with the bayonet. We drove Jackson back to our original line, and reoccupied General Howard's rifle pits, and recovered some several pieces of artillery, and some caissons, which had been abandoned during the day. It was in that night attack that Jackson fell. His force was thrown into great confusion, and his own artillery opened upon his own men. The result of this attack was reported to General Hooker, and I was ordered to hold the advance line which I had recovered until further orders. I got up some troops in support, and held the line, expecting an effort upon the part of the enemy to recover it, until about four

o'clock in the morning, when I was ordered to report in person to General Hooker at Chancellorsville. Communication in the meanwhile had been established between General Hooker's headquarters and myself, it having been cut off for some hours during the day. I reported in person to General Hooker, and he ordered me, a little before daybreak, to withdraw my troops and take up a new line. He had determined to occupy a line somewhat less extended than he had held on the previous day. The disorganization of the eleventh corps had practically left him with one corps less for Sunday's operation than before.

Question. What was the strength of the eleventh corps, as near as you can recollect?

Answer. I have no correct information about it. It consisted of three divisions, and I should estimate it at fifteen thousand men. I do not think it was more, and it may have been a thousand or so less; but assuming the strength of the divisions to have been about the average, I should judge it was about fifteen thousand strong. My own divisions were considerably stronger, and my own corps was about eighteen thousand.

Question. Their giving way made a long gap in the line?

Answer. Yes, sir, a very serious gap. General Hooker consequently felt himself obliged to take a less extended position, and that made it necessary for my troops to be withdrawn. It was a somewhat hazardous movement in the presence of the enemy, as the night was then so far advanced that it would have to be done in the daylight. However, that movement was executed with much less loss than I apprehended. I had had some experience in withdrawing troops, under similar circumstances, in the presence of the enemy, in the peninsular campaign, during the seven days' battle. I had supposed that the enemy would be on the watch for movements of that character; and if we were attacked seriously while executing such a movement, I felt apprehensive of the result. But the enemy did not attack until the whole of my column had been withdrawn, with the

exception of one brigade and a battery. The rear guard under General Graham was furiously attacked; but being promptly supported, and General Graham manœuvring his troops with great address, the steadiness and gallantry of the troops was such that they inflicted upon the enemy about as much damage as they received themselves. The whole force was withdrawn in good order and without loss, except one piece of artillery, I think, which got stalled in crossing a swamp, and a caisson, the horses of which were all killed. I suppose the piece of artillery would not have been stalled, had not two or three of the horses been killed.

We then took up our position in the line of battle assigned us for the combat of Sunday, which opened very soon after my troops had taken their position. The attack of the enemy on Sunday was made on my front in great force. They attacked as they generally do — the favorite field tactics of Jackson — in heavy columns. General Hooker, of course, not knowing precisely where the attack would be made, had his forces disposed as usual, in double line of battle, but of course sufficiently extended to cover all the points of attack available to the enemy. I reported to him the great force of the enemy in my front, and my ability, in my judgment, to hold my position as long as my ammunition would last; but that the force of the enemy enabled him to constantly bring fresh troops up to the attack — that my last reserves had been put into position, and it was very important, as that seemed to be the point that the enemy were bent upon attacking, that I should be supported. An aide-de-camp, Major Tremain, took this last and most urgent communication to General Hooker. Of course I had made frequent reports to him of the progress of things in my immediate front. That communication I regarded as of the most important character. It was taken to him at the time when he had been struck down by a piece of the door or pillar of the apartment which he was occupying at Chancellorsville being knocked against him. He was knocked senseless, and Major Tremain was unable to make the communication to him. Some of

General Hooker's staff were present; and from his appearance and the character of the blow, they supposed at the time that the injury would result fatally.

I received a report of this from Major Tremain, and sent him back again. I think I sent the same officer; at all events, I sent a staff officer, for the purpose of making the communication to the next senior officer who would take command. I received no official communication from headquarters, however, and no support came to me. And my artillery ammunition having been exhausted, I withdrew my artillery from the defences thrown up during the night — withdrew it in good order and without loss. I also withdrew my infantry, which had been somewhat in front, to the second line behind the works, expecting to hold them for a time with the bayonet, and looking every moment for support to come up. The enemy seemed to be satisfied with having forced me to withdraw my infantry from their front line to this second position; and the battle paused for half an hour or more. The loss inflicted upon the enemy, especially by my artillery, was most severe. Their formation for the attack was entirely broken up, and from my headquarters they presented to the eye the appearance of a mass, a crowd, without definite formation; and if another corps had been available at that moment to have relieved me, or even to have supported me, my judgment was that not only would that attack of the enemy have been triumphantly repulsed, but that we could have advanced on them and carried the day. And that undoubtedly would have been done in ample season, and before my ammunition gave out and compelled me to withdraw, but for the injury that General Hooker received.

However, no supports coming up, and the enemy meanwhile having had time to restore order in his own lines and bring up fresh reserves, I was again attacked, and having no means of resistance except the bayonet — having only one battery for which I had been able to obtain a supply of fresh ammunition — after repelling five successive attacks of the enemy with the bayonet, capturing eight of their colors from

their second line, most of which were captured by the New Jersey brigade under General Mott, I again fell back to General Hooker's headquarters, which were then within easy range of the enemy's cannon, and were rapidly becoming a pile of ruins — almost every shot telling upon the building. I had just taken up my third line a little in the rear of his headquarters, when they were set in flames by the enemy's fire and consumed.

Under the orders of General Couch, who had at this time, I believe, temporarily assumed command during General Hooker's disability, I then again fell back to the line for the army generally, which I believe was marked out by General Couch, three-quarters of a mile or so to the rear. The enemy, however, was so badly punished, had received such injury from the battle of the morning, that he was not in a condition to follow us up; and, in the execution of these several movements to the rear which I have described, I took prisoners instead of losing any, which is the most conclusive indication that I could give you of the good order in which these movements were executed, and the inability of the enemy to follow up or take any advantage of them, either in the capture of prisoners or material.

At the conclusion of the battle of Sunday, Captain Seeley's battery, which was the last battery that fired a shot in the battle of Chancellorsville, had forty-five horses killed, and in the neighborhood of forty men killed and wounded; but being a soldier of great pride and ambition, and not wishing to leave any of his material in the hands of the enemy, he withdrew so entirely at his leisure that he carried off all the harness from his dead horses, loading his cannoneers with it; he even took a part of a set of harness on his own arm, and so moved to the rear. I think this is as significant a fact as I can state to you, indicating the inability of the enemy to follow up; also the additional fact that I lost no prisoners, but captured a considerable number, several hundred, from the enemy while they were making these last attacks of which I spoke. They were spirited attacks, but not such as indicated the enemy to be in a condi-

tion to follow up any advantage. As I said before, *if another corps, or even ten thousand men, had been available at the close of the battle of Chancellorsville, on that part of the field where I was engaged, I believe the battle would have resulted in our favor.*

Question. What was the result finally; did the battle then cease?

Answer. Yes, sir; and we withdrew. General Couch withdrew his corps — what of it was there — two divisions, I think. General Slocum withdrew his, and my corps was withdrawn to the general position. I do not remember the name of the house, although perhaps it is stated in my report. It was on a farm, and occupied by General Couch as his headquarters. It was about three-quarters of a mile or a mile in the rear, and toward the United States ford, where we took up a new position and intrenched. There we remained until we recrossed the river, in consequence of the rains having swollen the Rappahannock and carried away the bridges so as to interrupt our communications, our rations having been consumed.

Question. How long did General Hooker remain in this disabled state, resulting from the blow he received?

Answer. I was constantly present with my troops until we took up our final position in the afternoon, and I did not see General Hooker from the time the battle opened until rather late in the afternoon, when the battle was over. I had received orders in the meantime from General Couch and from General Meade, both my seniors. The order from General Meade I understood to be an order from General Couch, communicated to me through General Meade. Of course I obeyed those orders, and put my troops in position in accordance with them. In the afternoon, I should say about three or four o'clock, I met General Hooker. I think he sent for me to know where my troops were, and I told him. He asked by what orders, and I told him. He said they were not in position as he desired, and told me where he wanted them. I regarded him then, of course, as having resumed his command, and changed my position from one somewhat to the rear, in support of

General Meade, and took position in front, parallel with General Meade. General Meade held the front line on the right of the United States ford road, and I held the position on the left.. There I proceeded to intrench.

I cannot speak from any personal knowledge of General Hooker's condition, except as was reported to me by staff officers; but, as near as I can fix the time, I suppose he must have received this injury at quite an early hour in the morning — I should say, perhaps, between eight and nine o'clock — and I had no communication from him indicating him to be in command until, perhaps, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. He was then, I should say, in a condition, from his injury, that forbade his reassuming command; he was evidently suffering great agony, and I suppose nothing but the highest sense of duty could have prompted him to resume command under such circumstances. He was mounted on his horse, and was perfectly clear in all respects as to orders and everything, but was evidently suffering great bodily pain.

Question. Were his mental faculties impaired in any way when you saw him?

Answer. No, sir; except that they might be by bodily suffering.

Question. *Do you suppose, if he had been well enough to have answered your request for re-enforcements, it would have turned the whole tide of battle?*

Answer. *Yes, sir; I have no doubt the battle would have been won in thirty minutes; at least, it would have been won in an hour. It would have been won just as soon as you could have got ten thousand men from the right or left to have repulsed that attack.*

Question. What was the reason that request was not complied with by the person who assumed the command after General Hooker's injury?

Answer. I cannot answer that question, because I do not know at what time the next senior officer did assume command. That would depend entirely upon whether the staff of General Hooker may have

supposed that the general would revive and soon recover.

Question. Were there available troops to have met your request?

Answer. Yes, sir; because my corps was the only one actively engaged; or, I should say, with the 12th corps. My corps was the one most seriously engaged; the 12th corps was partially engaged. My losses would indicate that. *I lost two hundred and sixty officers and about forty-five hundred men in a couple of hours; which was the principal loss of the day.*

Question. I suppose the reports show nearly what the relative losses were; but do you recollect which was the greatest — our loss or the loss of the enemy?

Answer. I do not think the enemy has ever published his loss at Chancellorsville; I do not remember to have seen anything that I could regard as a reliable official statement of his loss, but it must have greatly exceeded ours, except that he took a great many prisoners, as I have understood, from the 11th corps on Saturday. His losses in killed and wounded, in the operations of Saturday and Sunday, must have greatly exceeded ours. I have never seen a more effective infantry and artillery fire brought to bear upon troops than was delivered from the line of battle under my eye, selected by General Hooker, on Sunday. Our position was a commanding one, and with one-half of the force that was brought to bear against it could have been held.

Question. It seems obvious to me that when you were pressed in this way, and the other part of the army was not engaged, they could hardly have overlooked the necessity of re-enforcing you at once.

Answer. I cannot say that it was overlooked. It was not done, on account of those accidents which no human foresight could avoid. In the first place the injury to General Hooker prevented him from doing it. If the senior staff officer present regarded the injury to General Hooker as so serious as to deprive him of the power of command, it was his place to notify General Couch that General Hooker was se-

riously injured, and not able to continue in command; and upon that notification General Couch would undoubtedly have assumed command if he had received it in an official form, and had been within easy communication, which I suppose he was. If he was too far off to take command, the notification should have been sent to the next senior officer, whoever he was. Why that was not done, or if it was done, when it was done, I have no information.

Question. Probably if it had been done promptly it would have saved the day?

Answer. I have no doubt of it. Any means by which we could have received re-enforcements at that point would have saved the day, and turned it in our favor. * * *

XIX — Continued.

GENERAL HOOKER'S ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL GIVES HIS POINT OF VIEW ON CHANCELLORSVILLE.

ADDRESS OF THE LATE GENERAL JOSEPH DICKINSON AT THE NINTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE SECOND NEW JERSEY BRIGADE SOCIETY,* HELD AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 9TH, 1896.

In response to the sentiment: "The White Diamond at Chancellorsville," General Dickinson, being introduced amid loud applause, said:

Comrades of the Old Second Jersey Brigade Society:—I return your very cordial greeting with thanks and best wishes. You have asked me to respond to "The White Diamond of Chancellorsville." General Sickles has just said that General Rusling has given you all the sweet things and taffy that is good for you on this occasion. As I agree with the general I propose to try your mental digestion with a dish of hard, dry facts.

The campaign of Chancellorsville, it has been repeatedly asserted, "has been involved in more

* The reprint of this address is taken from the society's published proceedings of its reunion on the "Thirty-first Anniversary of Lee's Surrender."

mystery than any other in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged." Yet it is doubtful if the operations of any of the armies during the war, of equal or approaching magnitude and importance, can be more clearly or effectively shown or thoroughly understood than by a careful and unprejudiced reading of the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion."

That, as a daring and brilliant offensive demonstration to turn an enemy's strongly fortified position by the march of a large army thirty-five to forty miles, with two rapid rivers to cross, it was an unqualified success, cannot well be questioned. That greater results were not reaped from such a masterly movement it is the purpose of the writer to endeavor to show from the printed records above mentioned, and was not due, as so often charged, to any fault or want of ability on the part of the mind that conceived it.

General Hooker assumed command of the Army of the Potomac on January 26, 1863. The condition of the army at that time has been so well stated by General Daniel E. Sickles, in an address delivered by him at the town of Hadley, Mass., the place of General Hooker's birth, on May 5, 1895, that I give it in full.

"When Hooker was assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac it had fallen to an extreme depth of demoralization. Nearly three thousand officers and more than eighty thousand men were absent without leave. Desertions numbered at least two hundred a day. Three commanders had been superseded. Recruiting had come to a halt. Reinforcements were not in sight. The Proclamation of Emancipation had placed a

new phase on the war. It had gravely divided public opinion in the North, unfortunately spreading dissensions in the army, and discouraging re-enlistments among the two-year men whose term of service was about to expire. Hooker brought back the absentees and restored the *morale* of the army, reviving its confidence in itself and its leader. He gave the army incessant occupation, the best remedy for demoralization, and in April, 1863, it was ready for another campaign, more effective than it had been at any period of the war."

On April 11th, after almost three months of hard work, General Hooker was ready for the field and sent to the President his plan of campaign. This was, in a few words, to sever the enemy's connection with Richmond with his cavalry force under General Stoneman; then "when the cavalry had established themselves in the line between him and Richmond," he, with his infantry and artillery, to fall on his rear and turn his position upon the heights of Fredericksburg.

The President at once approved the plan and two days later, April 13th, the cavalry corps received its order of march. In the meantime the army awaited its movement. The cavalry move very slowly, however, and are brought to a halt by the mud, and all the streams swimming, caused by heavy rains. April 15 the President telegraphs General Hooker of his uneasiness, and says, "The rain and mud, of course, were to be calculated upon. General S. is not moving rapidly enough to make the expedition come to anything. He has now been out three days, two of which were unusually fair weather, and all three

without hindrance from the enemy, and yet he is not twenty-five miles from where he started. To reach his point he still has sixty to go, another river (the Rapidan) to cross, and will be hindered by the enemy. By arithmetic, how many days will it take him to do it? I do not know that any better can be done, but I greatly fear it is another failure already. Write me often. I am very anxious."

General Stoneman explains that "every rivulet was swimming and the roads next to impassable for horses or pack mules, not to speak of the artillery and wagons." That a squadron in attempting to cross a river "lost one officer and two men swept off, and several horses drowned."

General Hooker, with his usual magnanimity, replies to the President, enclosing General S.'s letter, that "His failure to accomplish speedily the objects of his expedition is a source of deep regret to me, but I can find nothing in his conduct of it requiring my animadversion or censure. We cannot control the elements."

April 20th General Stoneman again issued orders that "this command will move at once." On the 22nd, General Hooker writes him he "must move quickly and make long marches," but on the 23rd Stoneman replies, "The command is now separated by impassable streams, and I am unable to communicate with the different portions of it, owing to the small streams being swimming. The pickets are cut off by high water."

On April 26th, after two weeks of fruitless endeavor to make a success of the cavalry part of his plans, General Hooker gives it up, and concludes to use it as a means of obtaining informa-

tion, and starts his infantry and artillery columns independently.

On April 27th the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps began their march at sunrise, followed later the same day by the Fifth Corps. The three corps advanced by way of Hartwood, to avoid discovering themselves to the enemy, to Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock River, about thirty miles distant from Falmouth. Crossing that river the first two corps moved on to the Rapidan River crossing at Germania Mills, while the Fifth Corps crossed at Ely's Ford, thence as directly as possible to Chancellorsville, where they were to concentrate. Two divisions of the Second Corps had meantime been ordered to encamp as near as possible to Bank's Ford, one brigade and a battery of which was to take position at United States Ford. These movements were to be made quietly, out of sight of the enemy, while the division left in camp was the one whose camps were most exposed to the view of the enemy. Bank's Ford was distant five miles, and United States Ford eleven miles from Falmouth.

The Sixth, First and Third Corps, under command of Major General Sedgwick, were placed in readiness to cross the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg as follows: The Sixth Corps, General Sedgwick, at Franklin's Crossing; First Corps, General Reynolds, at the crossing below Pollock's Mill Creek and the Third Corps, General Sickles, as a support to cross at either point. These movements to be made so that the First and Sixth be in position on or before 3:30 A. M. of the 29th and the Third Corps on or before 4:30 A. M. same date. These operations were intended for a

"demonstration only to hold the forces of the enemy while the operations were carried on above, unless the enemy should leave the position or should weaken his forces materially by detachments." The division left in camp as well as the division at Bank's and United States Fords were to be held in readiness to follow up any successful movements without delay.

A great object was to effect the passage of the Rapidan by the three corps on the 29th, and in so doing uncover the United States Ford and establish communication with the left wing of the army.

On April 28th General Slocum was directed that when the three corps came together at Chancellorsville, he was to assume command of the whole by virtue of his seniority, and if finding the enemy in no considerable force to "endeavor to advance at all hazards, securing a position on the plank road and uncovering Bank's Ford. If he found the enemy had been greatly reinforced he was to select a strong position and compel an attack on his own ground." While these movements were going on, General Hooker had temporary headquarters at Morrisville, Va. While here he found the troops had not advanced as rapidly as he desired or had expected of them, and was therefore, at 3 P. M., on the 28th, compelled to suspend for the time the order for the crossing of the force under Generals Sedgwick and Reynolds.

After serious delay General Slocum reports: "The two corps, Eleventh and Twelfth, arrived at Chancellorsville at about 2 P. M. on the 30th." The Fifth Corps, which had crossed at Ely's Ford,

arrived at Chancellorsville before either of the others.

In the meantime, April 30th, the Second and Third Corps had been ordered to proceed to join the right wing, while about the same time General Sedgwick was directed "to make a demonstration on the enemy's lines in the direction of Hamilton's Crossing at 1 o'clock, the object being simply to ascertain whether or not the enemy continues to hug his defences in full force, and if he should have abandoned them, to take possession of his works and the commanding ground in the vicinity. A corps should be used for this purpose, a portion of it advanced while the balance is held in supporting distance, and your whole force held in readiness to spring to their relief should an effort be made to overpower them or to cut them off. This demonstration will be made for no other purpose than that stated. The enemy must not be attacked behind his defences if held in force. If you are certain that the enemy is in full force in your front * * * the demonstration herein directed will not be made. The General must know the position of affairs and be advised fully; also as to what you do, at once."

To these instructions General Sedgwick promptly replied: "Headquarters, Left Wing, April 30, 1863. General Reynolds is satisfied that the enemy have not weakened their force either in infantry or artillery, and that a demonstration will bring on a general engagement on the left. General Brooks thinks the infantry force in his front is undiminished and strong. He can see nothing of their batteries. John Sedgwick, Major General Commanding."

Upon receipt of which the demonstration was suspended until further orders. On the same day, shortly afterwards, the gallant Sedgwick wrote: "The enemy seems to be in heavy force in front of both Reynolds and Brooks, and to be forming for an attack. We are ready for them. John Sedgwick, Major General, etc."

About this time the three corps of the right wing had been concentrated at Chancellorsville, and it will be seen that the enemy had not "been greatly reinforced" at that point. In fact it was not until midnight of the 30th of April that General Lee seemed to awaken to the fact that Hooker had succeeded in making a grand flanking movement and that the left of his strong position had been turned. General Lee's report shows that the only force he had west of Fredericksburg was two brigades of Anderson's division. Mahone's and Posey's, which had been stationed at United States Ford and a third, Wilcox's, guarded Bank's Ford; and Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry picketing the Rappahannock above the mouth of the Rapidan, and two regiments of W. H. F. Lee, the whole (of the cavalry) under the immediate command of General Stuart. "On the night of the 29th General Anderson was directed to proceed towards Chancellorsville, and dispose Wright's brigade and the troops from the Bark Mill (U. S.) Ford to cover these roads." "Arriving at Chancellorsville about midnight, he found the commands of Generals Mahone and Posey already there, having been withdrawn from the Bark Mill (U. S.) Ford, with the exception of a small guard."

"Learning that the enemy had crossed the Rap-

idan, and were approaching in strong force, General Anderson retired early on the morning of the 30th to the intersection of the Mine and Plank roads, near Tabernacle Church, and began to intrench himself. * * * Mahone was placed on the old turnpike, Wright and Posey on the plank roads." Such was the position of the two contending armies in the afternoon and up to midnight of the 30th of April.

The whole of the army of Northern Virginia in their works at Fredericksburg (with the exception of the three brigades as above stated, and one brigade at Bank's Ford) confronting Sedgwick and Reynolds, and Slocum with the Eleventh, Twelfth and Fifth Corps at Chancellorsville, confronted by three brigades near the Tabernacle Church, four miles distant, and one brigade at Bank's Ford, and the Second and Third Corps on the march to join him.

General Hooker did not reach Chancellorsville until evening, delayed by his anxiety as to the results of Sedgwick's demonstration or a full knowledge of his action and the enemy's position as directed by him in the morning. His instructions, however, to General Slocum were so positive and explicit as to render his presence not absolutely necessary. Let me state them fully.

"MORRISVILLE, VA., April 28th, 1868.

"Major General Slocum, Commanding, etc.—If your cavalry is well advanced from Chancellorsville, you will be able to ascertain whether or not the enemy is detaching forces from behind Fredericksburg to resist your advance. If not in any considerable force, the general desires that you

will endeavor to advance at all hazards, securing a position on the plank road and uncovering Bank's Ford, which is also defended by a brigade of rebel infantry and a battery. If the enemy should be greatly reinforced you will then select a strong position and compel him to attack you on your own ground. You will have nearly 40,000 men, which is more than he can spare to send against you. * * * The general desires that not a moment be lost until our troops are established at or near Chancellorsville. From that moment all will be ours. A copy of this will be furnished Major General Meade. (Signed) Wm. L. Candler, Captain and Aide-de-Camp."

In his "report of the operations of the troops under my command, from April 27th to the 6th instant, dated May 17, 1863," General Slocum says, "The two corps arrived at Chancellorsville, Va., at about 2 P. M. on the 30th. The Twelfth Corps took position in the woods, on a line nearly parallel to the plank road, with the left resting near Chancellorsville and the right near a church about one and one-half miles therefrom. The Eleventh Corps joined the right of the Twelfth, with its right resting on Hunting Run. The Fifth Corps, which had crossed at Ely's Ford and arrived at Chancellorsville before either of the others, extended from Chancellorsville toward the United States Ford. The Major General commanding the army arrived at Chancellorsville on Thursday evening, the 30th, and I then resumed the command of the Twelfth Corps." That is all.

General Howard says in his report dated May 13, 1863: "Fourth day, Thursday, the corps followed the Twelfth, leaving camp at 7 A. M. and

encamped near Dowdall's Tavern at 4 P. M. As soon as the head of my column reached this point I went to Chancellorsville and received my orders from General Slocum. He told me I was to cover the right, posting my command near Hunting Creek. General Slocum gave me to understand that he would take care of the entire front from Chancellorsville to my position, but afterwards one of his division commanders sent me word that I would have to take about three-fourths of a mile of the front, so as to connect with General Slocum's right as ordered. This I did, and located my command with reference to an attack from the front in a direction perpendicular to the plank road; also from the right along the plank and old turnpike roads." Here he specifies in detail the positions of the different commands of his corps.

General Meade in his report, dated May 12, 1863, states that "Before daylight on the 30th two squadrons of cavalry were sent out with instructions for one to push in the direction of Chancellorsville, the other to take the road to the United States Ford, after crossing Hunting Creek; both to drive in the enemy's pickets if encountered and pursue them as far as they could, reporting results. Just as the column of infantry was ready to move, I received a report from Colonel Devin that he had driven the enemy's pickets on the United States Ford road, and had pursued them for several miles until he had encountered the enemy in force drawn up in line of battle, to the number, I think, of at least a brigade. Having no reason at the time to doubt the authenticity of this report, I concluded the enemy

had become apprised of our movement and were prepared to dispute the opening of the United States Ford, a point of vital importance to our operations. I therefore ordered Sykes' division, in advance, to proceed at once to the United States Ford and halted Griffin, after passing Hunting Creek, to await the development of Sykes' movement.

"Soon after making these dispositions the cavalry reported their occupation of Chancellorsville, after a slight skirmish with a small force of the enemy. Being satisfied from this that there could be no enemy at United States Ford, I pushed Griffin on to Chancellorsville, which place he occupied at 11 A. M., and where I was rejoined by Sykes about 1 P. M. As soon as Chancellorsville was occupied, I directed Colonel Devin with his whole cavalry force to send out a strong picket on the plank road and to send another party out on the Bank's Ford or River road, to feel for the enemy, and ascertain how much of our front was uncovered.

"About 3 P. M. I received a report from Col. Devin that he had driven in the enemy's pickets at the Bank's Ford road and had pursued them until he could see their line of battle, and from the wagons visible he concluded they were about to evacuate the position. I immediately directed General Griffin to advance a brigade to support the cavalry and if practicable to drive in the infantry and uncover Bank's Ford. About an hour afterward Griffin reported to me that he was with his brigade in the presence of a superior force of the enemy and that he would require support if he had to maintain his position. I then ascer-

tained to my surprise that the cavalry, instead of going down the Bank's Ford road, as they reported and led me to believe, had gone down the old Richmond turnpike, which makes a detour at Chancellorsville, coming in again to the plank road about three and one-half miles from Chancellorsville. Upon referring to General Slocum (who had arrived and assumed command) the question of withdrawing or supporting Griffin, it was determined to withdraw him, which was accordingly done, and both divisions were bivouacked in line of battle, the right resting on Chancellorsville and the left extending in a northeast direction toward the river." What fatal inaction! As yet there remained many hours of daylight after the concentration of the corps at Chancellorsville, within four miles of the objective point, the open ground near the Tabernacle Church, and about six miles from Bank's Ford, the uncovering of which was of the utmost strategic importance, and only three brigades at one point and one brigade at the other, to oppose their occupancy by a force of 40,000 men! I have failed to read history aright if ever in all the great battles of the world there is shown a more daring or skillful plan of campaign carried to such a brilliant success, and then, at the most decisive moment, to throw away most valuable hours, withdraw from the most important advance and "bivouack in line of battle." What could it mean?

At this time well might the accomplished and daring General Warren say "that the grand flanking movement has succeeded," for so it has. But why lie there idle? By the morrow sun the golden

opportunity to reap the fruits of that toilsome march and daring manœuvre had vanished with the dew from the flowers, and what would have at that time been but an easy task, presaging brilliant victory, is inexplicably delayed to be attempted at a fearful sacrifice of life the next day. Oh! for General Hooker's presence on that afternoon. But his absence was consistent with his whole previous course in the war, where there was likely to be the greatest danger to his troops, where his presence seemed to him the most important for the cause for which he was fighting, there was he to be found; therefore he lingered as near as possible to the brave Sedgwick's front, fearing that by some chance his smaller force might be suddenly overwhelmed. The positions of the enemy, as has been shown, prove conclusively the correctness of his judgment, certainly of his enemy's movements, if not of his own commanders.

It was at this time, too, that the absence of the large cavalry force was most seriously felt, when its services might have been utilized to the greatest possible advantage.

General Hooker reached Chancellorsville in the evening too late for any movement that day, so he immediately set about completing arrangements for the next day, May 1st.

By this time General Lee had waked up to the real importance of our movements, and to the fact that we were actually in his rear, and so began his movement. He says in his report: "The enemy in our front near Fredericksburg continued inactive and it was now apparent that the *main attack would be made upon our flank and rear.* It

was therefore determined to leave sufficient troops to hold our lines and with the *main body of the army to give battle to the approaching column.* Early's division, of Jackson's corps, and Barksdale's brigade, of McLaw's division, with part of the reserve artillery, under General W. N. Pendleton, were intrusted with the defense of our position at Fredericksburg, and at midnight on the 30th General McLaws marched with the rest of his command toward Chancellorsville. *General Jackson followed at dawn next morning with the remaining division of his corps. He reached the position occupied by General Anderson at 8 A. M. and immediately began preparations to advance."* So the morning sun rose upon an opposing force of, not the three brigades of the night previous, but the main body of the Rebel Army with its redoubtable commander at its head.

"At 11 A. M. May 1st (I quote further from General Lee's report) the troops moved forward upon the plank and old turnpike roads, Anderson, with the brigades of Wright and Posey, leading on the former; McLaws, with his three brigades, preceded by Mahone's on the latter. Generals Wilcox and Perry, of Anderson's division, cooperated with McLaws, Jackson's troops followed Anderson on the plank road. Colonel Alexander's battalion of artillery accompanied the advance."

General Hooker's order for the advance was as follows:

"CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA., May 1, '63, 11 A. M.

"Circular.—The Fifth Corps, including three batteries, will be thrown on to the River road by most direct route, the head of it advanced to near

midway between Mott's and Colin Runs, the movement to be completed 2 o'clock.

"The Twelfth Corps, including its batteries, will be massed below the plank road, the head of it resting near Tabernacle Church, and masked from view of the enemy by small advanced parties, *and the movement to be completed at 12 o'clock to enable the Eleventh Corps to take its position.*

"The Eleventh Corps, with its batteries, will be massed on the plank road, about one mile in rear of the Twelfth. This movement to be completed at 2 o'clock.

"One division of the Second corps, with one battery, will take a position at Todd's Tavern, and will throw out strong detachments on the approaches in the direction of the enemy.

"The other division and batteries of the corps will be massed out of the road near Chancellorsville, these dispositions to be made at once.

"The Third Corps will be massed as fast as it arrives about one mile from Chancellorsville, on the United States Ford road, excepting one brigade, with a battery, which will take position at Dowdall's Tavern.

"General Pleasonton will hold his command, excepting those otherwise engaged, at Chancellorsville.

"*After the movement commences headquarters will be at Tabernacle Church.* By command of Major General Hooker. Wm. L. Candler, Captain and Aide-de-Camp."

This was a movement to take up a line of battle about two and one-half miles in front preparatory to a simultaneous advance along the line at 2

P. M. As General Lee's report shows, his troops were already in motion.

General Meade "ordered Sykes' division to advance on the Old Richmond turnpike until after crossing Mott's Run, when he was to move to the left, deploy and open communication with Griffin on his left and Slocum on his right, and when all were in position, to advance simultaneously against the enemy, supposed to be in position from the plank road to the river. Griffin was ordered to move down the River or Mott's road until in the presence of the enemy, when he was to deploy, his left resting on the river and his right extending toward Sykes. Humphreys was to follow Griffin, to be held in reserve to reinforce Griffin or Sykes as the exigencies might require. These movements were commenced about 11 A. M. Sykes moved out on the old pike, and, after proceeding over a mile, met the enemy's skirmishers. He immediately deployed, and after a spirited engagement, drove the enemy for a considerable distance.

Finding the enemy in force and making dispositions to outflank him on both flanks, without any communication either on the right or left with a suporting force. General Sykes reported the condition of affairs to the Major General commanding the Army, and by him was ordered to withdraw. This he did in good order, returning to Chancellorsville."

General Meade is slightly in error here. General Sykes did not report directly to General Hooker. As Sykes states in his report, "Griffin was far to my left, Slocum far to my right, the enemy in front and between me and both those

officers. In this situation, without support, my position was critical; still I determined to hold it as long as possible. At this period, General Warren, Chief Engineer Army of the Potomac, who had accompanied me, rode to the Major General commanding the army, to explain the state of affairs, and, on his return, I was directed to retire in the direction of Chancellorsville."

General Warren, who had been reconnoitering and examining all the roads in the vicinity, returned to headquarters about 10 A. M., just before the movement commenced. After the Fifth Corps had started, he says in his report, "I went back over the route I had examined, which was that given to the second division of the Fifth Corps, under General Sykes. On gaining the ridge about one and one-quarter miles from Chancellorsville, we found the enemy advancing and driving back our cavalry. This small force resisted handsomely, riding up and firing almost in the faces of the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, which formed the enemy's advance. General Sykes moved forward at double quick time, attacked the enemy vigorously, and drove him back with loss till he had gained the position assigned him. This he obtained about 12 o'clock. No sound yet reached us indicating that any of our column had encountered the advance of the enemy. In General Sykes' front the enemy deployed to the right and left, in line far outreaching the whole of ours, and I have never seen the steadiness of our troops more tried and proved. Captain Weed brought his battery into the front line in the ridge where it could operate against the enemy, and was able to reply to him within musket range, and used

his guns with great effect. When the division had all been deployed to extend the line of battle, the lack of numbers compelled a regiment to be deployed as skirmishers. No connection, however, could even thus be made with our own troops on the right, and my aide, Lieutenant James, in attempting to communicate with the presumed position of General Slocum, run against the enemy's skirmishers, from which he fortunately escaped, though many shots were fired after him. A similar effort by one of General Sykes' aides was foiled in the same way. General Sykes bravely resolved to hold the position assigned him, which his command had so gallantly won from the enemy, and I set out with all possible speed to report the condition to the commanding general."

Just about this time, shortly after 12 o'clock (it will be remembered that the order of the morning *required the movement of the Twelfth Corps to be completed at 12 o'clock*), General Hooker, who had for some time been pacing to and fro impatiently upon the front porch of the Chancellor House, said to the writer: "I do wonder if Slocum is in position." "I will see, General," I replied, and, mounting my horse, galloped in the direction of the Tabernacle Church, the position I knew had been assigned to the Twelfth Corps. I had ridden but little over a mile, through the woods, when my orderly, Marsh, a very brave, intelligent cavalryman, remarked that those balls could not well come from our own men. I at once changed my course and came out on the Plank road, where I soon found General Slocum standing by his horse's head surrounded by his

staff, about a mile from the Chancellor House. To my inquiries as to why he was not in his proper position, he replied to the effect that he could not get there on account of the enemy and the thick woods. To the left of the Plank road in an open field facing a piece of woods to the east, I saw General Williams' division standing in line of battle. I immediately concluded to push Williams through the woods and endeavor to form a connection with General Meade's troops, if it were possible. I sent Lieutenant Mackenzie (I think it was), of General Slocum's staff, to inform General Hooker at once of Slocum's position and whereabouts and of my proposed movement of Williams' division, which he, Williams, approved of. As we were about to order the troops forward the same officer that I had sent to General Hooker returned hurriedly and informed me that General Hooker did not wish the movement made, as he had determined to withdraw his entire line to Chancellorsville.

It was this discovery of Slocum's failure to reach his position to which General Warren refers in the continuation of his report when he says: "From information received since the advance began, the general decided to countermand it, and receive the enemy in the line occupied the night before. Unfortunately this line had been taken up the day before by tired troops toward the close of the day and without much prospect of fighting a pitched battle upon it. It was a bad line and had several commanding positions in its front for the enemy to occupy. I carried to General Sykes the order to fall back and he then withdrew his command in perfect order, bringing

off his wounded with the exception of a few who were cut off in the extreme right of his extended skirmish line. All the other columns withdrew to the vicinity of Chancellorsville without having engaged the enemy." * * *

Here then the oft repeated question as to why General Hooker so suddenly seemed to change his mind, and his successful movement, up to this point, ceased so abruptly, has I think been answered by the preceding reports of his commanders.

Let us see what General Slocum has to say of his part in the day's action. He reports that "On Friday (May 1st) at 11 A. M., pursuant to orders, I moved the Twelfth Corps from Chancellorsville toward Fredericksburg on the Plank road. We met the skirmishers of the enemy about a mile from the Chancellor House; formed in line of battle, and advanced, the enemy falling back toward the heights of Fredericksburg."

"At about 1 P. M. orders were received to return to our original line. In this movement our loss was only ten killed and wounded." Started at 11 A. M., moved one mile, formed in line of battle and advanced, the enemy falling back towards the heights of Fredericksburg, and out of a corps of 12,000 men the loss was only ten killed and wounded. In seven lines the tale is told! Does the military mind crave more? There is nothing more. Yes, something. General Lee is surprised and anxious.

"May 1, 1863, 4 o'clock.

"Major General Stuart, Commanding Cavalry. General.— The captured prisoners agree in stating

that this is Meade's corps with which we are now engaged, and that Howard's corps preceded them across the Rapidan, and have taken some other road. This is the only column that we can find in this direction. What has become of the other two? Meade appears to be falling back. I am, very respectfully yours, etc.,

"R. E. LEE, General."

He will soon find one of them, with sequence dire to us. Let us look at one of the immediate results of the failure to secure the advanced position that had so easily been within our grasp.

Upon a visit to Chancellorsville with a large excursion party in May, 1884, General Slocum being present, it was my pleasure to meet the Rev. James P. Smith, who had been General (Stonewall) Jackson's Adjutant General at the battle there in May, 1863, and who kindly on the occasion of our visit, led us to the spot where Generals Lee and Jackson on the night of May 1 consulted together and agreed upon the latter's plan of the flank movement and attack on the Eleventh Corps. I, at that time, asked Major Smith how, in his opinion, the execution of General Hooker's plans, i. e., Slocum's position near the Tabernacle Church would have affected the movements of General Lee's army or of General Jackson's command, to which he promptly replied that of course Jackson's flank movement would not have been possible, for the gate that had been left open would have been closed, and his, Jackson's, opportunity would not so temptingly have presented itself, for, as he further remarked, the general was always on the lookout for just such

weak places in the enemy's lines and ever ready to take advantage of them; so last year when preparing a history of the Chancellorsville campaign, I wrote him, asking him to repeat in writing the substance of the statement given above. His very kind reply I here give in full:

805½ E. Leigh Street, Richmond, Va., March 18, 1895. Dear General Dickinson.—I am quite mortified that I should have been so long in replying to your letter of the 19th ult. The very pressing nature of my occupation as an editor carrying a good deal just now, has deferred an answer which I would have wished to be quite prompt. I remember with pleasure our meeting at Chancellorsville and recall your statement as to the position of Slocum's corps, which it had been arranged in some way should be at or near Tabernacle Church. I am quite ready to repeat to you what I think I said in our conversation at Chancellorsville, that if Slocum had been at the Tabernacle Church and made a determined stand there, it would have precipitated the battle there. It does not seem to me that an opportunity could have been found for such a movement as Jackson made to the west of Chancellorsville. Both the road to Catherine Furnace and the Catharpin road, both leading south and west, would have been closed. The flank movement would not have presented itself as it did to Generals Lee and Jackson. I do not now recall why it was that General Slocum did not take position at Tabernacle Church. I am, general, sincerely,

James P. Smith.

General Joseph Dickinson, Washington, D. C.

Of the flank movement referred to General Lee says in his report: "It was evident that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position and his superiority of numbers. It was, therefore, resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was intrusted to Lieutenant General Jackson with his three divisions. * * * At 6 P. M. the advance was ordered. The enemy was taken by surprise and fled after a brief resistance."

The condition of the Eleventh Corps when struck by Jackson's troops is thus described by Colonel Long in his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee:"

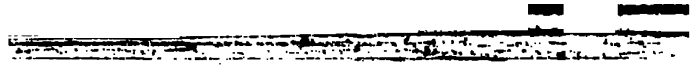
"Had Hooker possessed a handful of cavalry equal in merit to the 'Virginia horsemen' under W. H. F. Lee, that neutralized Stoneman's ten thousand, he might have escaped the peril that now awaited him. On the arrival of Jackson on the Plank road, Fitz Lee, who covered his movement with his brigade of cavalry, conducted him to a position from which he obtained a view of the enemy, which disclosed the following scene: Below and but a few hundred yards distant ran the Federal line of battle. There was a line of defence, with abatis in front and long lines of stacked arms in rear. The soldiers were in groups in the rear laughing, chatting and smoking, probably engaged here and there in games of cards and other amusements indulged in while feeling safe and comfortable, awaiting orders. In

the rear of them were other parties, driving up and butchering beeves." And this in view of the fact, as stated in the report of General Warren, that "on the assurance of the commander on the right, General Howard, that they were abundantly able to hold their position against any force the nature of the ground in their front would enable the enemy to bring against them, and because they thought to fall back would have some of the demoralizing influences of a retreat, it was decided to make no changes in the right wing, but to strengthen it with breastwork and abatis."

Still the crash came; and you all know the result. Once more the "old guard," your old division, which fortunately was in reserve, was sent for, and responding with its old dashing, but cool courage, soon checked the further advance of Jackson's force; the old Army of the Potomac was safe once more, and the enemy had lost their beloved and truly great and gallant Stonewall Jackson. Then your comrades of the Third Corps were left in a rather tight place, but a night attack by your gallant commander, General Sickles, soon brought it out all right as usual. In this sketch I do not intend to consume your time in going into the details of the next day's terrible fighting or of the serious injury to the commander-in-chief, General Hooker, by which he was rendered unconscious for nearly an hour and from which, in fact, he did not fully recover for some time, and which without doubt eventually caused his death. There are none living who were there who can ever forget that

bloody day. It was a day on which the grand old Army of the Potomac showed itself in all of its magnificence, the invincible, unconquerable army that it was. Some one said to me, at the time, when matters were pretty hot near the Chancellor House, something about a defeat. Defeat ——! I could not help replying, a couple of more defeats like this will wipe out the rebel army. He had probably never heard of Napoleon's axiom that "any force which cannot be recruited must melt away and eventually surrender."

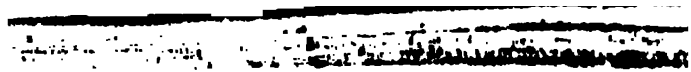
It would not require many such hot days as the 3rd of May, 1863, to melt away almost any army. Neither have I time to touch upon the movements of the brave, the greatly beloved Sedgwick, whom I esteemed as one of our grandest and ablest soldiers, who was bravely doing his best alone with his splendid corps battling against the enemy's stronghold on the heights of Fredericksburg, that almost impregnable position from which Burnside's army had been flung back as with a rebound, with such frightful results. It must be remembered that their position was one that could be held by a small number against a very superior force, and yet the brave Sedgwick took it. Consider also that the communications between the two wings of the army were very faulty and that the enemy, operating on interior lines, could re-enforce either of their wings at very short notice. Sedgwick did all that man could do, and that was much, very much, considering all things, God bless him.



FURTHER EXCURSIONS.

1885-1896-1897-1899-1900.

AT ARMY REUNIONS.



XX.

1885

A REUNION AT LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK.

Remarks of H. E. Tremain.

Upon the occasion of a Reunion of the Warren County Veterans' Association, held at Caldwell, Lake George, N. Y., July 4th, 1885, an address was made that appears in the August, 1885, number of the "*Grand Army Gazette and National Guardsman*," from the report of which is extracted the following:

Fourth of July Reunion of Veterans of Warren County, N. Y.

A notable reunion of veterans from all the Grand Army posts in Warren County took place at Caldwell, on the shore of Lake George, under the auspices of the Warren County Veterans' Association.

After a parade through the village a large and enthusiastic assemblage followed the Veterans to the appointed grove where the camp-fire was held.

A poem was read by Dr. E. W. Holden, of Glen's Falls, president of the association, and an address made by Chaplain Gordon, which were enthusiastically received.

At the opening of the exercises an address of welcome was made by

GEN. H. E. TREMAIN.

He said: The honorable duty has been assigned to me of welcoming the veterans of Warren County to these noble and historic shores.

May the time never come when the scattered survivors of the Union forces shall assemble for any social, personal or civic purpose, except amidst the grateful greetings of their fellow citizens and the affectionate tribute of American women and American children.

Thrice welcome, too, is this Veteran Reunion on this National Anniversary.

The occasion portrays a nation successfully defended from foes without and from foes within, a nation in vigorous manhood reposing in its strength, at peace with the world

and devoted to those prosperous pursuits which — in the language of the Constitution — may "form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

The place — the day — these veterans. What a theme!

Were I an orator or a poet, I might anticipate with envy the interest with which you will listen to the eloquence and poetry to come from the accomplished gentleman who will shortly be introduced to you and upon whose time I will not intrude.

The Fourth of July — the Prince of Days in the calendars of nations.

This shore — itself for a long while a colonial camp, with yonder marshes for its bloody battle lines.

These veterans — the representatives of the most successful and accomplished soldiery of modern war.

These three topics — either by itself, replete with suggestions for volumes — in group might outline the symmetrical development of our country.

THE PLACE.

The events that transpired here had a potential relation, political and military, to that confederation of the colonies out of which grew the Declaration of Independence.

That instrument was not the decree of enthusiasts; but, like many other things strong and enduring, was a product of evolution.

The seed sown to produce it was the necessity of the English colonies to unite not only for their own defence against the Indians, but against the French — the traditional enemy of England.

The Home Government was regarded as neglectful of its duty in failing to furnish its dependent colonies with adequate military protection of their frontiers.

So, as early as 1754, colonial delegates had assembled at Albany for concert of action in mutual defence.

When at last hopeful succor had arrived and Braddock's famous expeditionary corps entered upon its memorable Virginia campaign, great expectations were placed upon its results in connection with the military plans for the defence of the frontiers of northern and western New York.

The fatal defeat of the English general, the remnant of whose army was saved from massacre by the skill of a young colonial Aide-de-Camp named George Washington, threw the colonists into dismay and the plans of the Home Government into confusion.

Then arose the north star of hope and peace from the sanguinary shores of the sparkling Horicon.

The French general, planning to possess himself of the Valley of the Hudson, sought to capture this post before assailing the post which is now Fort Edward; and the colonial troops camped on this plain marched out to yonder battle lines.

Now many of the battles of those days would scarely have been counted a skirmish by the veterans of this day. One division of the Army of the Potomac might have driven the combined French and English opposing forces into the Lake. Nevertheless it was a brilliant encounter. On one side the French commander was killed and his gallant army routed; while on the other the English general was wounded early in the action and the field was finally won by his able Lieutenant, a Connecticut volunteer.

By this defeat the French invasion was suspended, another year of preparation and

confederation secured for the colonies, and many hopes and aspirations satisfied.

The thanks of Parliament, a baronetcy and a gratuity of £5,000 was the reward of the English commander, who being carried from the field did not command.

But soldiers in that day were highly esteemed, and it is just as well in this day we should remember the fact.

If in 1755 this battle of Lake George had been lost to the colonists, their confederation severed and the Valley of the Hudson laid at the feet of England's enemy, who will say that in the march of events twenty-one years later those colonists would have declared (in 1776) that the "*United* Colonies are and ought to be *free* and *independent States?*"

So, also, who shall say what in the march of events would have been the situation in 1885 if 22 years ago — on July 4, 1863,— Vicksburg or Gettysburg had been a Union defeat? Or what if twenty years ago Lee had dictated instead of accepted at Appomattox the generous terms of surrender tendered by that simple-minded, brave-hearted, duty-loving grand man, who on yonder Mount McGregor, with all the world affectionately watching at his bedside, heroically suffers in preparation for that victory which can come

only in another life. May Grant's days not yet be numbered.

Who among the vanquished would now reverse Appomattox?

All who fought are allies in patriotic progress.

So did those who one hundred and thirty years ago contended for these shores become in less than twenty-five years afterwards allies in the cause of Independence, of Liberty against Wrong:— an alliance that a few days since evoked the most imposing naval parade ever witnessed in the beautiful Bay of New York when the national friendship of a century was cemented by the gift of France to the United States of that ever-flashing, symbolic statue for land and sea of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

Passing by other vicissitudes of Lake George, why shall we not, my comrades, remember that the hills and valleys and waters, and plains of our own Empire State have played a critical part in the strifes and tournaments of our military, political, legal, social and industrial history.

Of the three States which in the war for Independence furnished the most supplies, New York was one of the three; of the three

States which furnished the most money, New York was one of the three, and of the three States which furnished the most men, money and supplies New York again was one.

Yet New York was the last of the thirteen colonies to approve the Declaration of Independence. It was proposed in June. The Continental Congress long debated it. By July 1 only nine colonies were committed to it, and on July 4, when the final vote was taken, New York alone declined to vote. A few days afterwards the Provisional Assembly of New York gave its instructions; but it was not until July 9th that the final sanction of New York was given to what then became the unanimous act of the thirteen United States.

We celebrate the Fourth because it is the day the authoritative vote was taken and the document itself dated. Perhaps you would like to celebrate its unanimity on the 9th of July?

As it was not finally engrossed and completely signed until the second day of August, the most patriotic among you may continue the celebration until the second day of next month.

Lake George can stand it. For the ordinary demands of a temperance — patriotism, it has an unfailing supply,— of pure water.

OUR CELEBRATION IS IN TOKEN OF A SENTIMENT.

It is in commemoration not of the act of one day, or the fact that we have seen war, but of a period of great events, events that shaped our destinies as a people. This day, this place, these welcome veterans so remind us.

We recall on stated red-letter days the political, the social, the military emergencies of the past, and we observe how the leaders of thought, of statesmanship and of arms dealt with those emergencies.

Our veteran reunions, outside of their personal character, are to the same purport.

There is a sentiment — a moral principle — an adherence to the life of devotion to duty — that always prevails.

We have great national days that link in thought the coming and going generations, and convey to posterity the unwritten, unwritable experiences of the actors in great events.

Beginning with Februrary 22, then May 30 — for as long as there is a "Fourth of July" to follow it "Decoration Day" will survive — then the anniversary of Independ-

ence, then the instituted day of praise and Thanksgiving. These days at conveniently recurring periods all remind us of some higher, nobler duty — privilege — than exclusive devotion to one's self.

What would the children — aye, many men and women — have inherited of the sufferings, of the triumphs, of the failures, of the spirit of the days of 1861-5 were it not for the reunions of the participators in the struggles and combats of those stirring days? Do you ever pass the enflowered grave of the soldier on Decoration Day without some useful thought?

Do you ever see the Williams' monument on yonder hill without recalling its lesson of sacrifice of life to voluntary duty, or contemplating the spirit of a man who on entering the campaign willed his property for an institution of learning that has carried his name wherever the liberal arts are cultivated?

Who can tell the silent teachings of the handsome column that beautifies Glens Falls, and pays enduring tribute to the gallant sons of Warren County who were your noble comrades?

Let the memory of the dead be kept green.

Let the worthy homage to the living be always present with us.

Let the motive — the sense of duty and of devotion to duty — that inspired dead and living direct us as individuals to the purest purposes taught by the experiences of others, and lead us as a people to the highest aspirations of a free and liberal republic.

XXI.

1896.

A REUNION AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

Remarks of H. E. Tremain.

At the banquet upon the occasion of the Twenty-seventh Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, held at Burlington, Vermont, September 17th, 1896, there were speeches in response to various sentiments. The following is an extract from the society's volume of published proceedings, page 62, etc.:

The next toast, "The Army of the Potomac," was responded to by General Henry E. Tremain, as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades.— As we descend the shady side of life's mountain, it seems to me that these reunions are colored less by the jubilations and frivolities of war than by the sober reflec-

tions that they incite among those who, in justice to the youthfulness and tender age of our members, I may style our expiring generation. It is said that youth lives in hope; manhood, like the soldier, enjoys the good things of the present; and old age dwells with memory. So reminiscence is our indulgence, even at the expense of patience. (Applause.) Indeed, the good people of Burlington could scarcely have endured us as they have, and our reminiscences, for two whole days, were it not for the sake of our gallant comrades from Vermont, than whom none are more highly esteemed, none more worthy. (Applause.) For the continuous enjoyment we have had in this beautiful city we cannot too heartily acknowledge our thanks. Indeed, wherever these reunions have occurred, their success has followed the cordial hospitalities and honors extended by the inviting cities. (Applause.) And yet, there is not conceded to this Society, or to other kindred societies, any special function in the body politic. Your Governor told us last night that there was a time when this Society was performing an important part in public affairs; but we no longer belong to the wheels of government. The only wheels that belong to

most of us are the wheels in our heads. (Laughter and applause.)

When we come together at these reunions we naturally recall personal experiences, the public conditions attending those experiences, and the civic changes that have since occurred. Why, as youths, were we impelled to take up arms? How fitted, or rather how unfitted, we were for that pursuit! How we thought it was not to become our permanent occupation; how it was that hostilities aroused a peaceful and happy people to a conflict hitherto unparalleled; how difficult it was to keep that conflict going; how the forces in the rear of our army lines became as troublesome as the more valiant enemy in front of our guns. (Applause.) How political chaos from the Potomac to the Gulf followed the surrender of the armed forces of the rebellion; how civic battles under military leaders had to be fought in every State, North and South, before the written Constitutions of the country could be adapted to the changed conditions created by the war (applause); and how in the halls of Congress, in the courts, on the rostrum, in the press and in every imaginable way those changes had to be separately and assiduously defended against the political assaults that

would, if they could, have vitiated the grand fulfillments of national unity and national destiny, wrought out by that war. (Applause.)

These things, comrades, are in the minds of our expiring generation. But our successors in the generation now coming upon the stage of our national life, many of them, know little, and, perhaps, care less about them, than will the studious statesman or the educated soldier of a future century, who will be glad to recognize in the dramas of those days, the Army of the Potomac days — *our* days — the brilliant pictures of American heroism and American achievements. (Applause.) In the light of our experiences, survivors of this army, who has any better right to applaud the patriotic efforts of to-day? Or, who than ourselves a better right to challenge attention to our national faults, for surely we have some; or to encourage all things that will promote our national prosperity; or to defeat, if we can, policies that will assuredly entail national adversity; or in any practicable way to blaze the path, if we can, to higher national glory, to permanent peace and enduring happiness among our people? (Applause.)

If there is one weakness, I will not say it

is a fault, which, in a cursory survey of our national conditions, forces itself upon our attention, it is our supreme confidence in our own strength — a confidence largely born, comrades, of your valor, your endurance, your patience and your successes; and of the military power developed both North and South during the gigantic conflicts in which you were participants. (Applause.) But may it not be in order now to ask, Is this confidence in all respects justified? Is there any admonition needed from the experiences of our generation about utilizing American power and American resources for the promotion and preservation of American interests? (Applause.) You will answer me by pointing to the unrivaled ships of war majestically creeping into our new navy, and to the mighty armament that will soon float the Stars and Stripes in defense of every American harbor, and in resistance of every foreign assault upon American honor. How are we to man that navy? If ever specially needed, it will be needed suddenly; and so will your armies. How will you raise them? How will you then keep your ships and forts fully manned with instructed men; and the regiments and batteries of our armies in the

field filled to the point of maximum efficiency? (Applause.)

None know better than those who, upon the battlefield, have placed the decimated remnants of regiments under the command of lieutenants, and sometimes even of sergeants; than those who have written the papers for the consolidation of regiments, batteries, brigades and corps, and have seen famous commands extinguished from the rolls of the army: None know better, from experience, than you, the survivors around me, that this is no idle question. (Applause.) The popular answer is upon all lips — by volunteers. Yes; I listened with delight to the tribute paid last night by General Averell to the volunteer, and I shall listen with equal pleasure to a similar tribute about to be paid to him this evening by General Lewis. (Applause.) By all means encourage volunteers, and give them preference and honor in the ranks. But, is haphazard volunteering a scientific and reliable resource, and altogether in harmony with modern development? Can the reserved power and unshaped military resources of the nation be promptly arrayed in the face, it may be, of adverse opinion? That is a question for our successors to answer. (Ap-

plause.) I will not stop to discuss it at this time. It is full of suggestions.

In a republic scarcely an exigency can be imagined where debate, differences of sentiment, hesitation, intrigue perhaps, and more or less honest divergence of interest, if not open opposition, will not accompany preparations for war, or the organization of forces in readiness for a military purpose. Intentions and policies must be discussed, public opinion aroused or solidified, legislatures convened, laws enacted, elections, perhaps, must intervene, before the essential steps can be taken to utilize, in some concrete form, the men and the resources, outside of the few armed militia, that ought to be at the immediate call of seventy millions of people. (Applause.)

Modern American society, with a frown, has turned its back upon the possibility and difficulties of war; has discouraged military ardor and quenched military spirit as if it belonged only to a wilder age; and has contented itself with a supreme confidence that we will always be ready, and without knowing exactly how, or by what route, that we will somehow "get there every time." (Applause.) Nearly a score of years ago, one of the most distinguished divines of his,

or of any other generation, admonished this Society that "our young men are becoming engrossed in the arts of peace, and since military life is not profitable in the market, nor popular just now in politics, it is dying out of our favor and out of public thought." "To prepare for war is often the way to prevent war." These notes of caution, sounded by Mr. Beecher, in his eloquent oration at our reunion in 1878, at Springfield, deserve to be sounded and resounded along the lines, until some survivor among us shall see the vast unused, unassorted, uncollected, floating forces of our national power capable of becoming swiftly vitalized at the nation's call. (Applause.)

If citizenship, native or naturalized, carries valuable rights, it should impose correlative duties. Individual responsibility to defend the common weal, individual obligation to expose life, if necessary, in support of one's country and its laws, would be a guarantee that individual rights and individual liberty would be conserved, and that public virtues would be appreciated. (Applause.)

Until human nature shall change, human collisions will occur; physical commotions will arise, and wars will always be possible,

often inevitable. *Every able-bodied man in a republic should be quickly available in defense of the state.* He should have and know his place. Enjoying as he does the protection of his property, and his liberty, and his political equality, he owes not only a voluntary proffer, but one of obligation, which the state should enforce individually upon him, to appear and to respond to his name for some public service from time to time, and so be assigned, and perhaps be somewhat instructed, for some public duty to be incumbent upon him. (Applause.) If men of military age were compelled to render some military service, or its equivalent *not in money,* I venture to say there would be more vacancies in the jails and less work for the public prosecutor. In the crowded cities and towns, for instance, if every registered man should be compelled to report periodically to a company officer, where he was, or what occupation he was pursuing, there might be fewer tramps, less idleness, more homes, and better safeguards against the current disorders of society. (Applause.)

Comrades, the Army of the Potomac was always in favor of peace (applause); but a peace that, at that time, passed all Confederate understanding (applause)— a peace

for which all Confederates have since been profoundly grateful. The United States of America has always been in favor of peace; but, as the Army of the Potomac always insisted upon peace, only upon Army of Potomac terms, so the United States of America always wants its peace upon American terms. (Applause.) As my time is about up, I will just add one further thought. (Cries of "Go on.")

We are now launched as a nation, by the vote of Congress, on the laudable mission of urging peace by arbitration as a substitute for settling disputes by war. No nation has graver questions approaching the necessity of settlement. In the Northwest, two great powers are exerting or claiming dominion over the same populations, and an issue like that which nine years ago severed diplomatic relations between Venezuela and Great Britain, and more recently has threatened our own peace and commerce, may in any month be paralleled in Alaska, and enter into the active politics of England and America. Lord Russell the other day in his admirable address at Saratoga declared that "wisdom and justice in policy are a stronger security than weight of armament," but my friends, men do not always agree as to what *is* wisdom, and

what *is* policy. All men know, however, that no international tribunal of arbitration existing only by the sufferance of its creators, and necessarily devoid of actual power beyond the expression of its own opinions, the personnel of which shall be permanent and continuous, will be potential enough to avert war, if the sentiment or the conditions of either country demand war; and that the adequate and ample readiness of the United States to utilize all the men, and all the resources of this great nation, for the swift prosecution of war is, against all other peoples, as well as among ourselves, the surest guarantee of our permanent peace. (Continued applause.)

XXII.

1897.

A REUNION AT TROY, NEW YORK.

Remarks of H. E. Tremain.

At the banquet upon the occasion of the Twenty-eighth Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, held at Troy, N. Y., August 21st, 1897, there were speeches in response to various sentiments.

The following is an extract from the Society's volume of published proceedings, page 66, etc.:

General King: We do not forget the magnificent and continued service of the regular Army and Navy of the United States; but the safety in all emergencies of this nation must rest, as it depended years ago, upon volunteers.

Our next toast,

"The Volunteers of 1861 to 1865," will be responded to by our comrade General Henry E. Tremain. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF GENERAL TREMAIN.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades.—When one is accorded the honor of the floor on an occasion like this, the temptation is well nigh irresistible to indulge in army recollections; but I do not dare to trust myself along that line. (Laughter.) I recall the fate of a certain gentleman who was once telling his experiences in connection with the war. An acquaintance left his side for more congenial company. When he reached her he said, "Julia, don't you wish when old Mr. Smoothbore begins telling his army experiences, he was dead?" "No," said Julia, who was a little more considerate, "but I do wish sometimes that the war had occurred fifty years earlier." (Laughter and applause.)

As a New Yorker who was much alongside of Carr's famous regiment, I can only say here to-night, especially after the hospitable reception in this city, that I feel myself a semi-Trojan; and I gladly join in welcoming the comrades from other States. (Laughter and applause.) New York is still in the Union, and is proud of her Union soldiers. (Applause.) Our Legislative House of Assembly, last spring, on the Thirty-sixth Anniversary of Fort Sumter, remembered them

in a resolution of gratefulness; and our honored Governor — who, in our days, our volunteer days, would have been one of us, had he not been then the youngster he was — our honored Governor has come down from his mountain retreat to show his sympathy. (Applause.) I rejoice with you, too, my comrades, that the nation's chief is in sympathy with this gathering, and has gladdened us by his presence. (Applause.)

Listening to the eloquent words of our orator last evening, I thought that these reunions helped to bring before the people the actual life of the soldier; that they helped to bring to the front what war is; that they helped to make the people of this country appreciate what it means to exercise the military and naval power of the nation. (Applause.) To every man, woman and child, to every home in the land, is revealed the significance of war and what war costs, and how, if necessary, the national power shall best be welded and wielded. (Applause.)

Perhaps we need not agree with the great Von Moltke when he said that "continued peace is a dream," and "war is ordained of God." But as practical Americans we know that war comes suddenly. We know that the United States is, and always has been, care-

less about looking after our strength; and that is why our Capitol and White House were burned by the British in 1814. The lesson of ancient peace is always to be prepared for war. The lesson of modern peace is that the nation that is not prepared for war invites war. The presence of certain conditions on one side, and the absence of certain conditions on the other, assure in a modern war given results—results as capable of being foretold as the square root of an algebraic equation. How swiftly now is war begun and ended! A modern war may be said to be determined before it has been fairly commenced. You remember how, thirty days after the first hostile shot of last spring, Greece was at the mercy of Turkey's army in Thessaly. Greece in the midst of her campaign needed 100,000 rifles. They arrived after her armies were defeated. Her squadron was idle for need of coal, and her ships received the coal after the truce was declared. The lessons of ancient peace and of modern peace are the same. The peace of Europe to-day depends not so much on the good will of good people as upon the armaments of Russia, of Germany and of Italy. (Applause.) Except for the armies and navies of the great powers, the sword of the

Mohammedan would to-day draw the blood of every Christian in European or Asiatic Turkey. (Applause.)

Whatever may be the future policy of the United States, whether it be idly to reject expansion or courageously to advance upon the conservative lines of our historic progress during the past century, one great fact is being accepted by our people; and that is, whether for peace or for war, our armament is too small, our navy is too small. (Great applause.)

We do not build enough ships, nor train enough sailors. Where is the great volunteer navy of the future to come from? England can parade for fun 108 ships, as it did at the recent Jubilee, and 38,000 men; yet this does not represent one-half of her navy. No nation can have a large navy that does not sustain a large mercantile marine. We pay nearly $200,000,000 in gold to foreigners, every year, for carrying in foreign ships what we sell abroad, and what we buy from abroad. This is a great drain upon the resources of this country, and a drain that foreigners are interested in maintaining. How shall we stop it? It is more than enough to pay the pension roll. How shall we manage our affairs so as to keep this great sum at home?

By paying it to Americans and American ships. (Loud applause.) That is a vital question that will surge in and out of our reunions; and until this nation shall solve it, our navy, gallant and worthy as it is, will not fittingly represent 70,000,000 of people having a coast line on the Atlantic and Pacific of half a continent.

I shall not stop to speak of our army. It was hinted last night that it was too small. One fact remains patent to us all; and that is, it is not large enough to man properly even the posts on our Canadian frontier. (Applause.) Our militia scarcely numbers 100,000 equipped men. We coddle and nurse a little company of men here and there, and build them luxurious armories, and think we are all fixed up for any trouble. What would all such bric-a-brac amount to in case of war? (Laughter and applause.) Our armories should be the center of military instruction to all the people; and they should be places of honor for veterans. (Loud applause.)

Our pension roll is $150,000,000 a year. Its magnitude exceeds the annual expenditure of England for England's army. It exceeds the annual revenues of Spain. It is nearly three times as much as the United

States expends for both its army and navy. We seem to have drifted into the notion that the pension roll, instead of being a source of national weakness, is somehow a weapon of national defense. True, it is the fulfillment of national promises made in times of trouble; honest, honorable promises which must and will be kept. But, all the same, it is a debt to the past, rather than a security for the future. It is only a moral collateral, daily reminding this people how much the strength of the Republic depends upon willing hands, willing hearts, and the willing arms of its willing citizens. (Loud applause.)

If I had my choice, Mr. President, of what sentiment should go forth from this or from any other army reunion, I would put it in three words, "STRENGTHEN THE REPUBLIC." (Continued applause.) I would strengthen it in mind, body and estate; I would strengthen it in intellectual vigor; I would strengthen it in all its physical powers; I would strengthen it in all the elements of true national wealth; I would have the flag not an emblem of defiance, but of unity, of concord, of equal and harmonious citizenship; of national wisdom and progressive nationality; the flag an emblem of peace, but

potential to inspire fear of war, if peace should be wantonly threatened, and potential for successful war, if war should be provoked. (Applause.)

"Virtue in a republic," said the great Montesquieu,— and it is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago —"virtue in a republic is a simple thing. It is love of the republic." How do you expect to produce love of country if you do not inculcate patriotism? Weeds thrive and multiply faster than flowers. The trees of patriotism are easily reared; but if you would have them thrifty, and numerous, and shapely, and symmetrical, you must watch them in their growth; you must keep the grubs out of them; you must see that plenty of new trees are planted in the fertile soil of the nation's orchard. (Applause.) And that they are held up against the winds, so that they neither bend nor break forever before the storms of political seasons. (Applause.) No nation can long survive that does not preserve an honorable regard for its soldiers. (Applause.)

But enough of this sober and serious talk. I have used my time up and have talked like an old man; and when I look around me and see the bright faces, and the clear eyes, and the sparkling countenances of so many hand-

some women,— why, that makes us all young. We can all feel for a little while as we did those nights in the camp, when we enjoyed an evening heedless of the possible march of to-morrow, of the battle of the next day, and of the sufferings or death of the next night. So, in the spirit of the old camp fire, let me give you a careless sentiment, before I take my seat:

"Here's to the world, the jolly old world,
And the days that are happy, not blue;
Here's to the future, be what it may,
And here's to the best — that's you."

(Long and continued applause.)

XXIII.

1899.

A REUNION AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Remarks of H. E. Tremain.

At the banquet upon the occasion of the Thirtieth Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, held at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, October 12th, 1899, there were speeches in response to various sentiments. The distinguished officer (General Sickles) assigned to respond to the following toast being absent, the President of the Society, General Orland Smith, in expressing the Society's regrets at this absence, said that one of the absent general's staff was present, and that he had the pleasure of introducing General Henry E. Tremain of New York, who would respond to the toast

Our Country.

The following is a further extract from the Society's volume of published proceedings, page 52, etc.:

RESPONSE OF GENERAL HENRY E. TREMAIN.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen and Comrades.— It is not an inaccurate description of my feelings just at this time to narrate the defense made by an intelligent contraband who had attached himself to a captain of our 120th New York just before the battle of Fredericksburg. He had promised that captain as faithfully as those colored gentlemen do promise, that under no circumstances would he be absent from the line of battle, and from the captain's bivouac over night, no matter what should happen. (Laughter.) The first night the captain did not find his haversack; ditto the next night; ditto the next night; but when the troops had returned to the comfortable camp across the Rappahannock, the colored gentleman turned up, and there was much profanity expressed in his presence by his captain. (Laughter.) In answer to the captain's demand why he was not there, the contraband said: "I runned away, sir." "Why did you run

away?" said the captain. "Well, sir," said the contraband, "for the same reason you stayed. I runned away because I didn't darr stay; and you stayed because you didn't darr runned away." (Laughter and applause.) And that is my apology for staying here to answer your President's call in the place of our old Commander of the Third Corps. No one can fill his place. It is with diffidence that I respond, or attempt to respond, to this toast. In doing so, I would not willingly break in upon the comfortable reflections which you are enjoying as the result of the eloquent addresses to which we listened last evening, and of the interesting experience which we have enjoyed to-day. There is a long gap and a great contrast between the smoke of battle and the smoke of Pittsburg. (Laughter.) The smoke of battle, in our recollection is filled with hostile missiles, and with the sounds of strife and woe. The smoke of Pittsburg, in our recollections, will hereafter be filled with the music of good cheer and with the sweet incense of gracious hospitalities. (Applause.)

Now, a fitting response to this toast "OUR COUNTRY," it seems to me, suggests itself by the trip that we have taken to-day. To the stranger who has never visited Pittsburg

it is one of the most suggestive experiences that a traveler can enjoy. If there is anything that tells of the progress and expansion of our country, it is the progress and expansion of Pittsburg. (Applause.) The gentlemen of this reception committee told us what Pittsburg was, even within their recollection, and they showed us what Pittsburg is. Here the great production of pig iron, Bessemer ingots, steel rails and cognate products suggests to us the fact that the marvelous increase in the production of those great staples is a sort of index to the prosperity of the country. If I am informed correctly, we are producing to-day at the rate of fourteen millions of tons of pig iron per year, while Germany produces only about eight million tons, and Great Britain, with all its facilities, only produces about nine and a half. (Applause.) As we are increasing each year in the product of pig iron, while Great Britain is diminishing, so too we are increasing our product of steel rails at the rate of over three hundred thousand tons per year, while England's yearly product is diminishing. A corresponding fact is true as to Bessemer ingots. (Applause.) We are sending locomotives to Europe, Asia and Africa; bridges to Egypt; and ironware to

Birmingham; and our annual exports of domestic manufactures are the largest in our history. Then, when we look at the agricultural products, we find that we are furnishing twenty-five per cent. of the wheat of the world. (Applause.) When we look at our bank statements showing the deposits and bank loans, and at our money circulation, our good money, and the large volume of it, we know that this prosperity is not an inflation; and is not a mere idle, fictitious result; but that it is an actual and material result, and an exhibition of physical power. (Applause.)

Now to my mind, these considerations have a relation to a military reunion. I do not think that I can make an appropriate reply to the toast of "Our Country." I might better adopt the answer given by the gentleman who was writing for a magazine. He informed his wife that he was engaged upon an article entitled, "How to Manage a Woman." His wife, with a scornful air, replied: "Well, I suppose it will be a very long article." "Oh, no," said he, "it won't be very long, in fact, it will be very short. It will consist of only two words —'Don't try.'" (Laughter and applause.) So there is just one thought with respect to "Our

Country" that with your patience I will suggest.

These reunions help — or ought to help — to direct public attention towards the development and the utilization of the military power of the country. As was suggested by the Governor last evening, the development and utilization of the military power of the country in this last generation commenced when you and I went out of the service in 1865-66. (Applause.) Now, since that time, with the exception of the Spanish war, in 1898, we have been pursuing the avocations of peace. A generation of younger men and some of the old men, and a great many of the women, have been afraid that the military power if encouraged, if developed, and if possibly utilized, would interfere in some mysterious way with American liberty, and with the constitutional rights of States and of cities.

We inherit an Anglo-Saxon and unjustifiable aversion against military power. But we are dependent, in every great center of population in this country to-day, upon military organization and military power, the semblance of which is seen in the presence of every policeman upon the corner. In many parts of Chicago and New York there are

thousands and thousands of our population who know little or nothing about the civil power in the country, except as they see it personified in the policeman with brass buttons and blue coat standing on the corner of the street, and whose knowledge of the judicial and of the civic virtues of the country is confined to the *visible power* of the policeman, and his perceptible functions and duties. Thousands of people know more about policemen than they do about any of the public officials of the State or Nation. (Applause.)

Well, this is only one illustration. You see militarism also in your fire department. More and more has every great enterprise that required a great many men been brought in line with the principles of military organization. But let us go deeper than that.

"Militarism," as sneered at in these days, is an idle bugaboo. It is a vain tradition from another age, when vast armies consumed the people's substance while destroying their producing power. Setting an American army in the field to-day instead of destroying producing power, puts in motion all the legitimate forces of American industry. (Applause.) It enlists a class of men who, for the well-being of the country, should

be trained as soldiers or as sailors; it appeals to the manhood of the country; it arouses sentiments of nobility and personal responsibility, and excites exalted aims and ambition for public usefulness. (Applause.) If we except the luxuries, like silks and laces, and much of the worthless bric-a-brac of modern life, there is scarcely a species of trade or industry that is not utilized and paid because of its contributions to the armament and equipment of a modern army and navy. Consider the capital employed in a plant that will produce a battleship or a modern gun; and the hands that are utilized in manufacturing and in transporting and handling the machinery for firing it. Think, if you can, of the endless list of articles that are required for the equipment of a ship, or for an American soldier, subjected as he is to the varied experiences at one time of Arctic Alaska, and in the same season, perhaps, of the climate of the tropics — as happened in one season to an officer who traveling from Alaska reported for duty at General Miles' headquarters in Porto Rico. If statistics could be had, I venture to believe that for every man with the colors at least two are occupied in a wage-earning life at home to sustain the absent soldier. Yes, these wage-

earners in turn draw upon the farmer, the skilled laborer, the artisan, the merchant, the manufacturer, the builder, the real estate owner, the capitalist, and every department of American productive industry. (Applause.) Now, you may say, perhaps, that this is a false stimulus, and that the reaction is disadvantageous; but I reply that if without harsh or burdensome taxation the revenues of the nation could be made ample — and they always may be in this country with an appropriate and adequate system — I say the reaction is not disadvantageous, and that the processes themselves are materially and sentimentally wholesome. They constitute, indeed, a wealth-producing power that is incapable of measurement. You cannot measure every kind of power — as the fond mother who was an enthusiastic cyclist discovered when she attempted to put a cyclometer on her baby to see how far he crawled.

An enduring republic must generate power, physical as well as moral power, industrial power, a visible power, a power of unqualified defense of its flag wherever it may be lawfully established. There can be no adequate defense without power to strike. (Applause.) What would become of this Republic without power to command respect

for itself among the world's competing powers? There was a class called up in school, I read of the other day, and they were asked whether any scholar could tell the difference between two English words "sets" and "sits." A little boy put up his hand and said: "I can answer." So he was told to try and answer if he could. He replied that since Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila the sun never "sets" upon the flag of the United States; and since Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila there is not any country in the world that "sits" upon the United States. (Laughter and applause.)

It required the double annihilations at Manila and Santiago to convince some of the great powers of the world that America's friendship was more valuable than its enmity. (Applause.) How different would have been the attitude toward us,— even of Great Britain, with whom we have not yet settled a very serious controversy — I say, how very different would have been the attitude toward us of the competing powers of the world if the ships of Dewey and of Sampson and of Schley had been driven from the seas, and our isolated soldiers left sick and dying, or perhaps hopelessly besieged by a

foreign foe. Where then would be your triumphs of diplomacy? Where then would be your quest for international arbitration and the vain abolition of war? Where then would be your polemics about a "Colonial" policy? Where then would be the fascinating poem we heard last night about expansion? (Laughter and applause.) Where then would be your amiable discussions about what taxes should be taken off, when every nerve of the country would be strained to discover what taxes could best be put on? What would become of your vaunted national credit, your best money, your financial and commercial prosperity? Where then would be your satisfactory national balance sheets, showing that happy excess of exports over imports? Where then would be your whirling factory wheels, your glowing furnaces, your thundering freight trains, carrying as they do to consumers the surplus of every producer, and bringing in return to the farmer, to the merchant, to the factory, to every city, hamlet and home in the land that industry, that happiness and luxury which by the fancy of ages has always attended "Peace on earth and good will to man?" (Applause.)

I heard of a preacher the other day who said that the Spanish war had shown the rot-

tenness of the body politic. But I venture to say there is not a nation in the world that could have been turned upside down and inside out so completely and so suddenly, and have exposed such — with all due respect to the ladies, what the guides in our North Woods describe as —" a clean and healthy set of innards." (Laughter.) We have talkers preaching anti-expansion, anti-militarism, anti-war department, anti-shoulder straps, anti-McKinley, and every other kind of anti; but there is not an old aunty in the country who does not know to-day that peace is not assured by self-esteem and no powder. (Applause.) Good guns and good shooters, and plenty of both. This is my imperialism, and I guess it is yours. (Applause.)

XXIV.

1900.

A REUNION AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Remarks of H. E. Tremain.

Upon the occasion of the Thirty-first Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, held at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on May 25th, 1900, there were various addresses at the gathering of an audience filling the Opera House. These speeches are reported in full in the Society's volume of published proceedings, from which, at pages 62, etc., is extracted the following:

ADDRESS OF GENERAL HENRY E. TREMAIN.

Mr. President.— Until last week I had supposed that the duty of an alternate, to which duty I had been ordered, would be fulfilled in the presence of his principal, by remaining silent; but when the changes were made from one meeting to two meetings in this city, I was suddenly notified that I must

occupy the platform, and it is only thus in obedience to orders, that I have ventured to prepare and to tax your patience with a few observations upon the topic of

YESTERDAY; TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

(Applause.) The wayfarer strolling through the old church-yard in your historic city, reads from an ancient tombstone the singular inscription: "He was a bearer of the Pall at the funeral of Shakespeare." Then the thought occurs, not so much who was he, as, how and when came he here. There is nothing strange about it, when we recall that the Virginia Chartered Company, under whose auspices Virginia settlement was then being promoted, had for its advocate and treasurer Edwin Sandys, an author and politician, who had assisted the Pilgrims to charter the Mayflower; and for its home governor, the brilliant and versatile Earl of Southampton, a soldier, author and politician, a follower of Essex, and the idol of Shakespeare, to whom he dedicated some of his poems; his "unpolished verses," as Shakespeare in his dedication modestly styled his "Venus and Adonis."

Men having such suggestive associations drifted into this wilderness; and so it hap-

pened that as early as the seventeenth century, the light from Fredericksburg, as well as from Williamsburg and Jamestown, had begun to shine through the wild forests of grand old Virginia. Its settlements were the outposts of an English civilization. They stood for a progressive type of commercial enterprise; and for the radiance of learning and of letters. Whatever there was in those brave days of old of educational temptation that did not trail back across the Atlantic Ocean, centered, as far as the Colony of Virginia was concerned, in two or three scattered hamlets, like unto those that since have figured in history as Williamsburg and Fredericksburg.

It was from the environment of these ancient centers that the inherited but restless spirit of constitutional liberty found some of its earliest intelligent expressions. Whatever there were of schools or of churches in Virginia were found at their best in these ancient bay and river settlements. Their leaders were the leaders of the Colony, in thought, in statecraft, and in action.

In the social and political limitations of the seventeenth century it was not every able-bodied man that was permitted to indulge himself in politics. Yet I will venture to say that not only in the seventeenth, but continu-

ously down to and through the nineteenth century there averaged as much politics to the square inch in Spottsylvania County, and in The Peninsula, as ever characterized the old Sixth Ward of New York City. Now, whatever their philosophic or athletic attainments, the sturdy Sixth-Warders, in their own way, were always politicians. Without politicians Virginia, like Ohio, would not be recognized as a populated territory.

Looking back upon the early history of Fredericksburg and Williamsburg, and their great men, statecraft seems to have been one of the common accomplishments of their people; and a continuing inspiration of their development.

Approaching the period of the American Revolution these conditions are emphasized; while through and after the collisions of arms, and into the formative period of Constitutional stability, Virginia prowess, Virginia blood, Virginia enterprise, statesmanship and leadership entered powerfully into the nerve and fibre of our common country.

You may trace it back by direct lineage to the seat of learning at Williamsburg, if not also to Fredericksburg, the home of Washington's mother.

It seems to be a law of nature that unex-

pected convulsions precede great developments. Whatever the causes, direct or remote, nothing historically considered could have been more natural, more consonant with this law, and nothing in fact proved more inevitable, than that the grandest human combats of modern times should convulse the shores of the Potomac, the Rappahannock and the James.

And so it comes about that Fredericksburg, like Williamsburg, is a revered link in the great chain of American events, which links together the crudities, the curiosities, the discords and divergences of English life in the seventeenth century, with the struggles and developments in the eighteenth century; linking those again in turn with the strifes of policy, of purpose, and of American necessity, that have characterized the nineteenth century, and which came together in woeful but inevitable battlings to and fro upon the historic fields that we have come to visit.

I am only in the fashion when I say, it little matters now how we marched, where we stood, or even perhaps in what lines, or on what side we fought in those sanguinary ranks.

All who survive have survived to share a common glory,— have mourned alike for

those who fell at our sides — and have survived to reach a common enjoyment of all things accomplished: and no man living now denies that some good things were accomplished by that war.

Some of us, too, from both sides, have survived to rejoice also in a common rejoicing, that from both armies men with gray hairs and years, soldiers of the '60's and their descendants, have emerged to battle again, and have bravely striven with Shafter and Lee, with Otis and Wheeler, for the upward and onward march of all that is best in Americanism, and for all that is symbolized by American Colors.

True to inheritance, tradition and duty, the American spirit of all the survivors of our great conflict, and of all their adherents, is: ALWAYS PROGRESSION; NEVER RETROGRESSION.

TERRITORIAL POLICY.

Disguise it as we may, there is no doubt of the fact that the great battles hereabouts were the culmination of political differences that had their origin in the determination of a final policy concerning our western territories.

Curiously enough one of the most potent

factors that helped to bring about that "more perfect union" described by the preamble and realized by the adoption of the United States Constitution, was the coincident agreement among the conflicting state interests upon the future government and policy respecting our unoccupied western domains. The famous Ordinance of 1787, for the government of the Northwest Territory, was both a Bill of Rights and a memorable Code of Laws. Its coincidence in point of time of adoption, and in corresponding provisions with the United States Constitution, give significance to many clauses in the latter, particularly to that one which declares that Congress shall have "Power to *dispose* of and make all needful Rules and Regulations respecting the Territory *or other Property* belonging to the United States." (Art. IV, sec. 3.)

At that time there was no Trans-Mississippi territory. That came to us later in great sections from France, from Spain, from the Republic of Texas, and from Mexico; and easily became subject to the policy instituted at the time of the adoption of the Constitution.

That policy contemplated Statehood;— settlements, to be followed by Statehood.

Statehood was easily prepared for and acceptably gained by the settlers in the old Northwest Territory: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin came into the Federal family with a well-nigh perfect political catechism prepared by and inherited directly from the fathers of the Republic.

When it came to Missouri, there was trouble; and like the seed of most national disorders the trouble related to commercial questions,— or, to speak more closely, to questions deemed commercial on the one hand, and on the other hand to affect human liberty. But the trouble was patched up — wisely or unwisely we need not observe. It was patched up; Missouri admitted, and Arkansas, Iowa and Minnesota were afterward added to the family of States.

When the next tier of Western bricks came to be laid, the mortar flew. Strikers, walking delegates, union men and non-union men, scabs, victims and boycottings, and all the disagreeable features of a modern strike, decorated life in Kansas. Unhappy Kansas became the center of national attention, and oc-

cupied the political stage, until finally what Kansas stood for convulsed the nation.

The throes of Civil War ensued. The Pacific Coast meanwhile had been carved into golden statehood. In due time the entire United States domain was newly peopled and realized *that statehood* contemplated by the Constitution makers.

Thus was fulfilled their intentions which, in some instances, had been formally announced respecting the *first* national domain, that it should be regarded as a district held in trust by the government for the special purpose of ultimately forming additional States. This policy, avowed for the Northwest Territory, has been continued unaltered in dealing with the immense Trans-Mississippi region that came into the direct possession of this government by treaty with foreign powers.

VIRGINIA AS A CLAIMANT.

I said in some instances this policy, although in harmony with the general sentiment of the times, was specifically formulated. Virginia led in such a declaration as early as 1781, when relinquishing her claims to the Northwest Territory.

She, with her native modesty, had claimed

the entire territory! So did New York. Seven out of the thirteen original States were claimants. The comprehensive character of Virginia's claims were unexcelled. No wonder. One of Virginia's charters had described a grant to her as along the sea coast for two hundred miles north and south from Cape Comfort, and "up into the land throughout from sea to sea"— embracing the entire Northwest of North America, and all the islands along the coast of the South Sea and Pacific Ocean! What more natural then than at one time Virginia should annex the "County of Illinois"; and at another time the "County of Kentucky?" So Virginia cultivated modesty in making *claims.*

But when the "mother of Presidents" comes to claim her White House laurels, Ohio is more than a good second. Is not this a good season for Virginia to give Ohio a good second?

Well: the seven States that claimed more or less of that rich Northwest wisely yielded to the political exigencies of our revolutionary period and relinquished their claims to the United States.

It had become absolutely essential to the peace and security of the Confederated States, that had marvelously fought the revolution

through, that there should be no divided authority in that great turbulent region west of the Alleghanies; and so State by State slowly renounced jurisdiction over the disputed wilderness — Virginia, however, in doing so, explicitly declared the general understanding that "the ceded territory should eventually be formed into additional States."

Now Virginia's right to make *claims* at the present day is not to be disputed. It is a comforting right, and a Constitutional one. The Constitution stipulates that nothing therein shall be construed to prejudice the *claims* of any particular State. So in this era of revival of American unity, and American purpose, I am preparing my political anatomy to listen to the *claim* of Virginia to the Islands of the Archipelago; and to hear her advocates expound her perfect title to our other insular possessions; because, I know that the argument will be immediately followed by Virginia's relinquishing to the United States all her claims upon Hawaii, Guam, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines.

FOUGHT IN A WAR THEY WERE NOT MUSTERED FOR.

And why not? Her claims are as good as, yet no better, than those of New York, of

California, of Tennessee, of Idaho, and of Kansas, whose troops gloriously fought side by side in Luzon, with a common purpose and under a common flag. Yes: on that fateful night of February 4th, of last year, your soldiers, who had enlisted only to fight Spain, were rudely awakened from their dreams of home and loved ones soon to be embraced, and rushed from their camps to fight and to die in the distant jungles.

Partisans were they? Who will say so? Like your Virginia ancestors they were promoters — promoters of Americanism.

Soldiers in hospitals, eight hundred of them at Manila, left their beds at the sounds of battle, and joined their comrades in the ranks to fight and to die in a war they never mustered for. Why? Because their flag, their nation was assailed. Because at last they had the chance to tell the cunning Oriental,— yes, to tell the whole world,— that the American soldier typified an American nation that would not hesitate to discharge any duty, however unexpected, that ever justly came upon its shoulders.

And so these men from the North and from the South, and from the Alleghanies and from the Rockies, stayed and fought, and yielded up their sweet young lives without a

question, without a murmur, until a new army could be voted by Congress, be organized and transported half around the globe to take their places; and to reap in its turn trials and sufferings, and battles and marches, which have brought *land* victories second only to the greatest of the century — that of Dewey on the sea.

OUR EXTENDED SOVEREIGNTY.

And so the sovereignty of the United States is once more extended. Wherever it has been assumed it has not been assumed *wrongfully.* However it has been assumed, *it exists;* and its rightful existence is not questioned by any nation in the world.

Is that sovereignty to be surrendered? Never. That question must not be a partisan one. Nor should its answer depend on platforms, or on partisanship.

AGAINST INSULAR STATEHOOD.

And what about the great new domain? Here we are at the turning of the ways. Because the ancient policy of Virginia, extending as it claimed from "sea to sea" and to the Pacific Islands, declared as we have seen that the incoming territory should eventually be formed into additional States, is it

true that tropical races in every conceivable stage of civilization, and peopling strange islands where nothing is known of the American people, or of their customs, or of their government,— is it true that these Oriental, or Tropical, strangers should participate in the making of laws, and choice of rulers, for American States?

In America, Statehood for the territories was never contemplated except as they should become settled by bone and brain and sinew of a kindred with a common and united people. The lands were treated politically as "unoccupied territories," although often populated with savage tribes. Settlements of our own kindred were contemplated, and were always in process. New States were only being created, and only contemplated, by the efforts of new dwellers. Nobody ever dreamed that the American policy of constructing additional States out of the public domain should apply to any community not directly akin to the existing Statehoods. No State was ever construed out of any other material.

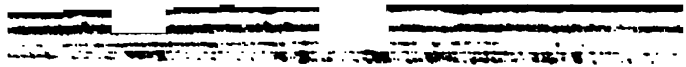
So now, as we stand at the parting of the ways, is there any reason, any propriety, any expediency, or utility, in holding out to foreign peoples that Statehood is in store for

them? Let us bravely nip the weed, ere it gathers woeful seed. Who shall say what may happen in that dim and distant future, when all men shall be lifted up? But, within the range of human vision, American Statehood, *with* us and *of* us, does not belong to and is not expedient for these foreign peoples; or for ourselves.

The temptations of partisan exigency may sometimes point otherwise. But veterans of both armies and their descendants, and the statesmen who are allied with both; those who know what war is, and what it costs to support a government assailed by foes without and foes within; those who have some knowledge of Constitutional liberty, and of the rights, and duties, and obligations it imposes on every electorate, and on every elector, do not require the instruction of a partisan platform to assure them that not, at least in this generation or the next, can the policy of future Statehood, that was applied to this continent, be safely contemplated for the insular possessions of our enlarged sovereignty.

Here in our delightful symposium, secluded from party platforms and party temptations, why is not this the time; and the soldiers and their descendants of the grand

conflicting armies that did battle here, why are not they the men; and by the blood of those who fell here, why is not Virginia of all others the State; and this the place; where that which is undoubtedly *now the general sentiment of the whole people of the country,* should be explicitly formulated and announced,— after the fashion of Virginia one hundred and nineteen years ago,— and the formal declaration be now made *against any Statehood for our insular possessions?*



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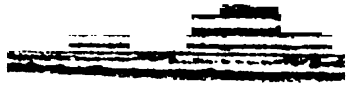

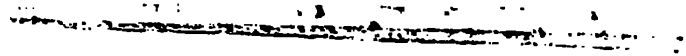
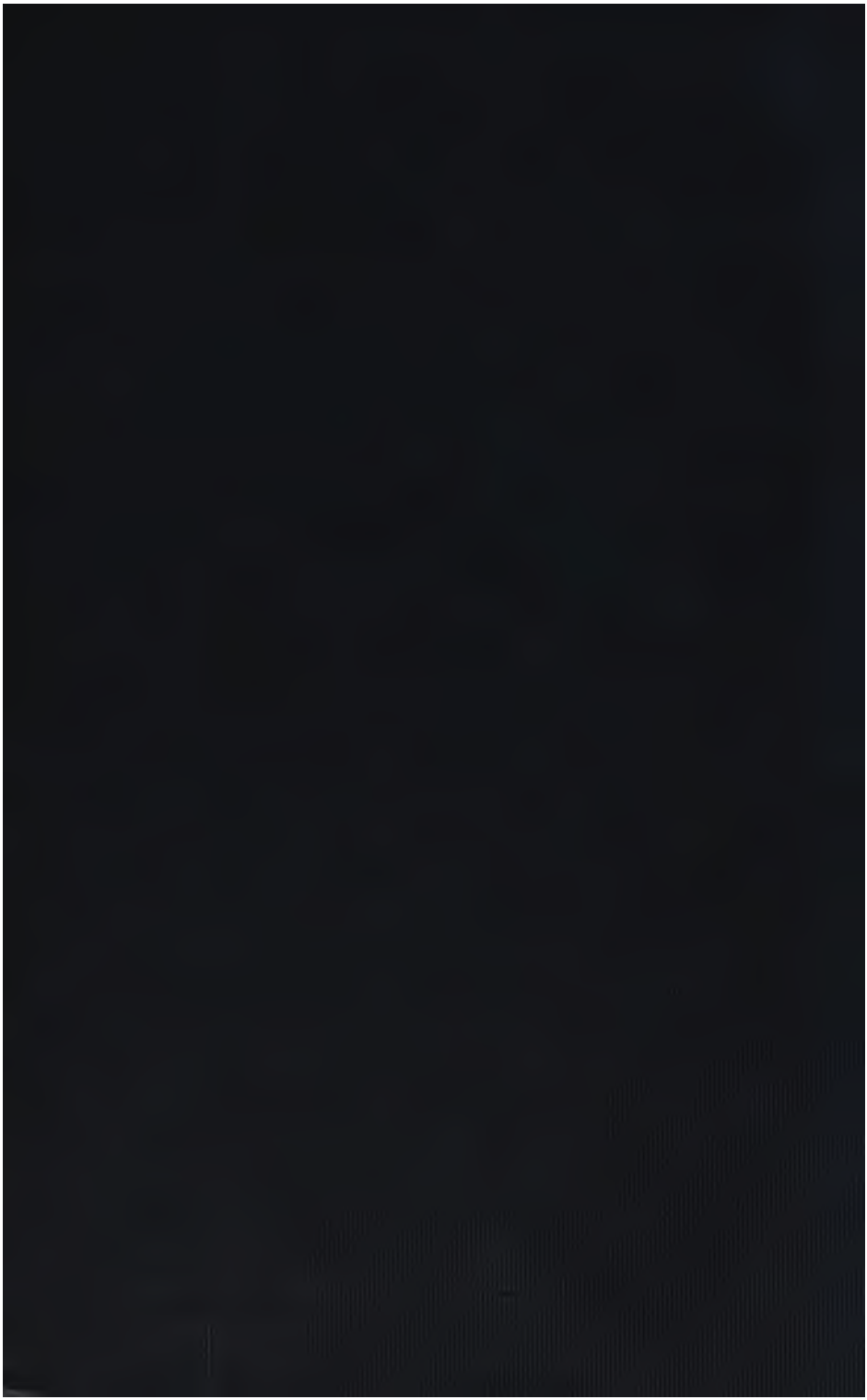
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